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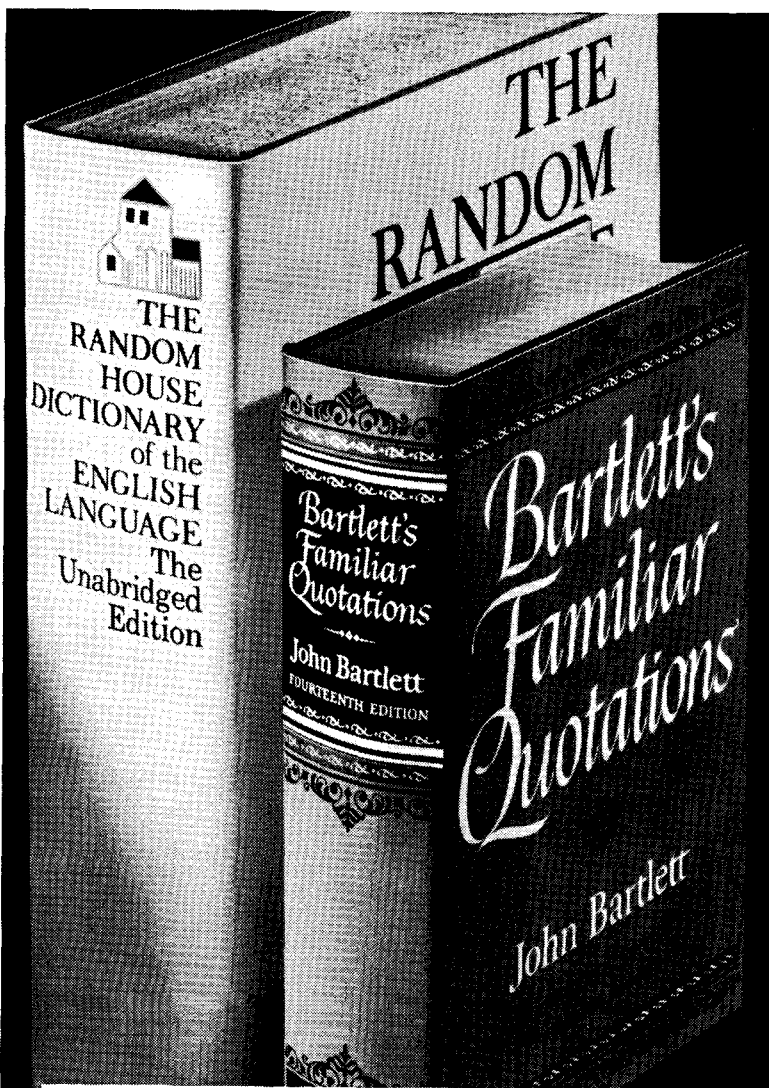
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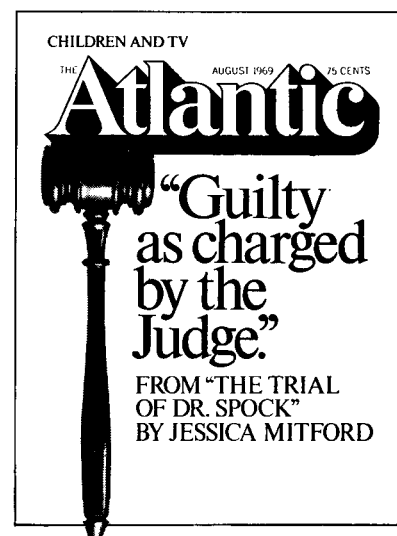
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Coming in the Atlantic:
 "Is there any justification at all,"
 Senator Edward M. Kennedy asked
 recently, "for the present tax
 treatment of depletion, intangible
 drilling costs and foreign royalties,
 all of which result in countless
 billions of dollars of lost taxes to
 the U.S. Treasury?" Representative
 John Byrnes, a friend of oil, has
 come to wonder why one oil com-
 pany, having just drilled two
 wells in the largest oil field ever
 found in North America, banked its
 last \$500 million profit without

paying a cent of federal income tax.
 For the first time since it was
 written into law forty years ago, the
 controversial oil-depletion allowance
 is threatened with congressional
 reduction. In "THE POLITICS OF OIL"
 Ronnie Dugger, founding editor of
 the *Texas Observer*, tells the fasci-
 nating story of the oil-depletion
 allowance, its place in the nation's
 economy and politics.

Also:
 "The Young and the Old, Notes
 on a New History" by Dr. Robert
 Jay Lifton, an intellectual journey in
 two installments.
 "Why Auto Insurance Rates Keep
 Going Up" by Gilbert B. Friedman.



Cover design, Adrian Taylor

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A talented and deeply missed contributor to the *Atlantic*, the late John Slate, was accustomed to enlivening late parties with nonsense slogans ("India is the Europe of Asia") and songs that never were ("If your hat's on fire, smoke gets in your eyes"). A song he liked most to non-sing was "There'll Never Be an England." Mr. Slate was wrong, of course, as the following letter, recently published in the *Paris Herald Tribune*, makes clear:

How characteristically myopic of The Chairman, Warehouse Subcommittee, Wigginsford Parish Council. How insular when compared to the stentorian magnanimity from across the sea.

No one denies that the bridge is in sorry condition, but this deplorable state is directly attributable to the wanton negligence of the Parish Council. For anyone to denigrate the value of this stone bridge is to label himself a philistine of thick insensibility. I fail to see even the most tenuous connection between cheese production and the preservation of a historic monument. If Mr. Clitheroe had his way he would no doubt convert Westminster Abbey into a hall for cinematic entertainment. In truth, Sir, bridges are more important than cattle.

Thank God there are still people like Evelyn Fenwick-Faversham to stretch the hand of friendship to help the people of Britain in their endless struggle against the new barbarians. I wonder if he has any connection with the "Chips" Fenwick-Faversham I knew at school. Tempus fugit sed floriatur Etona.

In my absence from England, I am making every effort to obtain either a photograph or print of the bridge for your photographic archives.

PEREGRINE
HACKETT-BRONE.

Vufflens-le-Château,
Switzerland.

Readers are invited to compare the array of books reviewed in this month's Arts and Letters section with this list of the *Atlantic Monthly's* reviews in the issue of August, 1869:

The Iron-Manufacturers Guide to the Furnaces, Forges, and Rolling-Mills of the United States.

An Essay on Intuitive Morals; Memoirs of the Empress Catherine II, written by herself.

Milch Cows and Dairy Farming, including Horsfall's System of Dairy Management.

Those who enjoyed "The Last Words of Dutch Schultz" by William Burroughs in the June issue may be interested in knowing that the work will be made into a film in and around New York this summer. David Budd and Robert Clampitt as producers and Harrison Starr as director will undertake Fun City's answer to *Bonnie and Clyde*.



REPORTS:

NEWARK

After Washington, D.C., Newark was the first American city to have a black majority. After Watts, and before Detroit, Newark experienced the third worst riot in recent history. Since the July, 1967, "disorders," the city's 402,000 blacks and whites have coexisted in an uneasy armistice within 23.6 square miles on the west bank of the polluted Passaic River. Each day, white-collar executives and white-collar workers flood the city, doubling its population; each evening, they desert the sullen streets for suburban security. Windowless vacant buildings and lots piled with bulldozed rubble pock the city. The prognosis is decay.

Newark has long since reached its legal bonding limit, and the state limits its taxing powers. The city cannot impose a sales tax, nor levy a payroll tax or income tax. It derives 75 percent of its income from a near confiscatory property tax, and the balance from state and federal funds. Taxable property—"rateables"—has contracted, while land cleared for urban renewal, highways, or the expansion of educational facilities lies fallow or otherwise tax-free. Health and welfare costs per capita are twenty times as great as in some of the surrounding communities. In Newark, the war on poverty seems likely to end with the prosperous suburban ring choking off the poor who are ensnared in the city.

Newark was one of the first cities to receive public-housing assistance after the program began in 1937, and it now has the largest per capita public-housing program in the country. Roughly 12 percent of Newark's population lives in some form of

public housing. Newark was the first city to apply for urban renewal funds in 1949, and has received \$325 million in federal aid since, and is fifth in the nation in the amount received for urban-renewal purposes. Its Model Cities application was among the first sixty-three in the nation to be approved and to receive planning funds. Community organizations proliferate, and the president of Western Electric has announced that the company will stay in Newark and occupy a new office building in the downtown area. There are educational and medical construction programs; and along the river, a thousand acres of unused or underutilized meadowland are scheduled for reclamation and extensive industrial development employing thousands.

Uphill

Up on Springfield Avenue, there is a row of storefronts housing various antipoverty agencies—TEAM (Total Employment and Manpower, Inc.), Operation We Care (a division of the United Community Corporation), the Fourth Precinct Community Relations Bureau, and the Joint Apprenticeship Program (JAP). The locals call it "Poverty Row." Posters in the windows announce that 500 men are needed now for Project Seed, a manpower training program. Training courses for cook, upholsterer, child-care aide, baker, automatic-screw-machine operator, and workers in automobile assembly and machine trades offer weekly stipends of \$46 to \$76. There doesn't seem to be much going on; unemployment is down in Newark, though still running higher—at 9.1 percent—than in most cities. But the lack of visible activity is deceptive,

if JAP's recent scores are any indication of what goes on behind these shuttered storefronts. Sponsored by the A. Philip Randolph Educational Fund and the Workers Defense League, JAP in Newark has tutored 360 young blacks for apprenticeships; placed 83, including the first black apprentices in Newark's Ironworkers and sheet metal local unions; and secured journeymen's jobs for over 50 black workers. Still, it is an uphill struggle in a slow season, so JAP's senior field representative, George Fontaine, offered to show me what the odds were for progress in Newark.

They do not look good along Springfield Avenue, where gaping, glassless storefronts and gutted buildings still stand open to the sky, evidence of the fury that wracked Newark two short years ago. Along a long stretch of empty storefronts and half-demolished buildings only the Dollar Pawnbroker, which would appear a looter's paradise, and a shabby store selling Wonder-Spray for Rats and Roaches seem unscathed. Up further, a scatter of record shops, cheap clothing and furniture stores cling to business. One, featuring a Crispus Attucks Day Sale, offers cribs at \$19.99 and kitchen sets for \$34.00 and displays a sign, "We Welcome State Aid Welfare." Liquor stores and taverns thrive; a Black Castle hot dog and hamburger stand urges passersby "Unite for Prosperity"; and cheerful yellow lettering invites one to the Keep the Faith Thrift Shop. A fading Nixon-Agnew billboard promises "A Piece of the Action, Not Charity." A fire engine screams along a back street. Weary black men sit on the benches in the tiny Amato Danielle Memorial Park commemorating a World War II hero.



—from "The Other City," ©1969, David White, Inc., New York



—from "The Way It Is," ©1969, Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., New York

I took this picture from a fire escape. I think that's the Empire State Building over there.

Somebody fell down here and died. There was a kid named Pete sniffing glue on the roof with his friend James. Then some drug addicts came, and James ran when he saw them. He called to Pete, "Come on, here come two men." Pete said no, he wanted to stay on the roof. The junkies asked him for money, but he didn't have any money, only a ring that was real gold. So they took his ring and then they threw him off the roof. That's what some people think.

Other people think James did it, because he told us that night that he had a dream he pushed Pete off. But most people say it wasn't James, because he was Pete's friend. There are even some other people who think Pete died of glue and beer. They think he got poisoned.

They found out about Pete when a man saw him laying down there and called the cops. When they came, they thought he was drunk, so they didn't call the ambulance right away. When the ambulance did come, it was too late, and when he got to the hospital he was dead.

Everybody was crying. All of his friends collected money for the coffin, because Pete's parents didn't have enough to pay for it. At the funeral his father wanted to play records for him.

In hope of doing each other some good

Pictures and text of these two books were created by two teams of 7th and 8th grade boys of two Brooklyn neighborhoods. In a much, much more prosperous neighborhood in the suburbs of Rochester fifteen youths who have had a few more years than the Brooklyn boys to cultivate their antipathy to school have devoted a term of English classes to the unfettered creation of a movie entitled "Today's Teenage Life." And there have been many other such projects we have tried to encourage one way or another.

The young Brooklynites may or may not take some satisfaction in seeing their real names as authors of a hard-cover book acclaimed by several U.S. Senators and mayors. The suburban film makers—several of them offspring of successful executives—may possibly feel some pride in having at long last attained nearly 100% school attendance and punctuality during the last term of formal schooling for most of them.

A theory now making its way around educational and social service circles holds that the planning of pictures, the taking of pictures (with equipment signifying a degree of

trust), and later the thoughtful editing of those pictures can build powers of articulation among youngsters whose verbal skills stand at a pathetically low level.

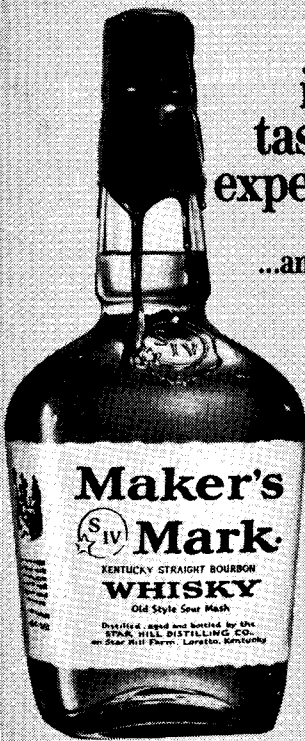
Young intellectuals today are much immersed in the filmic art. That young *non*-intellectuals can also immerse themselves in that art to their benefit excites a manufacturer of photographic goods and apparatus even more. How gratifying it would be to have resounding proof that visual literacy of the active type is a direct (if neglected) road to the literacy commonly considered the basis of civilization!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY

Teachers and others involved with the young in an organized rescue mission on behalf of civilization may wish to pursue this subject further by requesting the pamphlet "Elements of Visual Literacy" from Eastman Kodak Company, Department 624, Rochester, N.Y. 14650. Those who wish to invest \$1 should send it to the Department of Cultural Affairs (an agency of the New York City government), 830 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021, requesting a copy of "A Guide for Film Teachers to Filmmaking by Teenagers."

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Newark

Standing on the sad street outside a meat market with a sign in the window announcing the sale of "Chitterlings, Rabbit, Coon . . . Mountain Oysters," Fontaine muses over "the great change." Slight of figure, walnut-skinned, with a sparse mustache, Fontaine speaks with an attractive hesitancy about the past. "Our block was integrated," he says. "We had everything—Italians, Jews, Negroes, every kind of people. Before the war, we were *all* poor. As kids we wore the same kind of shoes, you know, welfare shoes." A wire-puller by trade, who made "pretty good money" in a factory just outside Newark which he helped unionize, Fontaine lives in the Central Ward, a few blocks from the JAP center. One of his married sons lives in East Orange; the other, in the South Ward, which is to Newark's blacks, and Jews before them, what Flatbush and the Bronx were to New York's Lower East Side Jews—a place of escape. "After the war," Fontaine continued, "everything changed. The white people made money, and moved. The black people remained poor, and stayed."

Shift

Puritans from New Haven, Connecticut, founded Newark in 1666. The Irish helped build the city, which flourished in the post-Civil War era of industrial expansion, and then took over city hall. The Germans established thriving breweries, then founded singing societies and sports programs. The WASP's went in for insurance, and Newark became the fourth largest insurance center in the nation. The Italians were absorbed into manufacturing and construction, and the Poles soon followed. Jews were active in trade. Before World War II, Newark was a city of the foreign-born; they and their children made up slightly more than three fifths of the city's population.

Back in 1911, there were 11,000 Negroes out of a total Newark population of roughly 350,000. Their number tripled during World War I, and World War II brought a wave of Negroes out of the South seeking semiskilled and unskilled jobs in the Newark area, raising the black pop-

ulation to 75,627 out of a total population of 438,776 in 1950. Spurred in part by farm mechanization in Alabama, the Carolinas, Georgia, and Florida, blacks continued to move into Newark, pushing the percentages to over one third of the total population in 1960, and to over 50 percent seven years later. As of spring, 1967, according to a Rutgers survey, Negroes made up 52 percent of the population of Newark; whites, 38.3 percent; and "others," mostly Puerto Ricans and Cubans, 9.7 percent. Someone has estimated that of the 9.7 percent of Spanish-speaking Newarkers, roughly 8 percent are black, and so in the popular mind, blacks and whites in Newark now see the city as 60 percent black, 40 percent white.

Professor George Sternlieb of Rutgers found in a survey of tenement ownership "one clear-cut group. . . . These were the elderly remnants of previous white immigrant groups. The elderly Italian widow, and her equivalent, whether Jewish, German, or Irish, dominate this group." As Mayor Hugh J. Addonizio put it, "We have a lot of elderly white people and a lot of young black people." Almost one quarter of Newark's population is fifteen years of age and younger. And, again in the mayor's words, "Newark is mainly Italian and Negro."

While that ethnic constellation sets the style of Newark's politics, the substance is determined by the status of its citizens. There are fewer than fifty blocks in Newark zoned for one-family houses. What's left of the city's upper-class, few indeed, still live in Forest Hills, a quiet residential area where large frame and brick houses and landscaped grounds are still to be found. Some middle-class Jews still live in the Weequahic section in the South Ward, home of Philip Roth and source of Portnoy's complaint. Other members of Newark's dwindling middle class are found in Vailsburg, Clinton Hill, and tucked in other odd corners of the city. The black middle class, first-level professionals and teachers, live in the South Ward. The rising young and already arrived executives of IBM, Western Electric, Prudential, the successful lawyers and doctors, and the growing number of professors teaching at Newark-based colleges mostly live in the suburbs. The head of Newark's

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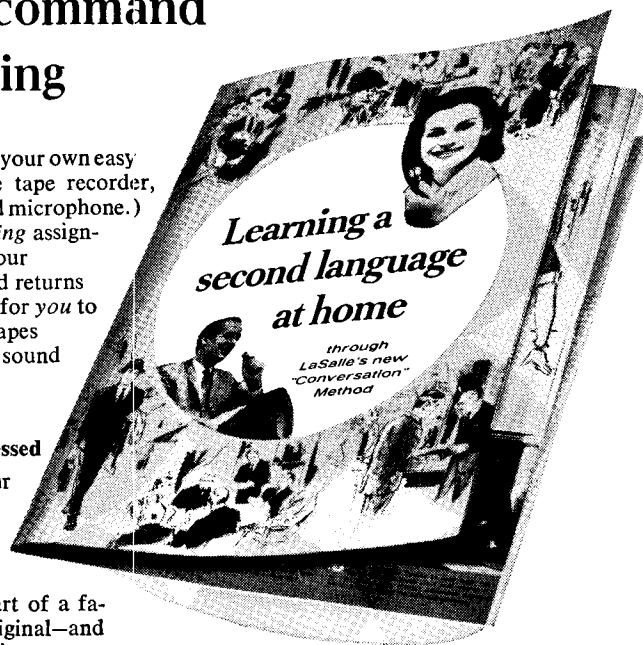
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Newark

Urban Coalition lives in Maplewood. As a black poverty worker told me, "If they get to the doctor-lawyer classes, they usually move out of Newark."

Black or white, it takes, according to recent Department of Labor statistics, \$9076 a year for a four-person city worker's family to maintain a "moderate" standard of living. The median income of white heads of household in Newark is \$7579 a year; for the black, it is less, at \$6892. Not surprisingly, twice as many black Newark families as white Newark families have incomes of less than \$5000 a year.

Walking through Central Ward with George Fontaine, it is easy to see why so many people left, including a goodly number of blacks. Browns and grays accent the drabness of the decaying three- and four-story frame houses that line the countless side streets. Almost a third of the city's houses were described in Newark's Model Cities application as substandard or dilapidated. The city's Office of Economic De-

velopment—no flaming radicals they—estimate that the city needs 20,000 new housing units immediately, and another 20,000 by 1975 just for replacement. But rehabilitation as a way of saving houses is not economically feasible in Newark, a city where two thirds of the dwellings are frame houses, and 80 percent were built before 1929.

Most of those vacant buildings one sees in great number throughout the heart of the Central Ward were emptied by fire, not by the 1967 riots. Nowhere did I see any evidence of any landlord repairing fire damage. "Fire insurance gets cancelled and that's it, baby," says George Fontaine. As a consequence, buildings are closed and shuttered despite a pressing need for housing. Taxes fall, and the landlord waits for the urban-renewal bulldozer and a "fair price" for his property.

Scared

Newark, unlike, say, Detroit, is a city of renters. Though much of the adequate or salvageable housing one sees is of a kind that ought to encourage owner-occupancy, landlords

who want to sell cannot find buyers. It is not solely a question of Newark slum dwellers' lack of money. There are workers in the Central Ward, as there are in Bedford-Stuyvesant or Roxbury, who could make down payments and meet mortgage payments out of rentals. It does happen in other Newark-like cities, why not Newark?

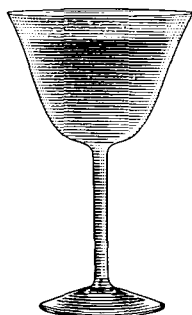
"Fixing one house in a block is a waste of time," one discouraged owner told me. "Maintenance men won't come into the neighborhood for fear of being mugged, or losing their tools. You can't get fire insurance. The only people willing to live here are problem tenants, and they steal the fixtures and strip out the plumbing. The buildings were not built to carry the traffic of large families. Taxes are confiscatory. So, anyone who can afford to buy says the hell with it. What you need is an intelligent mass program of upgrading an area. Maybe, then, if a guy is sure an area is going up, he'll do something."

Even in better neighborhoods, houses are hard to sell. On a house worth \$20,000, a Newark homeowner pays \$1536 in property taxes; on the same value in nearby Irvington, the homeowner pays \$825 a year. "I wouldn't mind the taxes if I got more services for the money," I was repeatedly told. When pressed for examples, the service most wanted turned out to be more police protection.

Crime and taxes. That's what you hear from almost everyone over twenty-one in Newark. Newark is a city of scared people. A businessman is quick to tell of a friend "held up at knife-point in his own office." A black executive explains how he bought a \$40,000 house in a quiet, safe section where "I get robbed only every other week." At a prestigious law firm, it's a house rule that a man must be in the office whenever women work into the evening, and he walks them to a cab, or otherwise sees them off safely. A white lawyer ticks off on his fingers the reasons for the recent move of his office to the suburbs, despite the fact that his Newark landlord hadn't raised his rent in twelve years and that suburban rentals were up \$6 and more a square foot as against \$3.50 two years ago. "One, I can't get clients to come into the city, not since the riots. Two, I can't schedule night

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Newark

meetings, nor even Saturday meetings, day or night. And three, I can't get experienced girls, who can go into suburban offices and get top pay and work without fear of molestation." It even appears that the lure of big-city shopping during noon lunch hours no longer suffices, "not with those new shopping centers outside the city, not anymore."

Newark, then, is a city of remnants—the poor, near-poor, the recent poor, and the just-making-it. Back in 1962, a spunky, ex-quarterback, World War II hero, and a six-term liberal congressman, Hugh J. Addonizio, pulled together a coalition made up of dissident Democrats, liberals, Negroes, and Italians to defeat an old-line political machine.

Perhaps Addonizio's coalition was faulted from the first. As Donald Malafronte, Addonizio's aide, put it to me, "By 1966, the mayor began to lose liberal support—first, the liberal Jews were moving out rapidly; second, black responsiveness was coming on strong; and third, the Italians were never that liberal." Blacks, too, felt they were overlooked when it came to appointments. In the 1966 election, a thirty-three-year-old black city engineer, Kenneth A. Gibson, garnered 16,000 votes to Addonizio's 45,817 in a six-man race. It was enough to force a runoff election between the mayor and Leo Carlin, a former councilman and mayor, who came in second with 18,740 votes. Addonizio won the runoff, but a serious crack had developed within the coalition. The 1967 riots finished it off.

Paradoxically, this is what will probably keep Addonizio in office for another term. "Realistically," Malafronte told me, "the question in 1970 [given the percentages of eligible voters—47 percent white, 45 percent black] is, can the whites come up with a candidate who can muddle through until 1974, when population changes guarantee a black mayor? So far, the answer is Addonizio." Many white voters firmly believe that only Addonizio stands between them and a black militant as mayor; and many black voters just as firmly believe that only Addonizio stands between them and Anthony Imperiale, aggressive or-

ganizer of urban white vigilantes, Newark's leading Wallaceite, elected to the city council in 1968 on a safety-in-the-streets campaign. Also, there is the nitty-gritty of city politics. To put it positively, as the mayor did to me, "Every department in the city has been integrated, and black people will tell you that this was not the case before my election." These are, in the contemptuous phrase of a black militant, "city hall blacks." "Addonizio," added another, "controls the Welfare Department [headed by a black, Mrs. Larrie Stalks], and a majority on welfare are blacks who are afraid of losing their relief checks." So, the mayor, a shrewd man, does have a built-in black vote, barring any drastic change in voter mood or temper.

Ken Gibson, who recognizes that he needs white votes to become mayor, says, "The job really is not to be a black candidate, but to be a people's candidate and not get hung up on the racial thing." Sitting in as the City Council hears budget testimony, one sees how difficult it is for Newark to avoid that particular hang-up. Short, stocky, with closely cropped hair, and back muscles tense beneath a black finger-length jacket, Gibson faces the Council and asks about the Council's "obsession with giveaway programs." Challenging what he calls "the secret giveaway" of the facilities of the Water Department to a proposed autonomous Water Authority, Gibson softly asks, "Is the administration unable to manage the city's resources, or is it out to remove as much power as possible from future administrations?"

Beefy, black-haired Imperiale glowers at him, "I'm sure—bein' as you're running for mayor—you're concerned about taxes. . . . Now, we're paying \$14,000 for a structural engineer—that's you—so as we don't go outside. We still have to go outside the city, bring in people to do the work you're unable to perform. . . ."

Later, in talking with me, Imperiale comes on even tougher, calling Gibson "a liar and a hypocrite." Though he has a racist reputation among liberals, Imperiale denies it. "I live in a slum area," he told me, "but soap and water are cheap. We keep our house and street clean, and so do my neighbors—Turks, Puerto Ricans, and Negroes and Italians.

One block from me is a housing project with a majority Puerto Rican and Negro. I did pretty good in that area."

A small contractor and a karate instructor turned politician, Imperiale describes himself as "mainly a self-educated guy." He views his election as "the start of something new, something where people no longer are going for machines and are going for the man." It's not a new note in our politics, though there is a slightly different pitch. "It's like old Western days," Imperiale explains, "with suburbanites trying to box us in. They're saying, 'We'll help you, but stay in Newark.'"

Since his election, it is said, Imperiale has toned down, "become a statesman." When I asked about the possibilities of a black mayor, he said, "I don't think they got a strong black candidate. Too many of the good Negro leaders are still in the woodwork and are afraid to come out. If there is a good one, you can bet your bottom dollar, I'll jump on his bandwagon."

"Some people call me conservative," says Imperiale. A Newarkian Poujadist, I'd say, except that he doesn't reflect the small shopkeeper mentality so much as that of the small taxpayer, the recent poor, and those who have just made it. These are the people who are thumbing down school bond issues and who back welfare budget cuts by state legislators.

Race makes the black and white people of Newark antagonists, yet they are more alike in their fears and hatreds, and perhaps in their aspirations and hopes, than the politics of confrontation would allow. The similarities in their response to city hall, crime, and welfare are striking. Hardly a Newarker now alive believes that his city government is honest. Wherever I went, I was assured that a big scandal was about to break.

In trying to get behind rumors to hard leads, the best I could find was a likelihood that Newark's poverty program might suffer similar weaknesses—some corruption and thievery—to those recently exposed in New York City. Still, as Governor Hughes' Select Commission on Civil Disorder soberly put it, "There is a widespread belief that Newark's government is corrupt." Since the riot, a grand jury has been looking into

When you invest a billion dollars to help the cities, you learn some things.

A lot that is said about urban problems is pure myth.

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Myth: "Government can solve the urban problem all alone."

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But when you actually get in and grapple with the problem, the myths just fall away. For example, it might seem very gratifying to businessmen if all they had to do was apply some corporate mind and money to make the cities bloom again overnight. Or, alternatively, if they could simply hang a "For Government Only" sign on the subject and walk away from all responsibility. We in the life insurance business found from experience that neither response is valid.

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this, but so far with little success. The only indictment handed down was one against Police Director Dominick A. Spina for criminal nonfeasance. Allegedly, Spina was lax in the enforcement of gambling laws. However, busting up gambling in Newark is rather like sweeping back the sea into a tidal basin, and perhaps in recognition of this, Spina was acquitted.

Obviously, a common scorn of city government, or even a like fear of crime, is not enough to bring together people who are at odds over crucial economic issues. The whites of Newark blame the blacks for driving up the costs of living in the city; the blacks, the whites for blocking their way to well-being. Translated into politics, the Imperiales emphasize savings, while the Gibsons emphasize the need to spend more to cure the ills of society. "It's up to the administration to keep down unnecessary appropriations," Imperiale told me. Since even he admits that budget cuts couldn't save Newark from bankruptcy, Imperiale does "look for a little home rule to enable the city to look for funds without [state] legislation, a head tax at the airport, and a payroll tax for people who don't live in the city." But, he quickly adds, "you could put all these taxes on, and in another five years we'd be in the same boat unless you put controls on."

Kenneth Gibson, who takes Imperiale's attacks lightly (after all, they do him no harm among black voters), worries about the money question, too. But like Addonizio, he counts on more state and federal aid. "What I think I could do," Gibson told me, "is create a climate of respect and honesty. You can't expect the state and federal governments to allocate money to an administration they feel is corrupt. They gave him over \$11 million last year in state aid, and they haven't got a proper accounting of what happened to that \$11 million. Pickets and demonstrations are not going to make those guys shake loose with more money."

Black power is lustily present in Newark, but increasingly it moves in the spirit of Newark's successful annual Crispus Attucks Parade. "It is better to March with Pride than to March in Protest." True, "Burn, Baby, Burn" flickers in the slums, black youth shut down Rutgers-in-

Newark for a short time and are likely to create more rather than fewer disturbances at the colleges and in the city schools. And, too, predictions of more and worse riots are heard, among both blacks and whites. The middle classes still flee the city, and bankruptcy appears imminent. I left agreeing with Don Malafronte's remark, "Wherever our cities are going, I'll bet Newark gets there first."

THOMAS R. BROOKS

VIETNAM

That the United States has set in motion machinery which will lead sooner or later to its withdrawal from the Vietnam War, whether by negotiation with Hanoi or unilaterally, is now accepted in Saigon, and it is a measure of quite genuine progress during the past eighteen months that this understanding has not precipitated a landslide into the ranks of the National Liberation Front. The city has learned to live with the occasional rocket that comes blasting in from the orchards and vegetable gardens of Giadinh and with the new Viet Cong tactic of stepped-up assassinations. Vietnamese friends warn against traveling to remote parts of the city at night and worry about the future of their children. But, as ever, they think the situation will unravel slowly and that there is still time enough to make critical personal decisions.

A fair chance of survival is what the United States is promising, with the rider that if the Vietnamese muff their chance, they will have no one to blame but themselves. It is difficult to quarrel in principle with this. One of the weaknesses of the allied effort after 1965 was the inferior role allocated to government forces. They were simply pushed aside while the United States went ahead to show how the war could be won. The stress now is on recouping the lost time in order to give the Vietnamese armed forces and government the chance, either in peace or war, to do what the United States failed to do on their behalf.

Whether the United States can in all honesty offer such a chance has only recently been called into public question. It raised specters that few in Saigon cared to face, and it was

not until President Nguyen Van Thieu left for his meetings with President Park in Seoul, with Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek in Taipei, and with President Nixon that fears of a "counterfeit" peace began to come to the surface in Saigon. "I hate the Viet Cong, but I also hate the war," says a Vietnamese intellectual, who is willing, like many others, to take a chance on peace. And there are a few who argue, and truly do seem to believe, that the situation is so much better that South Vietnam's survival as a sovereign, independent, non-Communist state has now been virtually assured.

This proposition commends itself to the U.S. Military Assistance Command in Saigon, where the Office of Information is now handing out to visiting newspapermen some highly interesting and detailed summaries of recent war years. MACV found "the year 1968 unquestionably the most significant year of the war to date and [it] may prove to have been the turning point." No one could disagree with that, you might think. Yet, as MACV sees it, the enemy "failed to achieve a single one of his original principal objectives."

Since the psychological effect of the Tet offensive on Washington can be compared quite realistically with that of the fall of Dienbienphu on Paris in 1954, and since it shattered the illusion that pacification in Vietnam brought real security, this is truly a singular comment. But the body counts are all there to establish the case. At the end of 1968, according to MACV's compilations, the cumulative total was 436,000. Unfortunately, in adding up these figures, no one has bothered to match known enemy losses against known enemy strengths. This is an instructive exercise. In 1961 official estimates were that the Viet Cong had an order of battle of around 15,000 men, half of whom were believed to have guns. That year the body count totaled 12,133. Allowing three wounded for every man killed (the normally accepted ratio for those requiring hospitalization), and not counting the bodies that escaped the eager eyes of the counters, the Viet Cong must have had a casualty rate of about three for every man they put into the field. Last year, according to MACV, they lost 181,146 killed. Again, by the three to one wounded

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PICASSO'S ENGRAVINGS

On March 16, 1968, Pablo Picasso, the pre-eminent artist of our time, commenced work on a series of engravings that he predicted would become "my most sought-after—and possibly scandalous—work." They were to be a series of pictures portraying every aspect of sexual pleasure. Picasso had wanted to create such a series for over 65 years, he confided to Aldo Crommelynck, his engraving-press printer, and he intended it to stand as "an abiding celebration of life itself."

For nearly seven months Picasso worked in a creative frenzy at his studio in Mougins, France, turning out as many as four engravings in a single day, often with as many as six variations of each. "Ole!", "Bravo!", "Magnifico!", he would exclaim as each new engraving was pulled from the press, and so ecstatic was he over the quality of the work that on several occasions he summoned friends from as far off as London and New York to view the work in progress. Finally, on October 5th, he bundled the engravings together, inscribed them with the title "347 Gravures," and announced "Ya!" ("It is finished!").

The engravings Picasso had created are, collectively, his masterwork, a fitting climax to the career of a man whose dedication, both in personal life and work, has been to the sensual. "Without the awakening of ardent love, no life—and therefore no art—has any meaning," Picasso is quoted by his biographer, Roland Penrose, as saying. And nowhere in the prodigious, 20,000-piece *oeuvre* of this fertile genius has ardent love been more beautifully—or joyfully—portrayed. Throughout the engravings voluptuous majas surrender themselves, lustful

satyrs disport, and troupes of swooning acrobats perform in a circus of love. Picasso's irrepressible love of mischief is in evidence, too, in scenes of grandees cuckolded, harems invaded, and models seduced by lecherous painters. The last theme is the one most often repeated in the series, with the painters puckishly made to resemble Rembrandt, Raphael, and, of course, Picasso himself. (Picasso's life-long friend, Max Jacob, has said, "Picasso would much rather be remembered as a famous Don Juan than an artist.") All in all, Picasso's "347 Gravures" reflect such consummate craftsmanship, timeless subject matter, and sublime inspiration as to ensure their place as the greatest art treasure of the 20th Century.

If the artistic value of "347 Gravures" is considerable, its commercial value is perhaps even greater. The engravings, which have been printed in a limited edition of 50 sets, have fetched a price of *ten million dollars*. This is more than has ever before been paid for a work of art. Moreover, because of rumors that circulated throughout the art world concerning the superexcellence of the engravings, all 50 sets were subscribed to even before Picasso had finished making them!

Art critics who have seen the engravings have been positively apostolic in their praise. "These etchings reach the zenith of man's creative power. They rank with 'Hamlet,' Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, and Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment.' That is to say, they are classic," says Robert Glauber, of Skyline. LIFE: "Picasso's most trenchant exploration of sex and sexuality...As never before, the master seems bent on describing that idyllic state wherein the spirit and flesh are one." Herald-Tribune (Paris): "A major undertaking...amazing...extraordinary...staggering...incredible. Picasso's brilliance conquers all." TIME: "A virtuoso performance." Armand St. Clair, Revue de Paris: "Mesmerizing...If I had a choice among all the works Picasso has produced, I would take this one without hesitation." Franz Schulze, Chicago Daily News: "What a difference between Picasso's view of sex and the sniggering, guilt-ridden American pornography

of today." Brian Fitzherbert, Nova: "Once again, Picasso demonstrates his astounding power of regeneration." Harold Joachim, Curator of Prints, Art Institute of Chicago: "Astounding...A compelling testimony of Picasso's amazing energy and power of invention at the age of 87." Harold Haydon, Chicago Sun-Times: "A great surprise package...Unparalleled for sustained interest and quality." Pierre Cabanne, Plexus: "The Last Will and Testament of the father of modern art."

It is with great pride, therefore, and humility, that the editors of *Avant-Garde* announce that their magazine has been chosen as the medium through which Picasso's monumental new work will be shown to the world. Picasso's Paris representative, the Societe de la Propriete Artistique, has appointed *Avant-Garde* as the sole proscenium for presentation of the quintessence of "347 Gravures." Mindful of the awesome responsibility that this singular honor imposes, the editors of *Avant-Garde* have spared neither expense nor effort to ensure that "347 Gravures" receives the premiere it deserves.

To begin with, an entire issue of *Avant-Garde*—64 pages—will be devoted exclusively to this one subject. The issue will carry no advertising. The world's foremost graphic designer, Herb Lubalin, has been retained to design this special issue. Costly antique paper stocks and flame-set colored inks will be used throughout. The issue will be printed by time-consuming duotone offset lithography and will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards, for permanent preservation. All in all, this lavishly produced issue of *Avant-Garde* will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. The editors of *Avant-Garde* are determined that their presentation of the quintessence of Picasso's "347 Gravures" will be a landmark not only in the history of art, but in publishing, as well.

EROTIC VGS

Copies of this special collector's edition of Avant-Garde will not be offered for sale to the general public. They are being given away—free as a gift to all new subscribers to Avant-Garde.

In case you've never heard of Avant-Garde, let us explain that it is the most beautiful—and daring—magazine in America today. Although launched only two years ago, already it has earned a reputation as *the* outstanding showcase for the exhibition of creative talent. This reputation stems from Avant-Garde's editorial policy of *complete and absolute freedom of creative expression*. Avant-Garde steadfastly refuses to sacrifice creative genius on the altar of "morality" (the motto of the magazine is Down with bluenoses, blue laws, and blue pencils). Thus, the world's most gifted artists, writers, and photographers continually bring to Avant-Garde their most uninhibited—and inspired—works. Avant-Garde serves—consistently—as a haven for the painting that is "too daring," the novella that is "too outrageous," the poem that is "too sensuous," the cartoon that is "too satirical," the reportage that is too graphic," the opinion that is "too candid," the photograph that is "too explicit." Avant-Garde is proud of its reputation as the wild and sane sanctuary of American arts and letters.

In addition to Picasso, contributors to Avant-Garde include such renowned figures as Norman Mailer, Arthur Miller, Andrew Wyeth, Kenneth Tynan, Dan Greenburg, Philip Lichs, Allen Ginsberg, Dr. Karl Menninger, Carl Fischer, Paul Krassner, Andy Warhol, Eliot Elisofon, Warren Boroson, Peter Max, Richard Avedon, John Updike, Roald Dahl, Art Kane, Charles Schulz, Bert Stern, Richard Lindner, Yevgeny Yevtushenko, S.J. Perelman, James Baldwin, Alan Watts, Salvador Dali, Terry Southern, Isaac Bashevis Singer, Ashley Fontagu, William Burroughs, Paul Goodman, Kenneth Rexroth, Harper Lee, Jean Genet, and Marshall McLuhan.

Critics everywhere have spent themselves in a veritable orgy of praise over Avant-Garde. Reality freaks, unite! Weird buffs, rejoice! Avant-Garde has arrived bearing mind-treasures

of major proportions," says the San Francisco Chronicle. "Avant-Garde is guaranteed to shake the cobwebs out of the mind," says the Los Angeles Herald-Examiner. "An exotic literary menu...A wild new thing on the New York scene," says Encounter. "Avant-Garde is aimed at readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste who are interested in the arts, politics, science—and sex," says The New York Times. "The fantastic artwork, alone, is worth the price of the magazine," says the News Project. "A field manual by the avant-garde, for the avant-garde," says New York critic Robert Reisner. "Avant-Garde's articles on cinema, rock, and the New Scene are a stoned groove," says the East Village Other. "Off-beat, arty, sexy," says the New York Daily News. "It's the sawn-off shotgun of American critical writing," says the New Statesman. "Its graphics are stylish," says TIME. "Avant-Garde is MAGAZINE POWER!" says poet Harold Seldes. "Wow! What a ferris wheel! I was high for a week after reading it," says the pop critic of Cavalier.

Subscriptions to Avant-Garde ordinarily cost \$10 per year. In conjunction with this special Picasso erotic engravings offer, however, we are offering ten-month introductory subscriptions for *ONLY \$5!* This is virtually *HALF PRICE!!* To enter your subscription (five issues)—and obtain a copy of the Picasso erotic engravings folio *ABSOLUTELY FREE*—simply fill out the adjacent coupon and mail it with \$5 to: Avant-Garde, 110 W. 40th St., New York, N.Y. 10018.

But please hurry, since quantities of the Picasso folio are limited and this offer may be withdrawn without notice.

Then sit back and prepare to receive a subscription bonus par excellence, and your first copy of an exuberant new magazine that is equally devoted to the love of art and the art of love.

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AT-3

Vietnam

to killed ratio, total casualties must have run to three quarters of a million out of a force that MACV believed to be not much more than a quarter of a million strong!

These figures suggest one of two possibilities. Either the body count is grossly exaggerated, or, since no army in the world has ever survived a persistent casualty rate of 300 percent and succeeded in multiplying itself at the same time, the enemy forces, and capabilities, were heavily underestimated. No less an authority than Hanoi's General Vo Nguyen Giap himself has recently confirmed that his side's losses have reached the half million mark. If we ever learn the true figures, they may in fact prove to be substantially higher. MACV's explanation of the discrepancy is that the Viet Cong and the NVA just kept on feeding men into the machine. No one is likely to quarrel with this explanation. But if the recruits to fill, and even to expand, the ranks so quickly were so readily available, not only the body counts but all the weight of emphasis attached to them helped to create an entirely illusory appreciation of the progress of the war, and the nature of the problem.

This is not to discount the losses that American firepower has inflicted, but to indicate the futility of attempting to measure progress by counting dead bodies. It simply was never that sort of war. By using comparative casualties as a yardstick in what was always primarily a political contest of wills, we not only misled ourselves, but, in the pursuit of what seemed to be tangible evidence of progress, often indulged in tactics that were heavily counterproductive.

This was as true of the effort when the war was primarily Vietnamese in character as it was after the major commitment of American forces. The first divisional-sized operation of the war took place in Vinhbinh Province, between the Mekong and the Bassac rivers in the summer of 1961, and I was there to watch it. ARVN artillery blazed away into villages from which never a shot was fired in return. When I protested to the divisional commander, he replied: "You don't understand. The villagers have asked us to shell them because it gives them a chance to

run away from the Viet Cong." Not very long afterward a Buddhist leader in Vinhbinh was listed among the founder members of the National Liberation Front. No doubt we killed some Viet Cong in this action—the bodies were there to be counted—but no one tried to estimate the converts to the Viet Cong caused by the shells so irresponsibly aimed into the ranks of the civilian population. And God alone knows how many thousands we created later on the basis of the American rationale that villagers, provided they received adequate warning, blamed the Viet Cong, or the NVA, and not the U.S. or government forces, if their homes were destroyed by bombing or shell-fire because of the presence of enemy troops.

Viet Cong round

Now that they have abandoned hope of a general uprising in the cities, the Viet Cong, with their rocket and mortar attacks, are falling into the same error, but their success in creating a mass base among large sections of the rural population relates directly to the intensity of their effort, and to their understanding of peasant hopes and aspirations. Though the cadres operating in the villages and hamlets often suffered from human failings, the system itself was effective. People counted much more than terrain. Thus, the Viet Cong could lose every battle, and, while the rural population remained on their side, still expect to win the war.

Even after all these years, however, this is not fully understood. In the winter-spring offensive this year, MACV again stressed the scope of the victory by claiming 27,000 Viet Cong and NVA forces killed in the first six weeks of the campaign. Unlike the Tet offensive, when government units were the principal targets, the main enemy effort was directed against American positions. To have lost only 1718 Americans during the first six weeks and to have accounted for so many Viet Cong and NVA may, therefore, seem to be very good military arithmetic. The kill ratio was up from 1:5.2 during the Tet offensive to 1:7. But, as Hanoi was well aware, by pushing the American losses through the Korean War level, and revealing once again a significant military

capability, the offensive provided a new psychological impetus for those demanding the rapid de-Americanization of the war. Unfortunately for the Allied cause this tactic often proved beyond the comprehension of some U.S. commanders. By assaulting Hamburger Hill last May Major General Melvin Zais took conventional military action, won some sort of military victory, and, by sharply increasing the American casualty rate, aroused a new storm of protest against the war in the United States. Hanoi could not have asked for more. By continuing to sit in Paris and conceding nothing, Hanoi has everything going for it. Peace by negotiation is still possible in the long haul on highly advantageous terms. For the present, the bombing in the North has been stopped, the B-52 raids in the South have been pruned for economy's sake, and before long, the American forces will have begun to withdraw.

It is improbable that either the Viet Cong or the NVA could have sustained indefinitely the very high level of casualties that their forces suffered last year. But there is an economy of effort about their offensives this year which will not overtax their manpower reserves, despite the continuing high level of casualties, or test their political allegiance in the hamlets. It is against this background and not on the basis of body counts and the kill ratios that the current situation in South Vietnam, and the future prospects for the government in Saigon, ought to be measured.

Compared with Tet, when American and government forces used their firepower recklessly and ruthlessly to repulse the Viet Cong and NVA from the cities and towns, multiplying the destruction and the misery, the Allied military performance this year has been both professional and restrained. A village died under South Vietnamese military orders in the liquidation of an NVA battalion during the attack on Bienhoa February 26, the biggest single action of the offensive, but elsewhere firepower was used with moderation in built-up areas. Intelligence, both at the strategic and tactical levels, was fast and accurate. Equipped with the entire enemy battle plan, government forces were standing to when the attack came at Bienhoa, and B-52 attacks prevented two of the



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Vietnam

three NVA battalions committed from reaching their targets. Psychological warfare teams worked speedily and effectively. During the early fighting the deputy commander of the NVA battalion became a prisoner. Within an hour leaflets with his picture and the news of his capture had been dropped on the village where the NVA troops were holding out in bunkers built initially as shelters against rocket attacks. Seventy-nine members of the NVA battalion surrendered.

Nowhere did the NVA offensive really get off the ground. Operation Dewey Canyon picked up more than five hundred tons of enemy weapons and ammunition in the southwestern corner of Quangtri Province, effectively preventing any renewed thrust against Hué. This was the biggest haul of the war and included trucks, five-ton tracked vehicles, and thousands of rounds of mortar ammunition. For the first time in the war, NVA ranks appeared south of the I Corps area. They were quickly knocked out, or driven back across the border into Laos. Everywhere the attacking forces made greater use of artillery. This succeeded in its primary objective of putting up the American casualty rate, but it did not deny to the Allied forces the technical control of the battlefield in areas where they regard control as vital to their interests, especially around Saigon. By the same test, the Viet Cong, though they abominate the B-52 raids, are in full control over the base areas vital to their own interests, and they are highly offensive where their rights are contested, especially south and southwest of Danang, in Quangngai Province, and around Cuchi, in Hau Nghia Province, where the U.S. 25th Division has established its headquarters in the heart of a region which for many years was an uncontested Viet Cong zone.

In many attacks both Viet Cong and NVA forces lacked spirit. The defection rate was up, especially in Phuyen and Binh Dinh provinces, where the Viet Cong hold was once solid. A significant proportion of the Viet Cong and NVA forces committed were teen-agers, whose morale was often anything but high. Most teams working in the accelerated pac-

ification program held their ground. The ARVN and the regional and popular forces fought well. Many roads which once could be traveled only with a high degree of risk are safer than they used to be. And, most important, the three-pronged tactics worked out by the late General Nguyen Chi Thanh for the concerted use of regular, regional, and guerrilla forces no longer functions so easily against the tactics employed by General Creighton Abrams. Without lines of supply laid down ahead of their forces, the regular Viet Cong and NVA battalions cannot operate beyond their sanctuaries. Today there are many more Allied troops, and many more that are better armed and trained, working in and around the denser areas of rural population. In the past, Allied intelligence used to be good on the strategical level. On the tactical level, it was almost nonexistent. Although the backroom boys had plotted the massive material buildup in Laos and Cambodia and were predicting with quite remarkable accuracy the weight of the 1968 general offensive and even its approximate timing, tactical intelligence was so little in the picture that some local Viet Cong units in the Saigon-Cholow area, which had been broken down for security into sections and were waiting for the order to reassemble, were not carried on the enemy's order of battle. That sort of error no longer occurs.

Back to politics

If this pattern were to continue for another five or ten years, it would be reasonable to suppose that the war might end in some sort of victory, however temporary, for the Allies. Nothing is more certain, however, than that the pattern is changing. The United States will not maintain its forces indefinitely at anything like the present level. And, once the withdrawal has begun, it is likely that domestic pressures will demand a rapid acceleration.

Assuming that a political solution of the war is in the making, it is still difficult to be more sanguine about the government's long-term chances. President Thieu has moved slowly, but in his own way quite effectively, since his installation. He has consolidated himself in power, introduced general mobilization, conducted vil-

lage elections, and negotiated doggedly, and properly, with his American allies to prevent compromising the Republic of Vietnam's status at the Paris talks. Now, belatedly, he has begun to organize what he hopes will become a solid base of political support for the government. But his National Social Democratic Front is both slow-moving and without the mass popular support that the situation demands.

Vice President Nguyen Cao Ky believes that the unity of no more than fifteen to twenty key men is needed to create an effective national united front. Thieu puts the figure significantly higher—at between fifty and seventy-five. Whatever the figure, it would be highly optimistic to expect that so many Vietnamese leaders will subordinate their own personal differences to the national need, even at this critical time. Thieu is in no sense popular. He lacks charisma, and his style is devious. Inevitably, in the strengthening of his own authoritarian power base, he has not helped to create the conditions under which he can personally hope to rally popular support. Press censorship has not been stricter since the end of the Diem era, and the ten-year jail sentence imposed on Thich Tien Minh, the militant Buddhist leader, alienated many of his followers, who were not disposed to alter their views when the sentence was subsequently reduced to three years. Finally, Thieu's appointment of General Tran Thien Khiem as deputy prime minister in charge of the key security ministries has had the effect of strengthening the administration's controls at the expense of its popular appeal. Thieu is not helped by congressional attitudes. Most members see their role in the legislature as that of an opposition to the executive, and regard suggestions that Thieu may need support as unsophisticated and even undemocratic. In short, the country remains in characteristic political disarray. Instead of helping to create unity, any progress toward a negotiated settlement may only add to the divisions, and harden the central opposition to such a settlement. This is, in fact, already happening.

If free elections were ever held, it is still a reasonable assumption that non-Communists and anti-Communist groups would win the majority of votes, even if the NLF cam-

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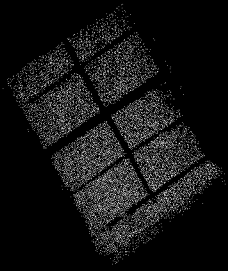
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paigned under the banner of Uncle Ho. If, however, fragmented nationalist groups were to enter the contest separately, as they have in past elections, there is also little doubt that the Front would prevail, for it is the only disciplined mass political organization ever created in Vietnam.

Throughout South Vietnam the Front is now engaged in a major campaign to prepare for the day when it takes over. A document bearing the imprint of the Laodong (Communist) Party of North Vietnam instructs that the administration at all levels must be under the absolute control of the Party. "Not enough attention has been paid to the indoctrination of women," it complains. "They should be prepared for harder trials. They are credulous and cannot resist love."

The "establishment of a revolutionary government system from high echelon to village level" has been given highest priority. This includes the organization of cadres competent to run everything from trade unions to postal services. Top-bracket recruits are being sent to North Vietnam for the formation of specialized command cadres to serve later at all branches and levels. Children whose parents have earned merit in the cause are also going North for training. They fall into two age groups, those from ten to fourteen years and from fifteen to seventeen years. People's courts have been reintroduced with the basic instruction that they "should be dictatorial toward the enemies of the people, including the landlord, the mercantile bourgeoisie, the reactionary elements, and especially the lackeys of the U.S. imperialists." The killing of "tyrants and antirevolutionary ringleaders" is specifically and liberally authorized: assassins carry death sentences, stamped in advance, with blank spaces for the names of their victims. Peace, when it comes, may be no less bloody than the war, and our crisis of conscience will persist long after the last American soldier has left South Vietnam. Fifteen years ago there used to be a sign on a work project outside Hanoi. "Think of each rock you crush as an American head," it read. America's head will survive the Vietnam crushing, but its soul will carry not only the scars of engagement but of disengagement, also.

DENIS WARNER

BAKER'S ISLAND

Like everyone else in New England, we have a romantic ache for the New England coast: more specifically, for New England islands. We have investigated, in addition to the larger ones popular with New York psychoanalysts, a number of smaller, more local ones. We have sailed around the Salvages and Straitsmouth, out of Rockport, and rowed the miles to Little Misery and Great Misery—poison ivy plantations, each of them—returning with our curiosity satisfied and hands blistered.

So when a friend offered us the use of his cottage on Baker's Island, Massachusetts, last summer, we were delighted. Here was a local, *habitable* island, small and accessible.

Baker's Island, lying off the North Shore, when imagined, heard about, held in the mind, seems too good to be true. It is one of the small group of islands seen from Manchester, Marblehead, Beverly, and Salem, lying at the mouth of Salem Harbor, surrounded by the blue-green, deeply cold water of that area. It is a small craggy outcropping of rock on which there is a Coast Guard station, and on clear days it looms austere in the cold blue haze. There are no cars on the island—and no roads. Instead, the terrain is one of meadows: sweet clover, wild roses, and timothy, with paths mown through the meadows running across the island, around it, and to particular scenic points along the shoreline. A small number of families maintain summer residences. In association, they run a ferry to Baker's Island out of Salem; the ferry travels just in the summer. Only the Coast Guard is there the other three seasons of the year, during which the northeasters smash against the empty houses. Yes, there is poison ivy on Baker's Island, but it is so outdone by the other pleasures of the island in summer as to seem almost self-effacing.

We took the ferry from the Salem Willows Amusement Park one summer evening, after a drive to Salem through a heavy rainstorm, past the pizza parlors, Dairy Queen stands, drive-ins, used-car and stolen-car and new-car and auto-parts and foreign-car and junk-car lots that litter

Route 1 North. Then we waited on the dock in the rain, inhaling the aura of fried clams, grease, damp bathrooms, and northeast wind that pervades boat landings.

On the charts, Baker's Island seems to lie about four miles out of Salem. Less than halfway there on the ferry, mesmerized by the water, we noticed ahead of us a turgid, wide brown ribbon.

"What's that?" we asked.

"Oh, that," said the skipper of the boat, "that's sewage."

The other passengers, regulars on the boat, concurred. A few casual murmurs of "something ought to be done," and then passengers turned back to other diversions.

Refuse

Halfway out of Salem, sewage pours into the ocean, streaming for miles, to be dispersed back onto the North Shore, onto the beaches of Beverly and Salem and Lynn, Marblehead and Manchester, and as far up as Gloucester: a slimy thick track, brownish with half-dissolved turds and industrial refuse.

"There's a pipe that comes up somewhere around here," the skipper, a high school boy, told us.

We were through the main flow of the sewage in twenty minutes, but the water continued to include suspicious brown flakes and particles.

"Don't the towns realize . . . ?"

"No, they try to hush it up. A lot of it comes up from Boston, too."

We knew. We had tried boating in Boston Harbor.

"Often it's worse than this. Some days when the wind blows wrong, you don't even dare go near the beaches."

The sun came out as we arrived at the island, and then proceeded to set splendidly. The meadows were fresh and sweet from the rain, the small white houses intimate with the sounds of supper cooking.

When the next day dawned, a heavy fog had rolled in, alternating with patches of sun. The rocks, which had been outlines the evening before, were gray and magnificent. From all points one could see the ocean; there were huge boulders along the shore and extending out. The water thrown up against them was a yellow-brown.

The coves of Baker's Island are perfect shelters for sewage. We saw

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the same brown stream of gunk in the water, trapped and being thrown onto the shore. The sewage from Salem Harbor obviously accumulates at harbors and islands, trapped for days and lying sluggishly on the surface of the water. When we asked residents of the island about the sewage problem, they merely shrugged, saying they didn't swim there anyway, so what did it matter. There seemed to be an attitude of hopelessness—what does the fate of a small island matter when compared with the sewage disposal of a metropolis?

Baker's Island is small, and privacy is a problem. We searched for a place to ourselves. Facing due east, out toward the open ocean, was a cove in which wild roses grew. We looked down. There, in the mouth of the cove, lay an old wrecked automobile on its back. Pieces of rusty metal washed against the shore, nor could the action of the waves move the carcass off the rocks. Obviously, there had once been a car on Baker's Island. And seeking the most obvious disposal method, someone had merely pushed it over the side. Now, like a giant cockroach, its overturned and rusted chassis shifted in the water.

We continued further on around the island to a point of rocks. We walked out, found a small shelter, and the sun obliged by coming out briefly. For a peaceful half hour we let ourselves be soothed and hypnotized by the foaming water. Suddenly our reverie was interrupted by a loud series of splashes, bangs, clinks, and clanks. We jumped up and looked around. Along the cliff a line of white-haired family men was advancing with bushel baskets and garbage cans. Bang! Splash! The daily island toll of refuse was being heaved over. Milk cartons, bottles, sardine tins, beer cans, and soda-pop containers went into the water.

"Just emptying the garbage!" a man called to us cheerily as he staggered up to the water with his bushel basket, dumping it and then coming back to dump another. He was replaced by another man.

"Do all the residents do this?" we asked.

"Sure. Why not?"

We left the point. A few small children were wading near the ferry landing. In the water, the garbage

of Baker's Island, indestructible and inedible containers and trash, bumped and floated despondently against the rocks. They mingled with the brown lumps and wisps of sewage, trapped and abandoned in eddies. Sea gulls that had been circling came down to investigate, were disappointed at the unpalatability of the stuff, and flew away without feeding.

KATHLEEN SPIVACK

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Thomas R. Brooks is the author of *Toil and Trouble*, a history of American labor. Denis Warner, an Australian, has covered the Far East for many years; his articles appeared regularly in *The Reporter*. Kathleen Spivack, whose poetry has been published in the *Atlantic* and in other magazines, lives near Boston.



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THE MAIL:

The Right of Abortion

SIR: Mrs. Harriet Pilpel's article on abortion reforms, in the June *Atlantic*, includes some assumptions about the processes of decision-making in a democracy which, to my knowledge, have never been subject to adequate examination.

Part of her thesis is that objections to abortion grounded upon religious belief are, in some sense, undemocratic. This is a fairly widespread hypothesis. Such an argument has much to commend it, especially when the issue is predominantly one of personal morality. But to apply it indiscriminately to the question of abortion seriously misconceives the ethical complexities of the problem. It also fails to come to grips fully with the reasons why orthodox Catholicism is so adamant in its opposition to reform.

As Mrs. Pilpel explained, papal rejection of abortion is premised upon the judgment that such a practice is violative of divine law. But the rationale for this view includes the very relevant assertion that the proposed reforms, either in fact or in probability, will violate inherent rights of the unborn. Transcendental sanction and personal right are complementary parts of a single ethical position; the matter is one of temporal as well as ultimate concern. And it is not simply a question of individual morality. In practical terms, it raises an issue of justice—that is, what society, and the pregnant woman, owe to another person.

Heretofore, reformers have concentrated almost exclusively upon the needs of the mother; Mrs. Pilpel's failure to speak of the embryo as other than an "unwanted child" reveals the poverty of her analysis.

Advocates of abortion often argue that they do not believe that the unborn fetus is really a living being. Yet considerable evidence has been accumulated in the biological sciences to indicate that there exists a continuum of organic life from very early stages following conception. Moreover, the coherence of a legal system must be taken into account. I suggest it is illogical for a legal order to grant a license to destroy an embryo while simultaneously maintaining a regime of tort law which confers legal rights upon a child to recover damages for injuries which it suffered at a period considerably prior to birth.

I am astonished by Mrs. Pilpel's suggestion that it would be wrong for those with moral reservations to refuse cooperation with a liberal abortion law. If Western civilization has made any contribution to the human race, it surely has been the evolution of the conviction that personal conscience must resist an unjust law. From the Greek dramatists to the judgment at Nuremberg, we have painfully evolved the ideal that positive law does not excuse moral responsibility. Given the destruction of innocent life made possible by liberal abortion laws, I, for one, would not condemn an uncooperative physician no matter what the ultimate basis of his resistance. Mrs. Pilpel's attempt to avoid these moral nuances by raising specters of religious interference in secular affairs is singularly unconvincing.

CORNELIUS F. MURPHY, JR.
Pittsburgh, Penn.

SIR: If an abortion is allowed to *anyone* who wants one at any time, won't this make a human life a trivial thing? And if this becomes a reality in our fast-moving, liberal society,

what is to stop the killing of human "vegetables" in hospitals, mental institutions, and homes for the aged? After all, they will be unwanted, expensive, and adding to the population problem.

ANDREW J. HUHTANEN
Auburn, N.Y.

SIR: As an advocate of abortion-law repeal, I was pleased to read Harriet Pilpel's article. But why do most presentations urging legalization of abortion spend more time worrying about the plights of hypothetically deformed embryos and potential battered children than they do worrying about the rights of *actual*, adult women?

If the world were *not* overpopulated, if there were no German measles, if there were kindly grandmothers ready to take care of every "unwanted child," the moral obligation to give the woman legal rights to her own uterus would be no less imperative.

ANNE TRESEDER
San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. Pilpel replies:

I agree with Mr. Murphy that even where the law permits abortion (and, as I pointed out in my article, the laws of all fifty states do permit abortion in some cases), a physician should not be compelled to "cooperate" (using Mr. Murphy's word) if, following the Pope's mandate, he considers all abortion at all times and in all circumstances against his conscience. However, where this is the situation, I do maintain that such a physician has an obligation to make clear that his objection is not on medical grounds, so that the patient has the option of going to another physician whose conscience would not be violated by

"cooperating" in abortions indicated by the accepted medical practice of the community.

Second, I should like to call Mr. Murphy's attention to a case just decided by the New York Court of Appeals, the highest court in the state and one of the most eminent courts of the nation. That case held that "the law has never considered the unborn fetus as having a separate 'juridical existence' . . . or a legal personality or identity 'until it sees the light of day,' i.e. 'is born alive.'"

Black Studies

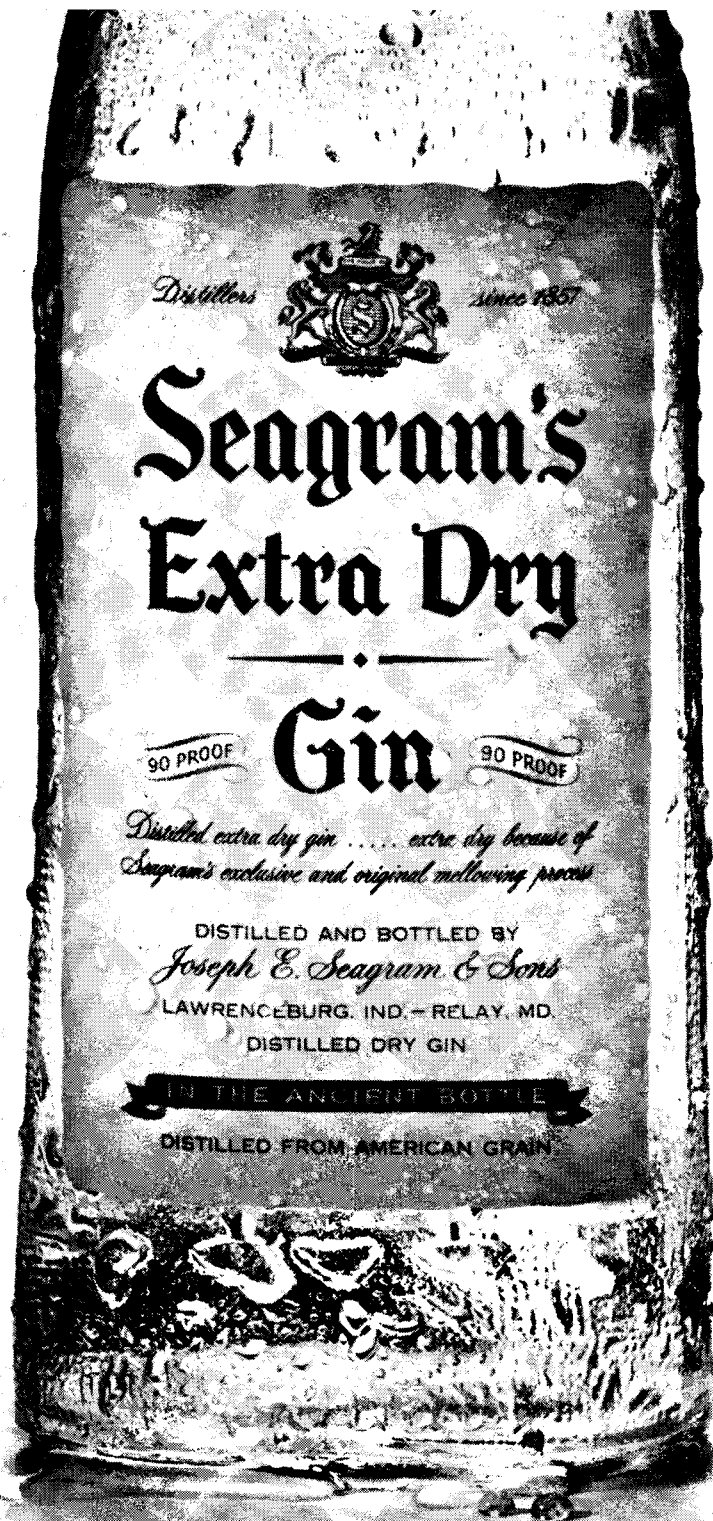
SIR: Professor Genovese is simply wrong when he says that "there is no such thing as a black ideology or a black point of view." Ideology is nothing more than a systematic pattern of ideas related to some common phenomenon. Who can say that the ideologies of black power, or nation-building, or liberation, or anything else do not conform to that definition?

The black viewpoint exists and must be understood because it determines whether or not programs and departments in black studies have credibility. If it can be agreed that a black studies program, at least, will not be taught from a white-racist perspective, then it will be radically different in content from the present curriculum. Furthermore, if it is taught by people who have some genuine insight into the experience of the black community, then it will be unique in academia. On both counts, black people generally are most able to fulfill these criteria.

Genovese is out of touch when he suggests that questions of legitimacy must reside with the university. The question of the legitimacy of black studies resides with black people. In those cases where they are able to work with universities in the expression of that sense of legitimacy, they should do so; where they cannot, the question of legitimacy still, as a right, belongs to the black community.

Finally, on the question of the university "surrendering basic standards of competence" with regard to students and faculty, Genovese fails to see the interrelatedness of this problem with that of legitimacy. Universities have been racist institutions. How, then, must their standards be held up as valid ones for

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the elimination of racism without significant changes in those very standards which Genovese holds as sacred?

RONALD W. WALTERS
Assistant Professor
Department of Political Science
Syracuse University
Syracuse, N.Y.

SIR: The article written by Professor Eugene D. Genovese entitled "Black Studies: Trouble Ahead" (June issue) seems to me serious and profoundly perceptive.

But I disagree with his statement that "what has to be resisted firmly is the insanity that claims, as in one recent instance, that experience as a SNCC field organizer should be considered more important than a Ph.D. in the hiring of a professor of Afro-American history."

Why is it so appalling that black intellectuals should want to select teachers and courses for the curriculum, and nominate professors and administrators to their various schools?

EMMETT E. Q. HAYES
Wilberforce, Ohio

SIR: I certainly agree with Professor Genovese that the survival of our universities is problematical. Especially when this professor of history can state with obvious exasperation that "university professors and administrators in particular are not required to show 'sympathy,' 'compassion,' 'understanding,' and other manifestations of liberal guilt feelings . . . in the formation of university policy."

I have two questions for the professor: (1) What is history but a record of individuals acting and reacting in response to their "psychological need," which is supported or rejected by their cultural ethos? (2) Inasmuch as the professor values the "integrity and dignity" of this community of which he is a member, how does he propose to gain or sustain this self-satisfaction without my, and others', "sympathy," "compassion," and "understanding"?

I don't really believe that institutions staffed by men with such archaic concepts of psycho-social behavior are "necessary to the preservation of freedom in American life."

H. G. BEDFORD
Escondido, Calif.

Professor Genovese replies:

I fully agree with Professor Walters and Mr. Hayes that the ultimate definition and shape of black studies will have to come from the black community. When I spoke of "tasks," the reference was to predominantly white universities interested in black studies programs. The problem of standards must also be seen within these limits. The main point of the article was that the universities are specific and limited institutions that can meet only definite responsibilities and cannot be charged with the task of reforming society at large.

The article did not challenge the right of the black community to a system of higher education of its own choosing. Quite the contrary. It said specifically that the right of self-determination for black people included the right to genuinely black universities. In these terms, for example, the current turmoil at CCNY ought to bring us to a frank discussion of whether it would not be just and wise to transform one or more of New York's city colleges into black institutions—that is, into colleges directed by blacks, guided by the collective interests of the black community, and staffed with professors and students, black for white, who accept the hegemony of the black community. The point of my article was simply that the need of the black community for a higher education of its own choosing could only be met in separate institutions and could not be met by predominantly white institutions.

Professor Walters is altogether fuzzy on the question of black ideology. There are at least two ways in which he may be read. If he means that there is only one black viewpoint or one legitimate black viewpoint, then he ought to tell us what it is and to produce evidence that many black people actually adhere to it. If this is what he means, I submit that he is talking nonsense. But he may mean something quite different—that there is a specific range and gravity to black thought which differ from those of white. If this is what he means, then we have no quarrel at all. All I wrote was that black studies programs in general American universities must be sufficiently flexible to include the whole range of viewpoints relevant to the discipline; that they could not be

permitted to become the property of a single faction.

As for Mr. Bedford, he has nothing to fear. The universities are not at all dominated by hardhearted psychological antiquarians like myself. Rather, they are dominated by bourgeois sentimentalists like himself. I did not come out against sympathy, compassion, and understanding, nor against virtue, honor, and premarital virginity. I did say—admittedly with much "exasperation"—that paternalism is racism and that black people have a right to have their political demands treated with respect as political demands instead of being themselves treated to a dose of philanthropic pseudo-psychanalysis.

Advice and Consent

SIR: While Alfred Kazin has portrayed Henry David Thoreau as a gifted writer with high ideals, he has also worked diligently to develop the thesis that Thoreau was not involved with humanity. In different paragraphs, Mr. Kazin writes:

"He [Thoreau] was interested in society only as an observer of different species taking notes on his Concord neighbors and their peculiar ways."

"Despite Thoreau's opposition to slavery in principle he knew no Negroes."

"And Thoreau's predominating aim was to save his life, not to spend it."

After quoting Thoreau's statement, "'Under a government which imprisons any unjustly, the true place for a just man is also a prison,'" Mr. Kazin adds, "But morally invigorating as this is, it would perhaps not have helped the fugitive slave."

It is true that Thoreau distrusted institutions and the bleeding hearts of his time. He never joined the Abolition Society, but he acted in his own way, following patterns that were not designed to save himself.

The *Atlantic* welcomes communications from its readers, but can rarely accommodate letters in excess of 500 words. Light editing, for style and economy, is the rule rather than the exception, and we assume that any letter, unless otherwise stipulated, is free for publication in our monthly letters column.

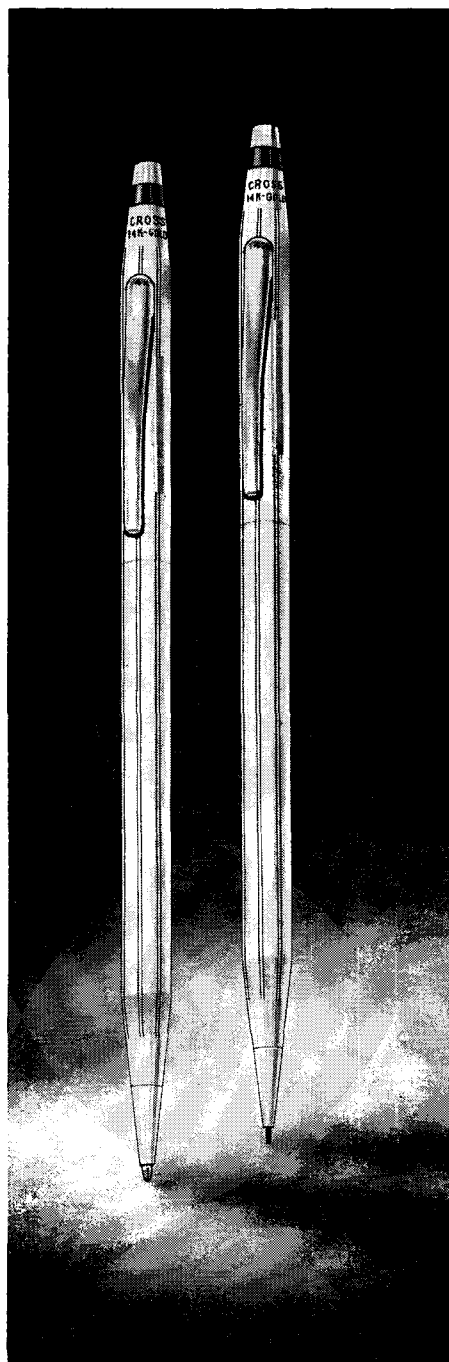
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After Congress enacted a more strenuous Fugitive Slave Law in 1850, here is the report of one of Thoreau's excursions where he did not study nature.

It is recorded in Thoreau's Journal for 1851:

Oct. 1. 5 P.M.—Just put a fugitive slave, who has taken the name of Henry Williams, into the cars for Canada. He escaped from Stafford County, Virginia, to Boston last October; has been in Shadrach's place at the Cornhill Coffee-House; had been corresponding through an agent with his master, who is his father, about buying himself, his master asking \$600, but he having been able to raise only \$500. Heard that there were writs out for two Williamses, fugitives, and was informed by his fellow-servants and employer that Augerhole Burns and others of the police had called for him when he was out. Accordingly fled to Concord last night on foot, bringing a letter to our family from Mr. Lovejoy of Cambridge and another which Garrison had formerly given him on another occasion. He lodged with us, and waited in the house till funds were collected with which to forward him. Intended to dispatch him at noon through to Burlington, but when I went to buy his ticket, saw one at the depot who looked and behaved so much like a Boston policeman that I did not venture that time. An intelligent and very well-behaved man, a mulatto.

This is not the report of a man who lived only for himself and his writing. Thoreau's home in Concord was a station on the Underground Railroad, and Thoreau, as reported by Henry Seidel Canby in his biography, "had tenderly aided more than one escaped slave on his way to Canada." Had a federal marshal apprehended him in his work as a conductor, he would have probably gone to jail—for longer than just one night.

Throughout his short life, Henry Thoreau practiced what he preached. One reason he retired to Walden Pond was to test the ideas that Emerson had outlined in his essay *Nature*. Here again, Thoreau preferred to go it alone rather than join nearby Brook Farm, which was sponsored by the Transcendentalists. All mankind should be glad of his choice, for had he decided to join the others, *Walden* would never have been written.

GILBERT BYRON
St. Michaels, Md.

SIR: In reading Ward Just's report on Washington and President Nixon's rather uncanny silence (*Atlantic*, June, 1969), I am reminded of what President Abraham Lincoln was reported to have said: "It is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak out and remove all doubt."

STAN R. BULLARD
El Paso, Tex.

SIR: May I comment on Mr. Gregory Rabassa's assertion in his letter in your May issue that "I do not feel that the translator should take upon himself the chores of an editor"? I don't know Spanish and have nothing to say about the problems Mr. Rabassa encountered. But having just published a volume of translations of the Italian novelist Cesare Pavese, I must protest that the problem of editing is never so simple.

Pavese's narrative style, for example, was shaped from a mixture of Piedmontese dialect and conventional literary (Tuscan) Italian. To have rendered straightforwardly all his wholly calculated, absolutely uniform roughnesses, clumsinesses, and relaxations, his ellipses and compressions—constantly redoubled pronouns, particles like *che* doing duty for innumerable other particles and phrases, and so on—would have been foolish. The effect they achieve vis-à-vis literary Italian can't be brought into English, I think, without making Pavese sound like a slightly demented Sherwood Anderson. In translating "provincial" fiction that detaches itself from the main stem in certain deliberate ways, the translator must decide in advance what devices he will use to signal this detachment, and stick to them, well aware that there is more than one way to paint a dog in a world of cats, to reveal his author's difference without getting snarled in a running argument with the syntax of the original language in its academic purity.

I found myself doing a steady, but very small, amount of editing, and only after I'd read a review of the book by Richard Ellmann did I realize exactly why. Ellmann pointed out, accurately, that Pavese had captured the midcentury dryness, *sechezza*, like Camus. But it had been clear to me that Pavese hadn't really discovered the full stylistic implications of this, for himself, until near

the end of his life, when he wrote *The Moon and the Bonfires*. Although a brilliant and prescient mind, he was still somewhat caught in the toils of precedent, in a way that wouldn't much bother an Italian reader, who could easily make allowances, but that would obscurely annoy anyone brought up on, say, Hemingway in English.

If the style was essentially expressive of its moment in time, then one needed only to render the motions of the novelist's mind, eyes, and other senses and drop everything, very cautiously, that could be inferred from something else in the text, all bits of overspecification, overexplanation, pseudo-rigor—the kind of thing in which formal Italian prose often, unfortunately, abounds.

Now, this is perilous doctrine. I don't pretend to have been entirely successful in applying it. But every translator who handles fiction has to gird himself to write against his own native tongue in its hypothetical purity, not against formal French or Spanish or Italian.

R. W. FLINT
Truro, Mass.

SIR: I hope the *Atlantic* will want to join with me, as a Byronist of many years, in rejoicing over the fact that the "Victorian" British have at last relented, and after nearly one hundred and fifty years, allowed a plaque to the memory of Lord Byron to be placed in the Abbey in Poets' Corner! This unexpected concession occurred on May 8, 1969, with the Poet Laureate C. Day Lewis and Dr. Abbott, dean of the Abbey, officiating. Certainly this must have been gratifying to Byron's greatest biographer, Leslie Marchand, who recently so ironically wrote, "So far the Abbey has been unsullied by any reminder that Byron ever lived. . . . Perhaps another hundred years will wash Byron's memory as white as that of Charles II."

The personal disapproval Byron enjoyed so long from the moral English was in evidence when, during a recent summer, I inquired regarding the location of Byron's rooms at Trinity College, Cambridge. "Who cares where Lord Byron lived?" replied a glum-faced loungeur in the porter's office. "Dirty old reprobate! Kept a bear in his quarters!"

PAUL G. TRUEBLOOD
Salem, Ore.



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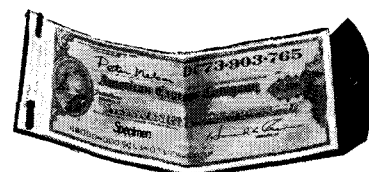
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TRAVELS WITH MR. CHARLIE

by C. Michael Curtis

An *Atlantic* editor here chronicles some of the high and low moments of a journey of discovery, of hope and illumination. For him and most of his companions, the trip was their first real experience in the black ghettos.

The invitation is straightforward. A small group of "senior journalists" are to be given a seven-day, seven-city inside look at "the black American Ghetto." Whitney Young, executive director of the Urban League, describes it as "a unique opportunity to get inside the ghetto and look outward at . . . America." He says it will "sharpen our awareness of the ghetto experience at a critical time in our nation's history."

We meet in New York, the night before our departure, for dinner in The Board Room, on the forty-first floor of the Bankers Trust Building, Park Avenue and Forty-eighth Street. We have been good-naturedly threatened with soul food, but that will wait: tonight it is honeydew melon with prosciutto slices, clear chicken broth, filet mignon with mushroom caps, and mint parfait. Wine, brandy, and cigars. I am effortlessly co-opted.

After dinner Whitney Young gives us a mild pep talk, speaking "as one who has not given up on the system." He denounces "protest prostitutes," "non-negotiable" demands, wonders about the validity of black studies ("do we need black physics, or black medicine?"), and reminds us that the only transplanted heart working perfectly is a black heart.

Young suggests that black migration to the cities may have reached a turning point, that a reverse

migration southward may be in the offing, that Atlanta, in five years, may be "the most liberal city in the United States." It is an argument I will remember seven days later in Atlanta.

Young complains that too many people see Rap Brown and Dick Gregory as representative of black leadership. He says ruefully, "I am the Bill Buckley of the civil rights movement." Bill Buckley replies ironically, "Am I the Uncle Tom. . . ?" Laughter obscures the rest of his sentence.

An editor's wife asks in mild indignation why interest in race relations is such a one-way street. "Why don't they take an interest in me?"

I think it is a foolish question. Later in the trip I will be asking it myself.

CLEVELAND—Our flight reaches Cleveland in midmorning. My guide is a young woman, part Oriental, cheerful, but never very talkative. We ask her why she has volunteered to guide us around her city. "The money," she says.

We drive to The House of Wills, described to us as Cleveland's largest Negro funeral parlor. It is an immense pink stucco building in which, we are told, as many as seven funerals can be held more or less simultaneously. Our directions are uncertain, and I

mistakenly wander into a small room where the body of a young Negro child rests in a casket surrounded by flowers. We have come here for a coffee hour with leaders from Cleveland's black community. My sense of intrusion is already confirmed.

We go as a group to the offices of the Hough Development Corporation, housed in what looks like an old tenement. The front windows are cloudy or broken. We wind through narrow corridors into a rear basement room where the officers of HDC have gathered and are annoyed at having been kept waiting. The officers are introduced, and one of them angrily insists that we identify ourselves. He wants to know why we are there. I ask myself how I'd answer that question, and I'm embarrassed by my uncertainty. I am being sensitized, I remind myself. These men are hostile with good reason, suspicious because they've been taught to be. Our mission is explained by a representative from Cleveland's Urban League.

We learn that HDC plans to resolve some of the problems of black people in the Hough area by arresting the flow of cash out of the community. This can be done, it is explained, by developing black ownership of the principal revenue outlets, and by exploiting the manpower reservoir that the larger economic system has ignored. An HDC spokesman wishes us to understand that he is not proposing a system of "black capitalism," inasmuch as revenues from HDC enterprises are to be divided among stockholders in the Corporation, all of whom will be members of the Hough community. A portion of them, he says, will be reserved for welfare mothers to use as they see fit.

We drive through the slum centers of Cleveland. The physical realities are too familiar to be shocking. We see playgrounds littered with broken glass, swing bars without swings, deserted tenements, wretched apartment complexes, public-housing projects that are square, colorless, enveloped in Cyclone fences, cramped parking lots, treeless, scrubby yards.

We visit the offices of Hope, Inc., a nonprofit housing corporation serving the western Hough area and dependent for 40 percent of its funds on HUD's Model Cities program. Morey Thornton and Vernon Thornton, Hope's executive director and housing director respectively, are both black and utterly without the self-conscious vanities of the men we've talked to at HDC. They describe a three-phase program which will cost a projected \$25 to \$35 million, but their immediate goal is the completion of 250 housing units, many of them to be made available to low-income families, who will be supported, in turn, by the federal government's rent supplement program.

Thornton estimates that there are 25,000 "substandard" housing units in the Hough area, and

that the figure grows at the rate of 2.3 units per day. He says it will cost billions per year just to "keep abreast" of decay. And we are talking about only one slum community in one American city. The statistics are depressing. I am uncomfortably aware that Thornton lives with them every day of his life.

INTERROGATORIES: American magazine editor to girl guide: "How does it feel to be black in Cleveland?" The girl guide does not know how to answer the question. I ask myself, "How does it feel to be white in Cleveland?" I have the same problem.

DETROIT—We leave Cleveland in the late afternoon and go directly to Mr. Kelly's, a bar in one of Detroit's black slum areas. My guide is an affable young man who works for a downtown bank, as a "community relations expert," and also assists Chris Alston, the leader of a community organization responsible for showing us around Detroit. The guide's name is Henry, and he likes to mention, offhandedly, that he once played professional baseball for Kansas City. What he does not say, as often, is that it was the Kansas City Monarchs, not the Kansas City Athletics.

The Urban League has arranged for us to spend the night in what they tell us is a ghetto home. My hosts are Mr. and Mrs. Crawford, and they live in a creaky, gray two-story frame house in the middle of Forest Park, Detroit's "most blighted" black slum. Mr. Crawford works in a machine shop and earns roughly \$165 a week. That puts him well above the poverty level, but there is nothing about his house or life-style that suggests affluence. He has two sons, the younger a slow reader in a nearby elementary school, the older a bored high school junior.

The floors are covered with linoleum, cracking at the edges. There is one bathroom, just off the kitchen on the first floor; a broken washer in the sink faucet slows hot water to a trickle. A gaunt reddish-yellow dog is penned in behind the house, in a yard that is half concrete, half fenced-in garden. Virtually nothing is growing in the garden, though Mrs. Crawford says she's tried.

At the top of the second-floor landing is a bookcase, with a full set of encyclopedias, several paperbacks, and a handful of hard-cover books, including *Burn, Baby, Burn*, and the *Autobiography of Malcolm X*. Mrs. Crawford says she bought the encyclopedias for her children, and also bought a special beginners' set for the younger boy.

All the Crawfords are neatly dressed, direct, and hospitable. Mr. Crawford keeps a gun hidden where only he and Mrs. Crawford can find it, and they rely on that, and their dog, to protect them from the full range of community disturbances.

They complain that police rarely patrol their

street, and appear only when there is a major disturbance. The Crawfords do not feel *protected* by the police, and in saying so they counterpoint the more voluble community view that police action is invariably repressive.

At Mr. Kelly's: I meet a black personnel officer from the Chrysler Corporation. He is handsome, in his late thirties, a former officer in the Army Corps of Engineers. He exudes understanding, of the black problem, of the white problem. I ask if he has any specific ideas about what can be done, or ought to be done. He talks, a bit evangelistically, about the power of Christian compassion. I ask if there isn't something to be said for the more direct, Marxist view, that a shift in economic arrangements will alter social attitudes. He doesn't think anything will work until white men get over their hang-ups. I sense that argument is futile.

I drift in the darkened bar, not sure who the "black community leaders are," or how eagerly I want to pursue these fragmentary dialogues. I bump into Roger Stone and one of the Urban League aides (white) assigned to the tour. They are concerned about the fact that we, the white reporters and editors, are huddling in groups of our own, and the "black community leaders" are being largely ignored. They wonder, with some irritation, if we have the "guts" to take charge of the situation, whether or not they should cancel the rest of the cocktail parties scheduled for the tour.

I force myself back into the crowd, to talk to black doctors, and police experts, and newsmen, and community developers. I am introduced to a husky, heavily bearded black man wearing a warm-up jacket with his name, Ditto, spelled across the back. He shakes my hand, turns his back instantly, and returns to the bar. I am told he runs a storefront youth center, where he trains a paramilitary force of young men who perform a sort of alternative police function in Forest Park. Several of Ditto's "men" are in Mr. Kelly's, dressed in army fatigues and army boots, with black or green berets. It is too dark to tell. They don't talk, and I'm told later that they were upset by our inattention.

CHICAGO—My guide is Abe Gainer, who taught in the Chicago schools for three years before going to work for the Urban League. We visit the Greater Lawndale Conservation Commission (GLCC), and talk to Danny Davis, its executive director. Abe says GLCC is "less militant" than some other local organizations, including one with headquarters roughly a block away. One reason may be that most of its financial support comes from the white business community. That seems the perpetual hang-up of black leadership, and of black political adventurism. Everyone wants money, but no one wants any white strings attached. GLCC

has committed the unpardonable sin; it has allowed white men to sit on its board of directors. That, Davis implies, will eventually change.

Davis is a black man in his late thirties. He has been on this job for only five months. We are the "responsible militants," he says; "we believe in negotiation rather than confrontation."

I ask him exactly what GLCC does. He talks, I think rather vaguely, about "taking an interest in" housing, education, social agencies, economic development. And he stresses that the emphasis is *not* black versus white, but haves versus have-nots. I wonder if the distinction is tactical or philosophical.

Outside the offices of GLCC and across the street are several blocks in a row that consist of nothing but leveled lots, covered with ashes, cement, and broken glass. They expose the rows of tenements behind them, where only 200 yards from Abe's car a dozen small black boys are throwing a basketball through a dangling hoop nailed precariously to a handful of burned boards. "The riots," Abe says, and the *Ebony* photographer asks him to pose on a flattened store site, with the tenements sweltering in the background.

Abe takes us to the southside headquarters of the Chicago Black Panthers. We are asked to enter one at a time, climbing two sets of stairs which are divided by a heavy metal screen door. At the top of the stairs is a small anteroom where a sergeant at arms frisks me for weapons and asks if I am carrying marijuana.

We meet what I take to be Chicago's Black Panther leadership: Fred Hampton, chairman of the Illinois Black Panther Party; Bobby Rush, his "Minister of Defense"; and Jewell Cook, "Minister of Education"—all in their early twenties.

Hampton is thickly muscled and short. He sits on a wicker chair on a raised platform directly in front of a black drape, as if in imitation of the popular picture of Bobby Seale, chairman of the Oakland Panthers. He delivers a brief, obviously prepared statement, in which the Panthers are described as the "only organization that has met the basic needs and desires of the people."

Hampton outlines the Marxist basis of Panther philosophy, distinguishing between what he calls the "cultural nationalism" of "Papa Doc" Duvalier (who exploited black nationalism for his own purposes) and the "revolutionary nationalism" of Mao Tse-tung (who genuinely serves the people). He talks, uncertainly I think, about the "withering away of armed forces" under Mao's enlightened leadership, and I ask why Mao's Cultural Revolution has produced bloody clashes between the youthful Red Guards and elements of the Chinese Army.

The question is referred to the Panther ideology expert, Minister Rush. He seems the youngest of

the trio, and is dressed in a U.S. Army overcoat and combat boots. He wears thin metal-rimmed glasses on the end of his nose, and wears his hair in an extravagant Afro bob. He looks like a youthful Rap Brown. He explains that there are always counterrevolutionary elements which must be repressed, but he does not answer my question about which element is counterrevolutionary, the army or the Red Guards.

We leave Panther headquarters with a burst of camaraderie. I give Minister Cook the black power handshake, affirm my solidarity with the struggle of the people, and leave with considerably mixed feelings. As we drive away I see a police car stop just beyond Panther headquarters. A patrolman gets out and begins to write a ticket for a car illegally parked. Several young Panthers gather around him, at a distance of five or six feet, and yell "pig," and other random obscenities. The policeman ignores them.

SAN FRANCISCO—Our first stop in San Francisco is the downtown headquarters of the San Francisco State Black Students Union, the second floor of a nondescript storefront building. We walk into the first of two connecting meeting rooms. A pipe-smoking white student sits silently behind a desk. He wears a tweed jacket, cotton trousers, thin steel-rimmed glasses, and does not lift his eyes from the book he is reading—*Quotations From Chairman Mao*. To his left, in a rocking chair, sits a slender dark-haired girl, also white, her hair tightly braided. She is wearing a red print cotton dress, and she too is silently reading *Quotations From Chairman Mao*. In the next room are the BSU leaders, though joining them are two unrelated Oriental students named Wong, and three white students representing various Third World groups and the "Joe Hill caucus of SDS."

After a few general remarks about the corruption of racist education, and the determination of black militants to seize power, then control their destiny, the BSU spokesman demands that we all answer a question before he will continue—"What is a relevant education?" The question is deceptively simple, and a few of us attempt, in absolute sincerity, to answer it. We are hooted down. An answer is demanded of Bill Buckley. He defers: "I didn't come here to lecture you, and my views are well known."

The assault takes a violent turn. We are described as stupid motherfuckers, and worse. A black woman from the Urban League, who is evidently in charge of our San Francisco tour, tries to intercede, saying that "you" are making it difficult for the next group. The blacks think she is talking about them, and derisively call her a white whore. She explains that she was talking about us. But the affair has gotten out of hand, and one or two indignant journalists have drifted out of the building.

The white radicals develop their critique of capitalist economics, in some heat and with considerable agitation. One of the Wongs says he's had enough of our shit, and walks out. The Mexican-American representative, who ran for a student-council position as a conservative before being radicalized during the past year, speaks eloquently of the injustices of a racist society. Someone says there is no point talking with us as the "cats who run the country control what you write." The meeting is adjourned.

My guide's name is Bill Middleton. He is twenty-seven, a graduate student at Berkeley, and teaches international relations at San Francisco State, where he studied as an undergraduate. He has a wife and three children, a battered 1962 Falcon, and he turned down graduate fellowships at Stanford, Harvard, and Pitt to stay in the Bay area. He is a member of the BSU, associated with the Black Panthers, the editor of a slum community newspaper, a director of several community welfare organizations, and a vice president of California's Young Democrats. He is an extraordinary mixture of militance and industry, and he is a patient and perceptive friend during our tour of San Francisco's Fillmore area.

I'm traveling with John Herbers, a veteran civil rights reporter for the New York *Times*. Bill takes us to the "Black Man's Free Medical Clinic," where Fillmore residents get free medical care three evenings a week and on Saturday afternoon. All equipment has been donated; manpower is voluntary; and roughly twelve M.D.'s, mostly white, take turns manning the clinic's two examination rooms.

Bill takes us to meet Mrs. Mary Rogers, the mother of twelve, an embattled holdout in an apartment building condemned for urban renewal. She is handsome, direct, formidable, and beyond all doubt unmovable. Until two years ago she was an army wife. Now she has settled in San Francisco with ten of her brood and is determined to extract from the city housing accommodations suitable for a family her size, and within the range of her income. She says her apartment, and the building that contains it, could be remodeled at modest expense, and that Urban Renewal refuses because it doesn't want black people in the neighborhood, and *does* want middle-income families to move back into the city. Whatever the truth of her circumstances, she is clearly right about the urban redevelopment program as it affects poor black families that live in properties earmarked for demolition and reconstruction. Mrs. Rogers has been offered nothing that meets her basic requirements, and will permit her to remain in her present neighborhood. She rests her case on her "rights

as a tenant," a concept that chills the hearts of redevelopers everywhere.

It is not that tenants have no rights, or that in reconstructing our cities we should be deaf to their interests. What Mrs. Rogers is asserting as a right, however, is the privilege of remaining where she is because she likes it there, and because the alternatives are almost certain to be less attractive, and quite certain to remove her from the thin fabric of her "community." Slum clearance extracts its hugest price from those whom the slums have most abused. It is difficult to take satisfaction in new cities that have buried, still alive, the inhabitants of the old ones.

LOS ANGELES—We visit Ron Karenga's headquarters, the Black Congress, in south Los Angeles. The decor is the familiar red, green, and black, the colors of black liberation. We are met at the entrance by a young girl in a form-fitting dashiki. She painfully recites a rote speech of welcome and identifies a few artifacts in the lobby and then in two interior offices. There are posters applauding Arab guerrilla forces in the Middle East, and commemorating the exploits of Chaka, a Zulu chieftain who slaughtered several thousand of his own warriors in order to discipline his troops, and who imposed upon his army a year of continence as a tribute to his deceased mother.

We are ushered into a larger auditorium by a fluttering group of female acolytes, who serve us coffee and coconut-covered doughnuts. Folding chairs have been arranged in front of a large table, flanked by floral decorations. The smell of burning incense fills the air.

Karenga enters the room, a short pudgy man with a cleanly shaven skull, a vandyke beard and mustache, black boots, black trousers, and a black jerkin. To his right nestles a lovely girl he introduces as his wife. To his left, at an unflinching parade rest, stands a muscular teen-ager plainly infatuated with his role as bodyguard.

Karenga complains that he is not getting enough attention from the press, and hopes that we will report his remarks faithfully. He welcomes us to his "sacred spot," explains that women, in his scheme of things, are "complementary" rather than equal, or in opposition. He delivers a monologue about his movement, studded with obscurities, deliberate paradoxes, and painfully boastful proclamations. ("We have developed the only ideology of the black-power movement." "We seek, in our revolution, to gain *space*, not land." "Marx is meaningless.") His acolytes applaud each shaft of wisdom, the women tittering in adoration, the men honing their steely stares. The lecture drifts occasionally into Swahili, which Karenga translates.

We are invited to ask questions. The questions are ritualistic, the answers more so (Can Mr.

Karenga amplify his plans for economic development of the black community? Can he tell us more specifically what is in store for America during the coming "year of the guerrilla"?). I marvel that professional reporters think there is more information to be had. Why are we here? Does Karenga have a plan for redeveloping his or any other black community? Will he find jobs for the unemployed? Homes for the poorly housed? Is he offering anything other than the illusion of involvement, the placebo of witless devotion to one man's megalomania?

WATTS—We check into the only motel in Watts, the highly publicized slum community in the southern reaches of Los Angeles. Our rooms have no phone or television, often only cold water. But each bed stares up at a mirror mounted on the ceiling. I wonder what we've done to Watts' extralegal economy.

We have been invited to a community supper at the Watts Community Workshop, a two-story clearinghouse for the full range of community redevelopment projects, with emphasis on new housing and economic growth. Unlike the cocktail parties we've been to, this one has attracted community rank and file. I am led to a table surrounded by four grandmotherly black women who plunge me instantly into the deficiencies of public education in Watts. They are articulate and unsparing in their criticism of hiring practices, curricula, and the fate of high school graduates (one says only 5 percent go on to college).

I reminisce with one, over a supper of fried chicken, collard greens, black-eyed peas, and corn bread, about rural Arkansas, where I spent most of my adolescent school days, and where she was born. Neither of us is altogether generous in our recollections. It is a warm, sentimental, satisfying gathering, and it ends quite abruptly. I am asked, along with the other visiting journalists, to move into the larger room next door where members of the community wish to ask us some questions.

The introduction is mild, but the questions are not. We are asked why we are here, where we have spent the day, what we hope to find out that hasn't already been recorded a dozen times. One of us innocently mentions the visit to Karenga headquarters. The announcement produces an angry query, Why have we wasted our time with Karenga? The answer is simple, but we are mute. The harangues continue, from a fulsome welfare mother, an ex-con who operates a rehabilitation home, a self-made manufacturer, an aging printer who thunders at the waste and cynicism of white analysts, sociologists, and reporters, who dutifully note the misery of Watts, then move on, only to be replaced.

Venom aside, the message is one of frustration and bafflement. The destruction of Watts was the public spectacle of 1965. Most of the lots whose buildings burned to the ground are still vacant. The unemployment problem is still severe. Public transportation is still expensive and capricious. Much housing is still substandard. The schools, it is believed, are still crippling the minds of black children. No black community, however, has been more conspicuous than Watts, and to the members of no community, one suspects, has the promise of regeneration been so persuasively tendered. Yet, and this is the refrain of our accusers, "nothing has changed."

My stoicism is exhausted. I have been called a lying, insincere, worthless white racist motherfucker for several days, on several occasions, and I no longer feel like a disembodied "representative" of the white, dutiful, uncharitable middle class. In Jesse Jackson's words, I am somebody, and I am the somebody who is being attacked with such gracelessness and so little curiosity. They want a white man to hate, I think, not a faceless metaphor of white society. And if there is value in the confrontation, I am determined to share in it, by accepting it.

George Leonard, of *Look*, is also aroused. He throws his glass across the room and says he's heard enough. He's been writing about the movement for years, he says, and the evidence of how he feels, and where he stands, is in his work. He asks each of his attackers, individually, to read the next issue of *Look*, in which will be found his most recent article, on white and black confrontation therapy.

Leonard shocks the gathering, and it begins to melt away. I'm left talking with Mrs. Mildred Walker, a sensitive, charming, and deceptively mild-mannered black writer, the widow of a man evidently revered for his activities with CORE in pre-McKissick days. Mrs. Walker doubts that there is serious interest in the work of angry, truthful black writers. The easy replies fail me. I realize we are working on different sides of the fence. And I am aware, uncomfortably so, that the fence is durable.

The next day is divided among several projects. I learn from a Bell Telephone executive that a Watts Industrial Park of some 45 acres is to be developed over the next few years, providing 5200 new jobs for people of the community. A Lockheed plant with 300 job openings will open by January 1, 1970. Later I learn the industrial park is being built in Lynwood, an adjacent suburb. Thus Watts will not benefit from the new tax base, even though it will gain, in theory, a great many new job opportunities.

We see the site of the new Martin Luther King Hospital, and I'm told that the homes torn down to make way for hospital construction were forcibly

bought at "market value" plus 5 percent. The "market value" of small houses in Watts is not very high, and the dispossessed have difficulty finding suitable replacements. It is a familiar refrain. Short of massively constructed and subsidized public housing, there seems little solution. Public housing in Watts, for the most part, is grim, unimaginative, and predates the 1965 riots.

I visit the offices of Watts Redevelopment, a HUD-financed agency empowered to supervise a new housing project which will take as many as ten years to complete. Mrs. McKinney, a "relocation specialist," says the first phase of her program awaits only the necessary funds from Washington. The "first phase," I learn, involves the wholesale purchase of homes in a two-block area near Watts's business district. Each house has been appraised twice, and a sales price consisting of fair market value plus an adjustable amount up to \$5000 (depending on family income) will be offered to the homeowners affected. An additional cash disbursement, up to \$200 for an eight-room house, will be paid to cover moving expenses of the families concerned. Mrs. McKinney says that houses are available for all of these families, within a ten-mile radius of their present location.

The Jordan Educational Complex embraces seven separate school units which have been granted \$1.5 million in federal funds to develop models for improving slum schools. An advisory board, consisting of interested members of the community, many of them with no formal background in education, has been working with the Los Angeles School Department in shaping this program. I see only black administrators, mostly black teachers. The school buildings are fairly new, and strike me as cheerful and well designed. Everyone seems to agree that the problem lies in curriculum design, finding a way to tap the resources of slum children instead of turning them off with middle-class irrelevancies.

My antagonists of the night before say that nothing is happening in Watts. I think they are wrong, but it may be several years before they see tangible signs of the changes that are already beginning. At the very least what is happening in Watts is that a good many of its citizens are learning the organizational and theoretical lessons of cultural and political change. The violent antagonisms of the night before seem to me residuals of the past. There is hardly time for hatred in the urgency of what is under way for the future.

ATLANTA (which Whitney Young told us might soon be the most liberal city in America) — To quote Jesse Jackson, not any time soon. Our accommodations, in any case, have taken a drastic

upward swing. Paschals' is a munificent four-story, black-owned motel on Hunter Avenue, a thoroughfare not far from Atlanta's burgeoning midtown action, and only a few short blocks from one of Atlanta's shabbiest black slums.

I have two guides: Webster Brown, who describes himself as "a typical college student," from Oglethorpe University; and Dale Evans, the wife of one of Atlanta's most experienced and engaging community organizers. Both are black and in their early twenties. Webster is one of the few black students in a white university, and the son of a wealthy black businessman. His ambition, he declares, is to get rich enough, soon enough, to retire at forty-five.

Our first major stop, on our tour of Atlanta, is a tiny, virtually rural slum on the literal outskirts of town. It is called Plunkettown, and it falls halfway into Atlanta, and halfway into neighboring Clayton County. Plunkettown consists of no more than a few hundred people, and probably no more than fifty or sixty largely dilapidated houses. It is a favorite point of departure for tours of Atlanta slum conditions, and Dale warns us that the people have become weary of curious journalists.

Several Plunkettowners refuse to speak with us, others seem literally on the verge of stoning our car. We finally locate a man who will talk, but he doesn't want to be identified. He built his own home here several years ago, and it is a solid-looking, two-level, whitewashed cinder-block house with green shutters, screen doors, indoor plumbing, and a bit of modest shrubbery. It is by no definition a hovel.

Our informant lives on the Clayton County side of Plunkettown, and says that county officials refuse to pave the street that runs by his house, or extend a nearby sewer line 500 yards to connect with his plumbing system. He says he has visited the Clayton County courthouse and has been indifferently turned away. The needs of other Plunkettowners are more elaborate, and we see several decaying wooden structures with weathered outhouses and sagging roofs.

Plunkettown is serviced by electrical and telephone utilities, however, and Mr. X says a school bus picks up his children every morning. A police substation is only a few blocks away, and police cruisers drift through the area at irregular intervals, though Plunkettowners complain that responses to police calls are dangerously slow. A serious problem is that there are no fire hydrants anywhere in Plunkettown. Though most of the houses are separated by yards, a major fire in any of the wooden frame dwellings would almost certainly be hard, if not impossible, to control.

I ask who Plunkettown's political representatives are. I am told there aren't any. It may be a case of figurative, if not literal, truth.

We meet Maynard Jackson, the black candidate for vice-mayor of Atlanta. He is thirty, and finished law school before he was twenty. He runs a flourishing law practice for both white and black clients and has organized a Legal Aid counseling service on the side. He is tall, quite heavy, with straight handsome features. His speech has a ministerial melliflence which reminds me of Senator Frank Church. I think he is bright, enormously ambitious, and probably realistic about the prospects for black men in Atlanta politics. "When you're talking about black people," he says, describing the official city hall position, "there is no commitment to do what needs to be done."

"The office of vice-mayor has been largely ceremonial," says Jackson, but as a nonvoting member of city commissions and committees he hopes to take a more active role than his predecessors. I will meet Jackson again at supper, where he is gently patronized by the more militant among Atlanta's black leaders. They prize him nonetheless as one of theirs. And within the rules of the game, that is what he is.

The office of R. Denis Jackson, "cultural therapist." Dale Evans describes him as a psychiatrist, a black belt judo expert, and a man seriously interested in the welfare of the black community. The doctor greets us amiably and invites us to sit with him in his reception lobby. He has immense shoulders, a deep chest, a thin mustache. He is, I would guess, in his early forties.

Jackson introduces himself as "the first cultural psychiatrist in the United States," and guesses that we didn't know he was the source of "black power" as a political slogan. He guesses right.

"I see the basic problem of the black man in America as a mass neurosis," he says, citing Wilhelm Reich as the source for his theories about the debilitating consequences of "the suppression of the capacity for love." "A satisfactory sexual climax," says Jackson, is the answer to mental health, and the key to good sex is "powerfulness," as opposed to "powerlessness."

What follows is a remarkable, and increasingly manic, diatribe against the white man in history. "Western civilization developed the 'hate for work concept,'" says Jackson, while "the black man was the only industrious group to come to this country."

On discrimination: "Jews are persecuted because they have never built a physical power to keep other people off their backs."

On body odor: "You project all the things you hate about yourself to the scapegoat group. Thus body soap, toothpaste, were invented by white Europeans, to disguise the stench of white men. So white men say the Negro smells."

On Hitler: "Hitler was a white liberal before he came to Vienna, and changed."

On George Washington: "A thug, a traitor, a

murderer, slaveholder, an uncivilized barbarian, a bastardizer."

On the American flag: "I consider the American flag toilet paper."

"I'm the man who coined 'black is beautiful.' I'm the father of black pride."

Later, Dale wants to know what I think of Doctor Jackson. I say I think he is a dangerous man, who needs hate to fortify his own faltering sense of adequacy. She says he's running for election to the Atlanta School Board. As if Atlanta didn't have enough problems.

Our last day, in Washington, is a disaster. We are joined for breakfast by Whitney Young, who wants to know what we think about what we've seen. Our responses are largely without surprise or ingenuity, and Young listens to them with Rotarian patience and solicitude. Our audience at the Executive Office Building, with Pat Moynihan, OEO Chief Donald Rumsfeld, Agriculture Secretary Clifford Hardin, and other Administration notables, is a waste of time for everyone. Osborne Elliott, of *Newsweek*, has reluctantly agreed to attempt a summary of our impressions, which Moynihan works manfully to absorb with grace. After an hour of good-natured banalities, we leave our last scheduled meeting and drift away, individually, into the mid-day traffic of downtown Washington.

What was the worth of it all? What did it mean to be one of a group of white (except for the writer/photographer team from *Ebony*) mildly or exceedingly prosperous writers, editors, and columnists, all essentially liberal or humanist in outlook, dipping briefly in and out of the smoldering tension of our black metropolitan slums?

Some of the temptations are obvious. It was a chance to affirm our conventional disappointments with modern industrialized society—the slums were overcrowded, greenery scarce, houses barely habitable, schools badly run or committed to irrelevancies, policemen tending toward indifference or zealousness, economic opportunities scarce or suspiciously transient.

But what, in our truncated sessions of hit-or-miss investigation, could we sensibly conclude about the efficacy of federally supported poverty programs in Chicago's inner city? About the exact dimensions of Cleveland's housing shortage, or the intricacies of Negro/police relations in Detroit? Could any of us, in the day allotted, come to a useful understanding of why, after four conspicuous years, the Watts landscape is largely as barren as it was a few weeks after the 1965 riots?

What we could do, as men trained to record the truths about unpleasant facts, was to extract from a

welter of fleeting and abrasive impressions a sense of where we are, what a society painfully wounded by prejudice and self-interest has done or might do to resolve its inconsistencies and erase its trauma.

What we might have learned, from our talks with the men and women who have assumed positions of leadership in the black community, is that our well-intentioned liberal rhetoric has extravagantly oversold the intricate system it purports to defend. The civil rights movement is all but dead, not because our courts didn't bend eloquently to the protection of civil equality, but because we have not, as a people, found a way to honor our own convictions. And the Great Society, for all its principled grandeur, is so far from the realities of life in our large cities that we are in danger of losing a vital portion of our citizenry to paranoia and violence.

In the slums we met black people of astonishing resourcefulness, perception, and intelligence. They have organized medical clinics, begun the reform of their schools, opened factories, planned parks for their children, and seized upon the rudiments of organized political power. A great many of them, ordinary citizens like the Crawfords in Detroit, still cling bravely to the minimal expectations of an orderly and just community.

These skills and ambitions, as well as the tolerance that sustains them, are resources too valuable to abuse. They are more durable than the chauvinism of black separatists, or the inchoate postures of adolescent Maoists. They deserve our honest respect. We don't help them by conceding philosophical principle, or by relinquishing our sense of individual dignity. If we believe in the values of a civil democracy, we can't ignore the distortion of those values, no matter how intensely we wish to identify ourselves with the justifiable grievances of black people in America.

If there is an answer to these grievances—and there must be if we are to preserve *any* of the values of a civil democracy—it will come from the deliberations of men, black and white, who can distinguish between skepticism and paranoia, between ambition and adventurism, between democratic procedure and pressure-group extortion. In moments of candor, the people of Watts admit that their community wasn't much to start with, that their program of rehabilitation is less an act of reclamation than an expression of confidence in the future. It is a confidence they are entitled to, an ambition that is inescapably crucial to everyone's hopes for America.

Mr. Curtis, who grew up in Arkansas and graduated from Cornell, is an associate editor of this magazine.

Harold Hill, warrant officer helicopter pilot, was back from Vietnam with ribbons, medals, wounds, and heavy tales of jungle descents and whirring, roaring rescues, flash of fire from the Cong, gasping and grateful GI's, marines hooked miraculously aloft to safety. He told his friends in a modest monotone, not boasting at all, depressed and astonished by this new manifestation of Harold Hill as a hero.

It had been an unusual war.

His friends listened politely for half an evening, sometimes less, and then said, "Aw, knock it off."

There was nothing in the American tradition to match it. Out of the eye of death he plucked this mote.

"Aw, knock it off, will you?"

Every writer has a lot of stories in him, more than enough for his lifetime, though never enough, either; and there are some that nag at him, but he doesn't write them for one reason or another—they hurt, they cut too many ways, they are more conception than story, they are personal and involve his friends, he's lazy. The story about Harold Hill has bothered me a long while. I think it's true, true to our lives, in that it tells the awful fact about the American connection with the undeclared war in Vietnam. We feel it as an annoyance, alas; not a tragedy. But it is also very distracting to write this moral history as an insult to suffering. Am I sure of my own moral purity? Then better stay clear of judging others so harshly till I purify myself.

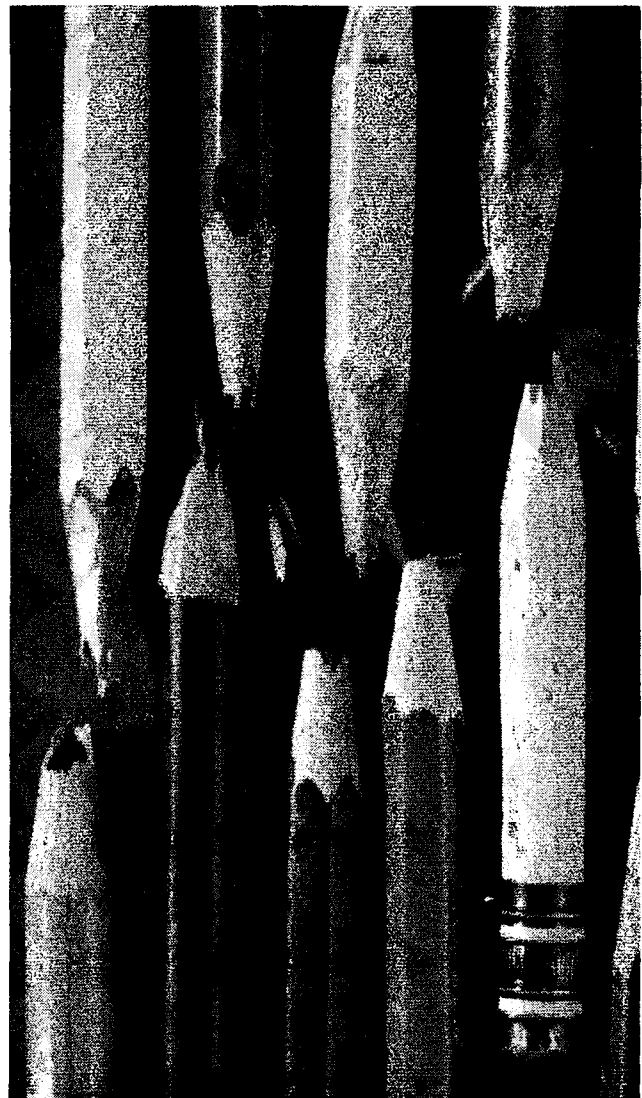
There are times, of course, when unjustified rage makes a kind of art. I've given way myself to rage in writing: to the desire to destroy my enemies. But if I start to think about it first, then all is lost; I can't be unjust by calculation, though I can out of my own pain. Harold Hill and his friends, this America and that war, are ideas in my head. I mustn't persecute ideas as if they were people; assault them, yes; nag at them, no.

A childless couple in Detroit sleeps with a fluorescent cross over their bed. The bed is heart-shaped. They are both credentialed schoolteachers, graduates of Bob Jones University in Greenville, South Carolina. They very much want a child, a little angel to complete their happy household, but it's impossible, despite all their prayers, because they have taken a vow to abstain from tobacco, alcoholic drink, and sexual contact. Being educated people, they recognize the problem of reconciling their desire for a child with the happy gift of their bodies to the Lord. Mobilizing their intelligence, they come up with a logical solution: adoption.

The social worker, sent by the agency, listens to their pleas. She realizes that they are gentle, loving, kind, and tender people, eager to take a little crea-

STORIES I GUESS I WON'T WRITE

by Herbert Gold



ture of sin into their happy household. She makes inquiry into the reason for their barren state. She herself has been through a traditional Freudian psychotherapy, and also she has participated in group encounters, psychodrama, T-groups, and once, this funny orgy in Coral Gables, Florida, on her way to Miami Beach. Well, it was an experience.

The Fundamentalist couple explains that they want to raise a child with their own principles, generosity, givingness, tithing 10 percent of earnings to Bob Jones University, no drink, no tobacco, and, um, no carnal acts. In addition to being gentle, loving, kind, and tender, the social worker decides they are also paranoid.

And yet they function smoothly as teachers—no traffic warrants outstanding, no blemish on their job records, no financial problems. And all over the dreary town of Detroit . . . Flint . . . Lyn-dale, there are those little tykes, offspring of waitresses and hippies and troubled adolescents, languishing in institutions.

And so she asks them . . . she tells them . . . she decides . . . she remembers how she opened up this poor repressed post-office clerk . . .

Well, that story doesn't work through; it's unyielding. I may lack a little sympathy for the lonely couple, and as targets for irony or wit or attack, they are too foreign and easy. Now the social worker might be an interesting tack to take. Suppose I see the conflict of a traditional Fundamentalist aberration with the contemporary normal aberration of the passionate do-gooding analysand. I might bring in the social worker's boyfriend—a slouching Brooks Brothers hippie with a dropout mustache, an antiwar marcher—in fact, maybe one of the people who doesn't listen to Harold Hill. *Hmm*. A linked series of stories about the failure to make contact in contemporary America; its real passions and needs are—aw, nuts, that book is published every day.

If you're interested in the questions which agitate folks today, you run the risk of being banal. If you take the classical topics, you may simply be out of touch. So find the classical in today, and make it relevant, true, moving, and yet mysterious.

Big-feel sex story. Young professor goes off to play tennis with graduate student at Utah State University. But her racket is being restrung, so instead she takes him up the Wasatch Mountains to look at the view. She tells him she feels lonely today. He tells her he is *always* lonely, including today. They get out of the car in a secluded spot and start to climb in the June sun. Dry heat, isolation, sweat, smells of body and sagebrush (look up Utah-Wasatch vegetation in atlas). They joke about her husband. They joke about his wife. Conclusion: both after a little. They touch, they talk, they grope, they stoop and glance around. They

are, man, like isolated. They can do it right out here with nobody to see, under the sky, under the sun, in the dry hot air, with nothing on their minds but the innocent gambol of it. (Forget their spouses for a moment.) Are they caught? Are they found? Are they betrayed? Oh, no, but they are on a steep slope of hill, and, dammit, they just can't get a grip to hold to one place long enough to effect this unfamiliar conjunction—they *can't*. The gravel and pebbles slip, they stumble, little landslides barrel down the mountain each time they try some friendly contemporary stunt. They can't even manage a traditional stunt.

When they return to their families, they are neither sadder nor wiser, but rather, they are happier and more ignorant. They are happy because the adventure has left them with cuts, bruises, scrapes, and aching muscles, and yet no guilt. They did their best. They couldn't manage. The holy terrain saved them. And they are innocent of evil, still horny, hornier in fact, and so it's a hot time in the old home foyer this night. Both their partners feel that the day in the sun—"I wanted to walk, dear." "I had a little hike, honey"—really stimulated them, turned them on. There's nothing like nature except unnatural acts.

Perhaps a nice epilogue in the hippie coffeehouse of Salt Lake City. They go out for a candlelit evening. The couples salute each other. As they stare, show the puzzled looks: one wife has scratches and cuts, so does one husband. Fade-out.

There's nothing wrong with sexual comedy. I like writing it. In fantasy I laugh at fantasy, my own and others'. But is the world suffering for lack of this story? Is it unique? Well, it's never been done to the Wasatch Mountains, so far as I know, and that gives it an exotic aura. Make them fallen Mormons, perhaps—Jack Mormons, as they're called. But do I really need to tear the lid off the Wasatch Mountains and the Mormons? I have pleasant memories of Salt Lake City, except for the time the police chief hassled me in the coffeehouse. He came in with his light meter to test the level of the illumination for immorality. It got to be a peculiar scene with the cops, so I took my date to see a movie, *Teen-Agers From Outer Space*. The Martian adolescents landed on earth with their dissolve guns, climbed out of their spaceships, and I noticed they were wearing Booster Keds. Perhaps that's the story—movie night in Salt Lake City. No exposé of sex and laughter, but a sad little sketch about bored visitors going to a double feature in the dirtless, sanitized, geometric capital where Joseph Smith said, "This Must Be The Place!" (honored by the This Must Be The Place monument of Joseph Smith), and the sea gulls ate the grasshoppers to save the crops, and God made them throw up and eat more grasshoppers, and eat more and more, and it was a miracle. But now it's pretty

quiet out there in Salt Lake City. Where have all the regurgitating sea gulls gone? Another possibility for a story here.

Well, I know other exotic places. Let's see.

Haiti. I lived there, and I've written more than enough stories from Haiti to make a book of Haitian Tales. An editor who has published many of my stories used to say to me, "Come on, how much will it cost us to get you out of Haiti?" He took to refusing to read anything that mentioned Creole, Port-au-Prince, voodoo, Choucounne. But it's a part of my nightmare life, and someday I must do a book about this lovely, desperate, sad, and beautiful land. A story I haven't written yet: My friend the dentist visited me in Port-au-Prince. What to show him after the usual tourist pleasures (voodoo, Choucounne, Creole beauties)? Well, how about a mass arrest. I knew of some revolutionists, I knew the police knew about them, many of the revolutionists wanted to be martyrs, there was to be a meeting, and the police would be arresting everybody. Fine: a Latin farce. We dressed for spectator sport. Here come the Booster Keds again—young adults from outer space. My friend draped two cameras around his neck. The custom was for the arrest to be made, the traitors to be kept in jail briefly, and then family pressures would get them released. Police and revolutionaries, ins and outs, were generally related, anyway.

We watched the little secretive band of conspirators enter the house in the Canapé Vert district of Port-au-Prince. We stood on the flowered street, smelling bougainvillaea. Then suddenly a screech of sirens and a mass of police Buicks and army jeeps converged on the house, and what seemed like a small army burst out, with submachine guns and light mortars. Oh, Lord, this wasn't going to be just another playful arrest, this was to be a massacre. But the commanding officer caught sight of us, the American writer and the American tourist. The command was given not to blow up the house. The CIA, they decided, was watching. They got into their cars and roared away. An American dentist had inadvertently saved the lives of a group of Haitian elite. Someplace a report went down that the U. S. of A. was "interested" in the matter.

Now we have another problem. The story is true, but too amazing to be easily believed unless I simply tell it as fact, as personal history, and not as story. But as soon as it's told that way, it becomes part of my memoirs and loses the magic of created fiction. Personality is diminished through being presented as mere personality. I dislike the current fashion of putting the writer forward as his chief

character. Mostly this self-dramatization depends for its glamour on the background material, media and TV and literary fan puffing of writers, and there will be the reaction to them that there was to, say, the Goncourt brothers' journals. Who cares now, other than perhaps a few scholars and literary historians? (Goncourt, Edmond (Huot) de, 1822-1896, and Jules (Huot) de, 1830-1870) Of course, through the personal voice of an Orwell or a Proust, in their different ways, the real story emerges, and the person is only the setting for a subtle, and complex refraction of light.

Something ordinary and true—the death of a friend, war experience, falling in love—can be made extraordinary by the gift of telling. The general is made particular, and blazes. My adventures in Haiti may make a curious history, but turning the search for adventure into thinly disguised fiction is like the late Hemingway's courting of attention. "I, I, I," howls the operatic star, and the truth of that blessed lying which is fiction recedes before the tender self-concern of a dramatic actor.

The great events of my times in Haiti should be written as reportage or history. The small horrors and blessings of Haiti—the children, the hope, the misery, the lovemaking and death-fearing—can be ripened through time and feeling into stories.

There's this young psychiatrist who feels uneasy with his career. His mother wanted him to become a doctor, so he became a doctor. His mother wanted him to become a psychiatrist, so he got himself that diploma too. Then he went into analysis and worked himself up and around to be a psychoanalyst. Now are you happy, Mother? But she just wants to know why he doesn't tell her his problems anymore. She has a point there. He's gotten secretive. And with all her experience in human nature, having one herself, a human nature, who better should help a young doctor diagnose the human mind (with the troubles she's had raising her own children) than his very own mother? So she sits in the other room, and while the patient talks, she listens, just like on the telephone, and later on she tells him what to do. A bit of admonition here, a nice girl there. Why is that patient so whiny? Why doesn't he stand up straight?

Surprisingly enough, his patients do very well under this regimen. He writes learned papers on a new variation of the idea of group analysis—one patient, but a balanced group of therapists, such as one doctor and a lay person. One day, however, when he happens to have a cold, his mother insists on minding the store alone and he can stay home and the patients are clearly going to do even better without him.

But as soon as I say "black humor" to myself, the impulse dies. To tell a story must involve a personal and individual propulsion that has nothing to do with categories, schools, or principles, and if pos-

Mr. Gold is an essayist and novelist and the author of several books, among them *The Age of Happy Problems* and *The Man Who Was Not With It*.

sible it should avoid the 1959 Mike and Elaine routines, which tend to be Peter Sellers movies in 1969.

Some of the unwritten stories that come to fret my mind have tricky endings. Life often has tricky endings, plus middles, too, and even the beginning of life is sometimes a peculiar trick. But a story shouldn't seem odd and quirky and made-up in that way. So I turn against these stories regretfully because they seem like neat tricks. Still, a nice trick needn't be forgotten without some memorial pleasure in its niceness. Kindness and generosity and all the grand feelings may be extended to cunning and cleverness, too, in a truly forgiving world.

If the day is cold and gray, and the air is foggy over North Beach and the bay, and the coffee is strong and my fingers itch, almost anything can seem justified as I wiggle the straw between my fingers or punch at the typewriter. Writing is a physical pleasure like swimming, lovemaking, or sculpting. There's an agreeable floating in the mind and an agitated expense of muscle and blood. The pencil is an awl, the typewriter is a riveting machine or an acetylene torch, the body wields these tools like weapons against unyielding paper and teasing imagination. Men and women heave into view, ideas shove them about and are moved by them; I am exhausted at the end of a confrontation between what might have been and what should be.

Not every good story that a writer conceives can be written. Certain kinds of virtue are imaginable in the abstract, but not in the concretely moving and personal fashion that enables a particular storyteller to work the mystery of his own personality around the mystery of the characters he hopes to bring into life. A film producer once said to me, "How do you block out a story?" and I stared at him with blocks in my eyes and a block on my tongue. You don't block out a story. You let it grow. You nourish it, encourage it, even push it a bit with sweat and ferocity, but you go where it goes. You try to travel on with it. It surprises you. Any tentative outline or scenario is made to be destroyed. You are the victim of its will. Therefore, a "good story" may turn out to be impossible, and sometimes, for mysterious reasons, a trivial (James Joyce: "No, quadrivial") story may have meanings beyond meanings which engage you in the parental task of watching over its development. A blocked-out story is like a blocked-out child: "Congratulations, we've given birth to a nice Jewish doctor." Or like an overplanned evening: "From eight to nine, discussion of current events. From nine to ten, drunken banter. From ten to eleven, sexual overtures. Twelve o'clock: lights out." That's not how children or parties or stories get to be vibrant and healthy. Planning kills. Damn plans. But bless proposals.

And so the writer stares out the window, looking

within. He gives up childish things to take up the responsibility of infantile pleasures. He seeks to master what he knows and, more important, what he doesn't know. He looks to illuminate blood, terror, spirit, catastrophe, energy, the complex of hope and desire, fear and death—the commonest truths and, in short, what we will never understand, no matter how much we learn. He looks into the dark secret chambers of the soul, where there is knowledge beyond knowledge and moralities beyond the prescription of morality. He uses the rhythm method to make the invisible visible and the visible invisible. He abandons the hope of utter closeness in favor of a sense of intimacy with men in their lonely rooms, crowds on their lonely streets everywhere. He knows that there is nothing more boring than someone else's dream, and yet he is sure that his waking fantasy can tell everyone what life means.

Ah, now I've got the action for a great full-length novel. It sums up our condition. There is the murder of a father—I see it so clearly—and a crazy half brother. And one brother is a dark rationalist, tormented by doubt and disappointed faith, and one is a saint with turbulent human feelings, and one is a passionate gambler and lover, enraged and tender, and they all care for each other—show how deeply they care—and the world and their world and the world of all of us closes down upon them, and I'll call them Ivan, Alyosha, and Dmitri Karamazov . . .

Postscript

by Sandra Hochman

I gave my life to learning how to live.
Now that I have organized it all, now that
I have finally found out how to keep my clothes
In order, when to wash and when to sew, how
To control my glands and sexual impulses,
How to raise a family, which friends to get
Rid of and which to be loyal to, who
Is phony and who is true, how to get rid of
Ambition and how to be thrifty, now that I have
Finally learned how to be closer to the nude
And secret silence, my life
Is just about over.

THE FARMER IN THE TILL

by John A. Schnittker

John F. Kennedy is reported to have remarked that he didn't want to hear about agriculture from anyone except John Kenneth Galbraith, and didn't want to hear about it from him either. As President, Lyndon Johnson nursed an incurable longing for the rustic pleasures of the LBJ Ranch, but he avoided farm-policy questions when he could. Public officials are alternately wary and weary of agricultural policy. There is ample reason for both attitudes. Farm voters are notoriously hard to please, and farm-policy debates are seldom stimulating. Yet the need for agricultural policy will not go away simply because frustrated politicians wish it. Advanced technology on the farm assures plenty of food for consumers. It also requires stable prices, and there are far too many farmers to arrange such a result without federal help.

Official lethargy on this score was shattered late in May this year when the House of Representatives, reacting against million-dollar payments to big farms, overwhelmingly approved a ceiling of \$20,000 on direct subsidy payments to any farm. This revolt against the old order in farm policy was a replay of a surprising House action in 1968, an action later reversed by the Senate.

Congressional advocates of a farm-payment ceiling have some good things going for them. Farm-program costs, at \$4 to \$5 billion a year, are high and moving higher. In a

careful survey made late in 1968, 85 percent of the farmers favored limiting farm benefits. City people are nearly unanimous in objecting to the big budget drain for farm programs when other priority needs beg for funds. Most important, advocates of farm-program reform in the House of Representatives and the Poor People's Lobby have skillfully contrasted giant federal payments to a few farms with the hand-to-mouth budget granted federal food programs by Southern-dominated Agriculture Committees in both houses of Congress, despite evidence of widespread malnutrition. Congressman Paul Findley (R., Ill.) has reported to the House that the cotton and wheat areas with the largest number of big farm payments were doing least about hunger and malnutrition. Finally, a study prepared last year at the request of President Johnson has destroyed the claim of the agricultural establishment in both political parties that surpluses and economic chaos would inevitably accompany a ceiling on farm benefits. Budget savings of \$250 million per year are now anticipated by those who favor payment reform, and the savings could be doubled if the payment ceiling were set at \$10,000 instead of the \$20,000 that was proposed.

Those members of the Congress who opposed the ceiling on farm benefits claimed that such a plan could not be administered, that it was

unworkable and unfair, and that it would not save money. Fortunately for the public, none of this is believed any more, at least not in the House of Representatives.

Parity Parity Parity

It helps to know some of the words and symbols, if one is to understand the need for change in farm programs. Parity, price supports, and direct payments are the key words.

Parity has been the battle cry of farmers since the 1920s. Public discussion of farm policy, however, has been clouded by three parity doctrines. Parity in the abstract is hard to argue with; it is essentially a fairness doctrine. The effort to find out what is fair for farmers, however, has spawned two competing statistical measures of farm parity.

Parity prices originated a generation ago out of what seemed to be a sensible notion: that farm-product prices should increase in step with the general price level; this would maintain the farmer's purchasing power. Conceived before the new technology revolutionized farming, the parity-price system has failed to account for recent rapid gains in productivity. If farmers were guaranteed 100 percent parity prices in 1969 (instead of the present 65 to 70 percent of parity), wheat, corn, and cotton prices would increase by about 50 percent. Crop surpluses

would be inevitable, and the Agriculture Department budget would soon rival the Defense budget. Clearly, the parity-price doctrine is obsolete, although not quite dead.

Parity income is a more recent standard. Simply put, the parity-income doctrine says that a good farmer investing his capital in an operation large enough to employ him more or less fully should be able to earn as much farming as he would earn operating any other small business. A recent Department of Agriculture study showed that a half million of the biggest farmers producing two thirds of our farm products are meeting this standard, at least on the average if not on every farm every year. Net incomes on the largest farms, thanks partly to big payments, are generally far above parity; rapid land-price escalation as farms are enlarged is a clear sign of this. In contrast, the smallest and poorest two million farms could not earn parity incomes on the farm even if market prices were doubled or tripled.

Price supports and payments

Farm prices left to themselves are notoriously unstable. Price support programs, begun in 1933, grew out of that fact and out of the general economic depression. The new programs were supposed to raise prices by reducing crop production and by removing surpluses from the market. But neither the farm programs nor pump-priming expenditures in the rest of the economy brought real recovery in the 1930s. World War II did that, pushing farm prices so high that price ceilings and consumer food subsidies were applied. After the war, the farm bloc in Congress succeeded for a time in maintaining the high wartime prices under peacetime conditions, even though agricultural prices around the world were declining as Europe recovered and began producing again. The results were predictable. By the late 1950s high market-price guarantees and halfhearted production control were creating huge surpluses. More than that, farmers were gearing their expectations to high prices and buying their land at inflated values. Thus they were generating their own cost increases to justify future

demands for even higher prices. By 1960, every grain- and butter-storage structure in the United States was filled. The annual cost of simply owning and storing the \$9 billion farm surplus reached \$1 billion in 1961. "How to let go of the bear's tail" became the principal preoccupation of reform-minded farm officials and economists.

The answer was a system of direct payments to farmers in place of high price supports. In the early 1960s, payments became the key instrument of farm-policy reform, cushioning the impact of an abrupt shift from high to lower price guarantees for wheat and cotton, and providing farmers the cash incentives required to reduce acreages and limit farm output. Big farmers, who had profited handsomely from high market-price guarantees in the 1950s, became identified in the 1960s as the recipients of huge government checks. The stage was set for the present struggle to reduce the size of those checks.

Recent developments in farming have also helped to focus public attention on farm-program benefits. When farm programs were introduced in 1933, there were 7 million farms in the United States. A few were huge holdings, but most were small, one-family enterprises. Benefits were geared to production, and so farm aid was spread fairly evenly. By 1968, more than half of those farms had disappeared. Today there are 3 million farms, but 2 million of them are small, part-time, residential, or hobby farms. One million top farmers produce nearly all of the farm products marketed, and they get most of the money spent on farm programs. A new study just published by the Joint Economic Committee of Congress, for example, shows that the largest 5 percent of sugarcane and cotton growers get 63 and 41 percent respectively of all the direct benefits from those programs. The largest one percent of cotton growers in California and Mississippi get 25 percent of all the direct federal benefits in those states. Under such circumstances, public

Mr. Schnittker speaks from his experience as Undersecretary of Agriculture, 1965-1969. He teaches now at Kansas State University.

concern is certainly understandable.

Clearly, the large payments are not going to the traditional American farm, still typically a one-family enterprise. Instead, they help ensure financial security for such well-heeled enterprises as the J. G. Boswell Company of King's County, California, which collected direct farm payments of \$3 million in 1968 and \$4.1 million in 1967. The Boswell Company is a multimillion-dollar diversified cotton operation with good connections in Washington. Senators and congressmen are not excluded from farming, nor do they always disqualify themselves when the Congress votes on big farm payments. Family interests of Senator James Eastland of Mississippi (the Eastland Plantation, Inc., and H. C. Eastland) collected payments totaling \$142,078 in 1968, down from \$189,050 in 1967. In October, 1968, Senator Eastland voted against the payment ceiling which would have cut the Eastland farm payments to \$60,000, or \$20,000 on each of three farms. Campbell Farming of Big Horn County, Montana, often cited as the model of a modern wheat-farming operation, got \$162,897 in 1968. Garst Farms, run by Roswell Garst, the international seed-corn figure and one-time host in Iowa to Premier Khrushchev, got \$70,923 in 1966, but only \$45,212 in 1968.

Nearly two and a half million farmers get federal payments, but only 10,000 farmers get over \$20,000 per year. Most of the big payments go to cotton farmers in California, Texas, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Arizona. When Congressman Findley placed the names of all recipients of \$25,000 or more in the *Congressional Record* this year, the list from the five biggest cotton states filled twenty-one pages. Five leading grain states required only four pages. Concentration of federal payments in a few cotton states makes them really ripe for reform, although sugar and wool, with powerful political support, are also involved.

Late this spring, when the House of Representatives voted a \$20,000 ceiling on farm payments, the Majority and Minority Leaders were opposed, as were most committee chairmen. Understandably, the bulk of the opposing votes were from Texas, California, Mississippi,

Arkansas, Kansas—the states with the biggest payments. The Senate could vote a ceiling this summer, if urban senators and the leadership take the initiative. If the Senate fails, final action may have to wait until the farm program is reviewed in 1970.

The White House does not seem to have learned anything from President Johnson's 1968 experience in this matter. When the House voted a payment ceiling last year despite intense Administration opposition, President Johnson began to have second thoughts about supporting his own farm bill, which continued the increasingly vulnerable big payments in a year when most budgets were being cut. Official embarrassment mounted after the Poor People's March when the Administration's expected assault on hunger fell before the tax surcharge, the \$6 billion budget retrenchment, and higher Vietnam spending. When the Senate-House conferees on the farm bill dropped the payment-limiting amendments, last year's official White House strategy was designed to get the conference report stalled or rejected, so that the entire farm issue would have to be reviewed in 1969. That failed in a parliamentary maneuver designed without the President's knowledge by the Administration's own lobbyists. After that, President Johnson reluctantly signed the farm bill and directed "the Department of Agriculture to study the effect of a payment limitation on programs which require voluntary diversion of productive land."

That study was conducted in the Department of Agriculture and became public after President Johnson left office. Its findings flatly contradicted the principal argument the Administration and farm congressmen had made in recent years: that payment limits would destroy the production-control programs and would lead to new farm surpluses. The study also documented the potential budget savings associated with a payment ceiling. All this, even the potential budget savings, seems to have been lost on the new Administration.

The advocates of unlimited payments are now left without any sensible arguments for their position.

Previous opposition to the ceiling rested on the argument that big payments are needed *to prevent too much corn and wheat production*. This spurious claim had a limited validity in the 1961-1964 period of heavy surplus removal, but it has none in 1969 when grain surpluses are down. The Department of Agriculture simply did not know the distribution of payments by size of farm until around 1965. Acting on faulty information, Department officials took an early stand against a payment ceiling, and never found a way to change their position. Now we know that only 2 percent of all feed grains and 4 percent of all wheat would be affected by a \$20,000 limit. Even a \$5000 ceiling would not materially affect the stability of the feed-grain economy.

Cotton is more concentrated; one third of the crop is grown on some 5000 big farms (out of more than half a million cotton farms) which would be affected by a \$20,000 ceiling. Legislative leaders who had insisted that a payment ceiling would cause a grain *surplus*, now said it would cause a cotton *shortage*, an argument so symmetrical it seemed plausible. Senator Holland said last year that the prospect of lower payments made "it appear very unlikely that such producers could continue to supply the mills with low priced cotton. . . ." This is a proposition that ought to be tested: if American cotton growers cannot compete on even terms in world fiber markets without unconscionably high federal payments, it is not too early to discover it. Major changes in addition to a payment ceiling are required in the cotton program. The most important is to remove a provision of the 1965 act which ingeniously exempted cotton from any future payment ceiling. This must be repealed before the ceiling can be effective for the crop and the areas with most of the huge payments.

What to do

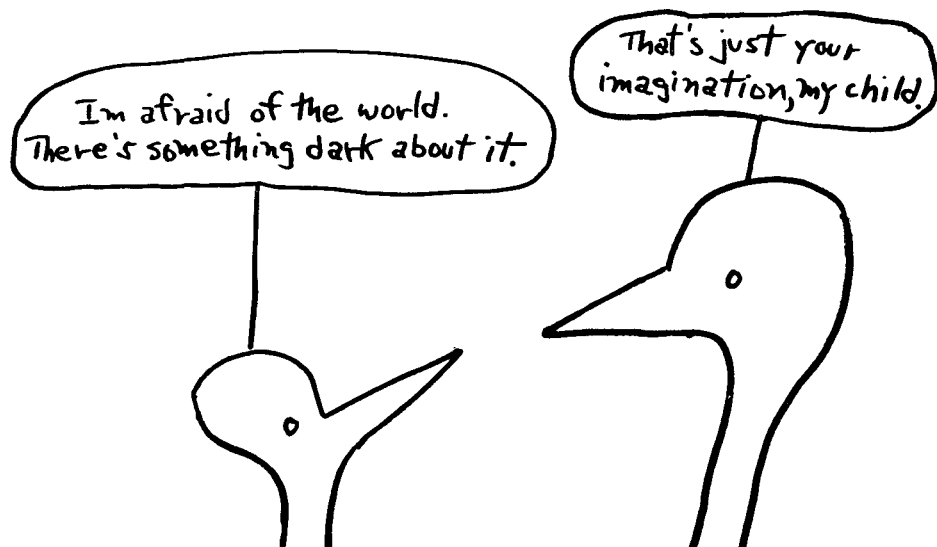
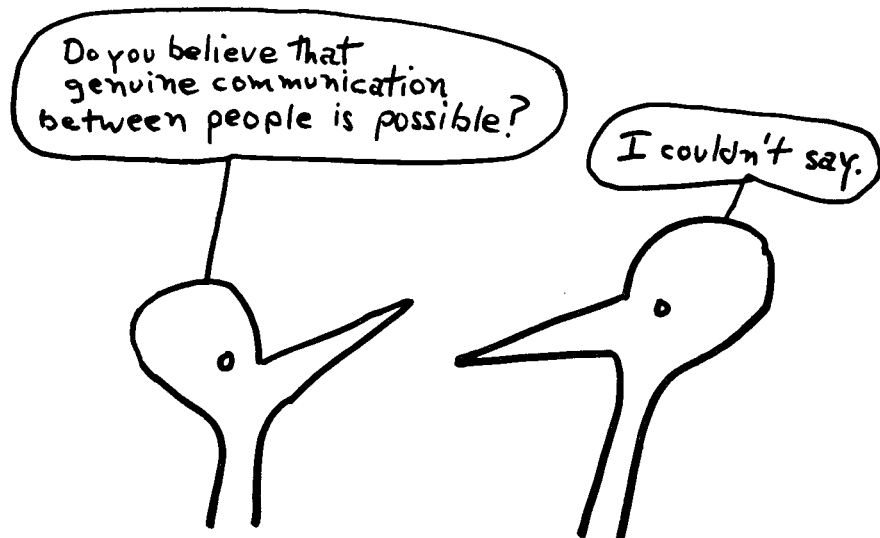
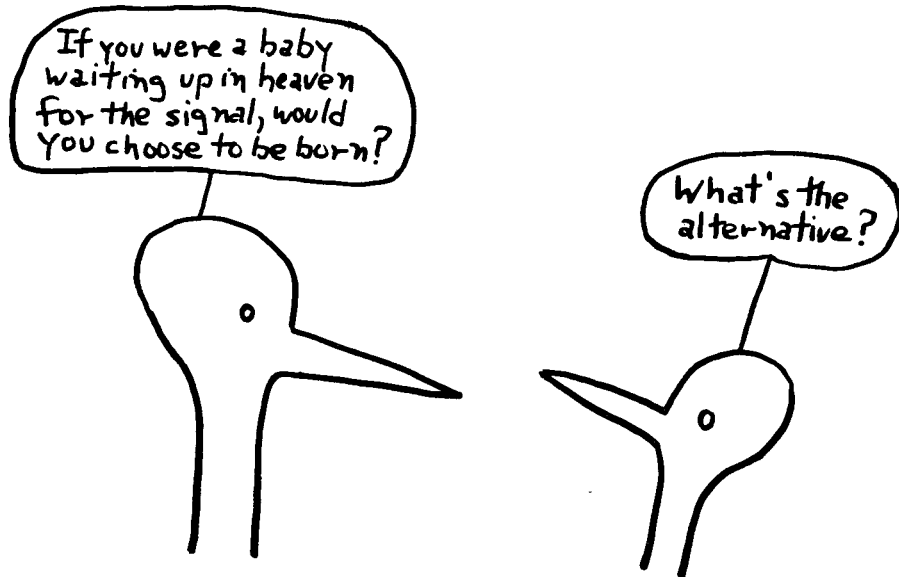
No firm principles have emerged to direct the Congress toward a particular maximum level for farm payments. Budget savings are the best guide. By that test the \$20,000 ceiling is too generous; the figure should

be no higher than \$5000 per crop or \$10,000 per farm, in order to save more money. Reduced payments will not undermine farm-price stability as long as top payments are not forced below those levels. Inevitably, the maximum payment level will be set somewhat arbitrarily: a \$20,000 limit will save \$200 to \$300 million a year; a maximum of \$5000 per crop or \$10,000 per farm would save \$500 million or more. If farms are allowed to split up to circumvent the new policy, however, some of these savings will be lost. This will bear watching; Congress should give the Department of Agriculture firm directions against farm splitting.

These reforms will not silence the sharpest critics of farm programs, who have never accepted the policy of limiting farm production to stabilize prices while anyone anywhere is hungry. So long as the agricultural economy remains inherently unstable, with too many producers to combine effectively to set their own prices the way industrial combines do, the opponents of any farm stabilization effort will probably be disappointed. We need a farm policy as well as a responsive fiscal policy and a compassionate food policy. But a sensible farm policy does not require giant payments.

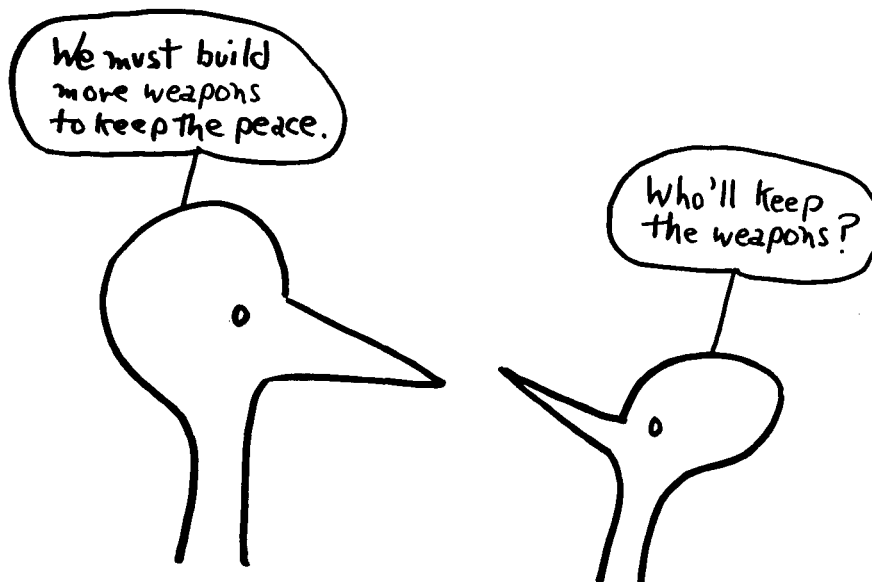
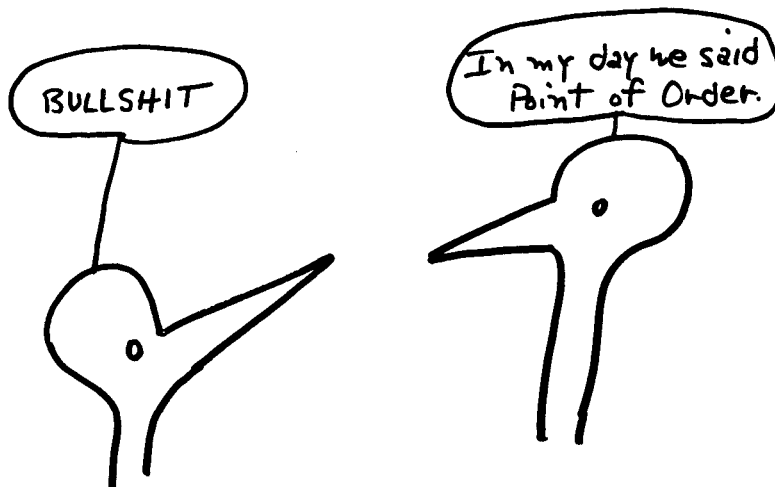
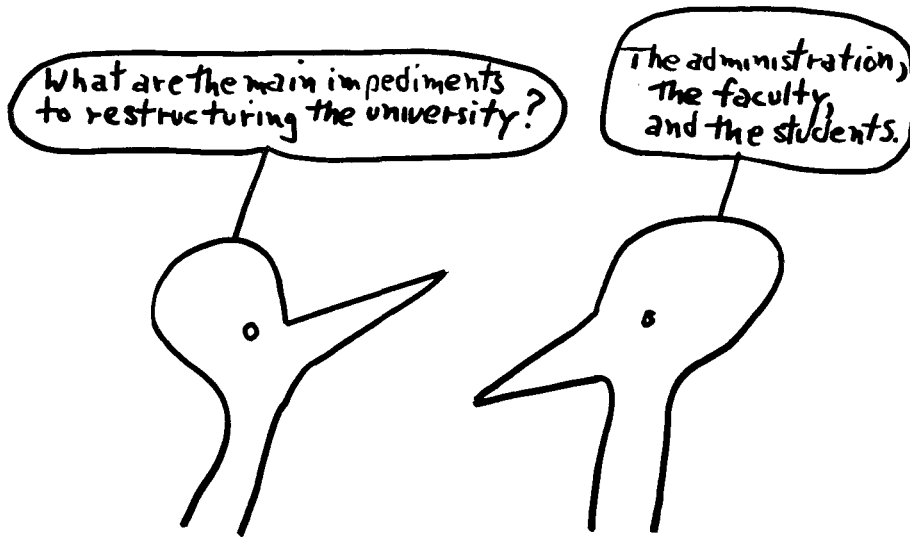
Farm payments and food programs will inevitably be paired off in the coming debate, although ending big payments will not automatically ensure more food for the poor. The public can't help seeing tragic irony in Congress' tight-fisted approach to hunger, in contrast to its open-handed financing of farm programs. Budget pressures alone ought to encourage the Administration to sense its interest in this matter, if principle does not, although White House help may never materialize, given Mr. Nixon's dependence on the South. Political advantage seems assured for those members who help drive farm-payment reform through the Congress. Big payments lack any legitimacy in real program objectives. It is right, therefore, to end them. Only the most twisted sense of priorities will let us continue to pay millions every year to a few big farms while we procrastinate about ghetto reconstruction, postpone remedial education, close Job Corps Camps, and let poor people starve.

BIRDBRAINS



These creatures were hatched in the mind of Dr. Robert Jay Lifton, a psychiatrist and professor at Yale's School of Medicine.

They will appear in profusion in November when Random House publishes Dr. Lifton's volume *Birds*.



“Guilty as charged by the Judge.”

“Did he say
‘Guilty
as charged
by the
Judge’?”

by Jessica Mitford

Five men who hardly knew each other found themselves accused, tried, and, in the case of four, convicted of conspiracy. What does this say about the judicial process in America?

When indictments were returned against Dr. Spock and four others for conspiring to counsel, aid, and abet violations of the Universal Military Training and Service Act, the newspapers predicted a trial that would make social and legal history. Headlines gave it advance billing as a spectacular: "SPOCK TRIAL MAY BE THRILLER" (*Washington Post*), "A LANDMARK CASE OF CONSCIENCE AND THE LAW" (*Life* magazine), "CHALLENGE TO THE DRAFT" (*New York Times*). It would provide, the editorial writers said, the forum for a court challenge to the legality of the Vietnam War and hence of the draft, a crucial test case to explore and define the permissible limits of dissent guaranteed under the First Amendment. The eyes of the nation, indeed of the world, would be on the Boston courtroom, watching the outcome of a contest between the United States government and some of its most distinguished critics.

The defendants themselves, some of whom had actively sought prosecution for the purpose of testing the legality of the war and of the draft, also anticipated a serious adjudication of these issues. "I'd be *delighted* if the government would prosecute me!" Dr. Spock had said. Asked in the course of the trial what he had had in mind, he replied, "I meant that if the government chose to prosecute me, I would be glad to have this opportunity to prove that we were right."

Perhaps it was ingenuous of the defendants to believe that the government would permit them to put its fundamental policies on trial; if so, this was a naïveté shared by a sizable section of the press. Yet in a way never anticipated by the protagonists, the prosecution did serve a public interest. If the trial did not deal with the issues the defendants had tried to raise, it did lay bare some

unpleasant truths about the nature of political prosecutions, and helped to dispel some illusions, persistently clung to by dissenters through the ages, about the efficacy of the courtroom as a forum for the exposition of ideas. Galileo, Joan of Arc, Thoreau, Bertrand Russell, Sacco and Vanzetti, Tom Mooney are remembered more for their post-trial comments from jail, at the stake, or en route thereto, than for any ringing pronouncements quoted by the press in reporting their trials.

In the course first of seeking to discover the reasons why the government chose to indict Dr. Spock and the others at this particular time, and later attending the trial in Boston, at which four of them were found guilty of criminal conspiracy, I began to see the whole proceedings of a political trial in terms of an elaborate theatrical production. The staging—the courtroom setting with all the hallowed panoply of Anglo-American justice—is carefully designed to create the illusion of meticulous fairness. Are not the defendant's rights fully protected every inch of the way? "Clothed in the presumption of innocence," as the lawbooks say, he comes on with counsel of his choice, and has the right to cross-examine witnesses against him, to be tried by a jury of his peers sworn to consider the evidence impartially and to acquit him unless guilt is proved beyond a reasonable doubt.

Yet in reality the presumption of innocence is a chilly and threadbare piece of costumery, and the reasonable doubt a bit of scenery soon moved off by the stagehands.

For the prosecutor has what film folk call "creative control," as producer, scenario writer, and casting director. He puts the package together (after consultation with his backers, or promoters, in Congress and the Administration), giving careful consideration to what kind of production will best

please this year's public taste. It is the prosecutor who diagrams the action by deciding which laws to enforce and what offenses to charge, for the law is a Pandora's box which in political cases the prosecutor can open or close at will. He rejects many a script, for often he finds it expedient *not* to prosecute.

In going after war protesters, prosecutors have at their disposal an assortment of federal statutes, state laws, city ordinances that they can invoke: shall the charge be violation of the draft law? Or counseling, aiding, and abetting violations? Or conspiring to counsel, aid, abet? Or trespass (blocking the sidewalk during a demonstration)? Or disorderly conduct? Or conspiracy to commit trespass and disorderly conduct? Or shall it be violation of the Espionage Act of 1917, which makes it illegal to interfere with recruitment and enlistment into the armed forces?

As for who shall be cast in the leading role as defendant, the choice is vast, for (as I discovered during the Boston trial) a successful prosecution can be brought under one or another of these laws against just about anybody who has expressed himself against the war by participating in a demonstration, signing a statement in favor of draft resistance, or even attending a public meeting at which the speakers advocated draft resistance.

The Accusation

All the defendants first learned they had been indicted from the press. The Justice Department, with a fine flourish of incivility, hand-delivered its releases to the media and then mailed the indictments to the defendants' homes.

Thus Marcus Raskin, co-director of the Institute for Policy Studies, got a phone call at his office in Washington from a UPI man: "We wondered if you would care to make a comment?"

"A comment on what?"

"On the indictment."

"What indictment?"

"Well—it says here—let's see—you've been indicted along with Dr. Spock; Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., chaplain of Yale University; Mitchell Goodman, a New York writer; and Michael Ferber, a twenty-three-year-old Harvard graduate student, for 'a continuing conspiracy to aid, abet, and counsel violations of the Selective Service law.'"

"You've *got* to be kidding!"

And so it was with three of the others. No fleet-footed courier double-knocked on their doors crying, "Open up, open up in the name of Ramsey Clark!" UPI, AP, and the New York *Times* stood in for the harbinger of tidings, with the assistance of Ma Bell.

But Dr. Spock had been out all day on various errands and could not be reached by telephone. Coming home in the afternoon on the subway he saw a headline over his seatmate's shoulder: "SPOCK INDICTED." "I was *dying* to read it, but the man kept twitching it away just out of my sight. I felt like saying to him, 'But that's *me!* I want to see what I've been indicted for!'"

Michael Ferber, who grades English papers at Harvard University, sat down to correct his indictment when it arrived. Offended by the redundancies ("combine, conspire, confederate, and agree"), the split infinitives ("to unlawfully, knowingly, and willfully counsel, aid, and abet"), the misspelling of "fabricoid" (spelled with a "k" in his dictionary), and the word "co-conspirator," which he could not find in *any* dictionary, he gave the document a C-, and wrote in the margin, "You should do better. See me"—which they eventually did.

The indictment, returned by a federal grand jury in Boston on January 5, 1968, charges that the five conspired "with each other, and with diverse other persons, some known and others unknown to the Grand Jury," to counsel, aid, and abet violations of the Selective Service law and to hinder administration of the draft. In addition, the elder four are charged with conspiring to "sponsor and support a nation-wide program of resistance" to the draft.

It cites a number of "overt acts" committed in furtherance of the conspiracy:

In August, 1967, Coffin and Spock "distributed and caused to be distributed . . . a statement entitled 'A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority.'"

On October 2, 1967, Coffin, Goodman, Raskin, and Spock "held a press conference" at the New York Hilton Hotel.

On October 16, 1967, Michael Ferber and William Sloane Coffin, Jr., addressed a meeting in the Arlington Street Church in Boston, at which Coffin accepted draft cards turned in by Selective Service registrants.

On October 20, 1967, Coffin spoke at a demonstration outside the Justice Department, after which he, Raskin, Spock, and Goodman entered the Justice Department and together with other "co-conspirators abandoned a fabricoid briefcase" containing draft cards collected at various demonstrations throughout the United States.

How did these five wind up as accused conspirators? They hardly knew each other. Dr. Spock and Mr. Coffin had met glancingly on speakers' platforms; Michael Ferber had once exchanged a few words with Coffin in a church but had never spoken to any of the others. Four of them (Spock, Coffin, Raskin, and Goodman) had some months before participated in an eleven-man delegation to the Department of Justice; but in their busy lives this brief encounter hardly constituted acquaintance. When for the first time all five met together—after the indictment, in Attorney Leonard Bou-

din's living room, to discuss their common plight—Boudin says the first thing he felt he could do for these conspirators was to introduce them to each other.

Games Prosecutors Play

There was much speculation in the antiwar movement about the genesis of the prosecution. Was it ordered, custom-made, by LBJ? Were there high-level, far-into-the-night deliberations involving flags on maps and Gallup polls? On what signal, from what source, do you indict Dr. Spock for conspiracy in an election year? Why and how were these five picked?

The tangled chain of events that led to the indictments originated, I learned, in the flag-draped office of General Hershey.

On October 26, 1967, in the aftermath of Stop the Draft Week demonstrations, Hershey dashed off a letter to the 4081 local draft boards recommending that the delinquency provisions of the Selective Service regulations be invoked against antiwar demonstrators. He advised the boards that “misguided registrants” who participate in “illegal demonstrations,” who interfere with recruiting or otherwise violate provisions of the Selective Service Act, should forthwith be declared delinquent, reclassified 1-A, and subjected to immediate induction. “Deferments are only given when they serve the National interest,” he wrote.

It is obvious that any action that violates the Military Selective Service Act or the Regulations, or the related processes cannot be in the National interest. It follows that those who violate them should be denied deferment in the National interest. It also follows that illegal activity which interferes with recruiting or causes refusal of duty in the military or naval forces could not by any stretch of the imagination be construed as being in support of the National interest.

Twisting the knife, Hershey said that the delinquency procedure should be applied to *all* registrants up to thirty-five years of age, and that registrants in class 4-F or 1-Y found to be delinquent should “again be ordered to report for physical examination to ascertain whether they may be acceptable in the light of current circumstances.”

The effect of Hershey's letter was to invest the local draft boards with the powers of prosecutor, judge, and executioner over the registrants in their jurisdiction. If it decided that a registrant's activities were “illegal” or “not in the national interest,” the board could then proceed to mete out swift punishment in the form of immediate induction into the armed forces. Some local boards went to

work with a will: they reclassified (1-A) divinity students (who are specifically exempted from the draft by act of Congress); members of Students for a Democratic Society, an organization they deemed to be “not in the national interest”; and in one case a totally disabled paraplegic, who appeared in a wheelchair at the Oakland induction center for his physical examination.

This use of the draft as a bludgeon to silence opposition to the war triggered the widest outcry that had yet been heard against Hershey's administration of the Selective Service system.

The letter was angrily denounced by the *New York Times*, the American Association of University Professors, the National Students Association, and then Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas, who said that General Hershey was “a law unto himself and responds only to his own conversation.” The ACLU and the National Council of Churches filed suit on behalf of six war protesters who had been reclassified 1-A pursuant to the Hershey letter. Kingman Brewster, Jr., president of Yale University, called it “an absolutely outrageous usurpation of power,” and several colleges and universities announced they would ban army recruiters from their campuses until the directive was revoked. General Hershey, now fighting a rearguard action, said all this was “so much hocus-pocus,” and told the *Times*: “The letter is only an opinion, because I don't have any power to direct local boards.” He added plaintively, “Under the First Amendment, which they treasure so highly, I have just as much right as they do to state my opinion.”

At this point the Justice Department moved in to pour oil on these troubled waters. On December 9, a highly publicized joint statement was released over the signatures of Attorney General Ramsey Clark and General Hershey announcing formation of a special unit in the Criminal Division, under the direction of John Van de Kamp, to speed up investigations and prosecutions of violations of the Selective Service Act and “related statutes” (for which read the Espionage Act of 1917), with special attention to violations of the “counsel, aid, or abet” provisions and the “obstruction of recruiting” provisions.

There is something for everybody in the memorandum. It upholds General Hershey's policy of declaring delinquent, reclassifying, and subjecting to immediate induction registrants who fail to have their draft cards in their possession, fail to report for examination, or give false information. It promises to prosecute the reclassified registrant who refuses induction. It calls upon local law-enforcement officials throughout the country to “prosecute vigorously violations of local laws which may occur in demonstrations against the Selective Service System.” And in a curiously ambiguous paragraph it seeks to still the fears of college presidents and editorial writers:

Lawful protest activities, whether directed to the draft or other national issues, do not subject registrants to acceleration. . . . The lawful exercise of rights of free expression and peaceful assembly have incurred and will incur no penalty or other adverse action. These rights are guaranteed by the Constitution. They are vital to the preservation of free institutions, which our men in Vietnam are fighting to protect.

Two days after this ringing affirmation of First Amendment rights was issued, Van de Kamp and his colleagues went to work on the Spock case. Why?

The answer given to me by John Van de Kamp was unexpectedly frank. He said: "The prosecution came about as a result of our flap with Hershey about his October 26 letter to the draft boards. The prosecution of these five was thought to be a good way out—it was done to provide a graceful way out for General Hershey." The reason they were singled out, said Mr. Van de Kamp, was that because of "their names and personalities" the government managed to subpoena a large amount of television newsreel footage of these five. "We wouldn't have indicted them except for the fact there was so much evidence available on film. They made no great secret about what they were doing."

It all seemed so breathtakingly simple and matter-of-fact, the way Mr. Van de Kamp told it. If one believed him literally, one would have to infer that Dr. Spock and the others were offered up in unabashed response to political pressures, as a sacrifice to assuage the feelings of an irascible old man who had just been publicly rebuked by the Department of Justice for overstepping his authority and becoming an embarrassment to the Administration. And backing up General Hershey, that strange permanent fixture in the Washington scene, were his many friends in Congress, demanding, as did Representative Edward Hébert of Louisiana, "Let's forget the First Amendment. When is the Justice Department going to get hep and do something to eliminate this rat-infested area? At least the effort can be made." While appeasing these strident and bothersome voices of the far right, the prosecution would also serve as a pointed warning to the respectable dissenters who were beginning to be seen on television marching for peace, along with the longhairs—all those suburban housewives pushing prams, those well-groomed executives in their thirties, those haunted, despairing parents of draft-age sons—to stay off the streets, away from meetings, and above all to keep out of range of the TV cameras.

John Van de Kamp, who was formerly U.S. Attorney in Los Angeles, did not conform to my preconceived idea of a person engaged in this line of work. I suppose I was expecting a stone-faced, closed-minded bully of the Senator Joseph McCarthy stripe. In fact, he is mild-mannered and outgoing, a good public relations man, concerned

with the "image" of the Justice Department. He must have reached maturity about the time that that word was appropriated by press agents to mean not so much a true likeness as a desirable representation. He let slip the fact that he reads the *New York Review of Books* (although later, after listening to the government's evidence in the trial, it occurred to me that this may be in the course of official duty). He told me that he is a bit too old, at thirty-five, to be a Spock-raised baby, and that being single, he had never read *Baby and Child Care* before he became involved in the prosecution of Dr. Spock. He read it after the indictment was issued and thought it very good.

"The case came to the attention of the Justice Department when the delegation turned in the draft cards here on October 20," he said. "But the activities of the defendants were known of before; the FBI, as a general security precaution, had kept them under surveillance. October 20 was significant—the plans for that day had been announced before, in press conferences; then they appeared here, and a lot of that was on film, too. My unit got the evidence together and commenced working on the case on December 11, and I worked all through the Christmas vacation on it."

He went on to explain that "draft activities have changed drastically in the past few months. We didn't have this situation in May, 1967. We're trying to get those who oppose the war to use legal political avenues to express themselves—for instance, they could support McCarthy, or Kennedy. These five were justifying their activity on the basis they had no other recourse, which isn't so. The case was not brought up to buoy the hopes of servicemen in Vietnam, but to set guidelines for action within a legal framework."

Van de Kamp maintained that the White House had no part in the decision to prosecute the five, and was not even informed of it until the day the indictments were returned. The way he tells it, George Christian, White House press officer, called up the Department of Justice in a routine way that afternoon to inquire if there was "anything new," and was told, "Oh, yes! We've just indicted Dr. Spock and four others for conspiracy." (An eminent and knowledgeable federal judge told me later he thinks Mr. Van de Kamp must be either lying or misinformed about this, and he repeated the rude story about LBJ saying "I don't want nobody on my staff unless I got his pecker in my pocket." In Johnson's Administration, said the judge, one would not indict Dr. Spock without

Jessica Mitford of the English Mitfords was last represented in these pages with a report on the aftereffects of her best-selling exposé, *The American Way of Death*. This article has been adapted from her new book, *The Trial of Dr. Spock*, to be published in September by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

first consulting the President.) According to Van de Kamp, even General Hershey was told only the day before the indictment—"That is, we specified the kind of indictments, but we didn't tell him the names of the defendants."

Mr. Van de Kamp, for one, does not want the government cast in a repressive image. I asked whether he anticipated a lot of additional prosecutions. "There are lots of cases under investigation," he said, "and we're trying to get the Bureau [Justice Departmentese for the FBI] to get what we need. Counseling on the draft takes several forms. The Quakers are entirely legitimate; they basically provide a counseling service on the draft law. But other counseling services are proliferating, urging that draftees *resist* the law, whereas the Quakers are trying to operate within the *framework* of the law."

Mr. Ben Seaver, a leading California Quaker with whom I later discussed this, was most indignant to hear this milquetoast interpretation of their activities. "We have circulated far stronger 'aid and abet' statements than those sponsored by the defendants," he said. "We will support anyone who in conscience refuses to cooperate with Selective Service. But this isn't the first time the government has pushed the Friends aside when it comes to prosecuting; they just don't want to tangle with us."

What of public reaction to the prosecution? "I got a lot of letters from mothers protesting Spock's indictment—hundreds of them wrote. They said, 'How can you do this to this great man who has devoted his life to humanity?'" Van de Kamp's answer to the mothers' question was contained in a form letter that said in part: "It would not be proper for the Department of Justice to comment about a pending case. I can assure you that this Department is dedicated to the protection of the lawful exercise of rights of free expression and peaceable assembly . . ."

I asked about newspaper reaction, and mentioned that I had seen long and thoughtful articles in *Life*, *Look*, and the *New York Times Magazine* that had seemed to champion the defendants' cause, characterizing them as patriots and men of conscience rather than criminals, but Mr. Van de Kamp dismissed those as "puff pieces for Spock and Coffin." On the whole, he said, the press had welcomed the indictments: "Ninety-five percent of the editorials say it's about time there was a confrontation. I was pleased, as I was very much concerned that this might be considered a repetition of the Palmer Raids of the 1920s" (in which many thousands were arbitrarily imprisoned or deported because of suspected radical beliefs).

Why were the defendants accused of conspiracy, I asked, instead of simply "counseling, aiding, and abetting"? "For good reasons, but I can't answer that," said Mr. Van de Kamp mysteriously. "It'll come clear to you at the trial."

Conspiracy

It is serious reflection on America that this worn-out piece of tyranny, this drag-net for compassing the imprisonment and death of men whom the ruling class does not like, should find a home in our country.

—Clarence Darrow

The law of conspiracy is so irrational, its implications so far removed from ordinary human experience or modes of thought, that like the Theory of Relativity it escapes just beyond the boundaries of the mind. One can dimly understand it while an expert is explaining it, but minutes later it is not easy to tell it back.

This elusive quality of conspiracy as a legal concept contributes to its deadliness as a prosecutor's tool and compounds the difficulties of defending against it. It is hard to find an antidote for the poison you cannot identify.

The experts themselves have trouble with it. Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson called conspiracy "that elastic, sprawling and pervasive offense . . . so vague that it almost defies definition." A legal text writer puts it less elegantly: "In the long category of crimes there is none more difficult to confine within the boundaries of definitive statement than conspiracy." An English author remarks mournfully: "No intelligible definition of 'conspiracy' has yet been established." The law-makers brazen it out by simply defining the crime in terms of itself. For example, the California Penal Code reads: "Conspiracy defined: If two or more persons conspire to commit any crime . . ."

A conspiracy, then, is a conspiracy.

The origin of the conspiracy doctrine is to be found in the murky past of English medieval history, in a series of statutes dating from the reign of Edward I. Ironically, these early statutes were intended to protect individual rights; specifically, to prevent false and malicious prosecutions. There was a built-in safeguard: people accused of bringing false accusations could be prosecuted for conspiracy only after the person wrongfully accused had been exonerated in a court of law.

Three centuries later, the notorious Court of the Star Chamber stood this idea on its head, where it remains today. In 1611 the Star Chamber declared that the essence of the crime of conspiracy lies in the *agreement*—not in a crime committed, but in the planning of a crime.

Thus conspiracy law relieves the prosecutor of the necessity of proving any actual wrongdoing by the defendant. As Clarence Darrow put it, if a boy steals candy, he has committed a misdemeanor. If two boys plan to steal candy but *don't do it*, they are guilty of conspiracy, a felony.

Because of this extraordinary feature, conspiracy has long been favored by prosecutors as a means

to convict union organizers, radicals, political dissenters, opponents of governmental policies, and other troublesome individuals who could not otherwise be put behind bars.

In America, it was first used in 1806 against labor in the famous Philadelphia Cordwainers case, in which the court ruled that a strike (an agreement of journeymen shoemakers to "withhold their labor" from their masters) with the object of securing an increase in wages was a criminal conspiracy. The point is that for one man, or even several, to withhold their labor would not have been a crime. The crime lay in the *agreement* of a group to do so. (When, in 1821, a group of journeymen sought to turn the tables and convict the employers for combining to depress wages, the court held it was not criminal because the employers had combined to resist the oppression of the journeymen! "When the object to be attained is meritorious, combination is not conspiracy," the court explained.) Until concerted labor activities were legalized more than a hundred years later, during the New Deal, conspiracy was used again and again as a convenient and effective weapon for the suppression of labor unions.

Conspiracy had a great revival in the days of Senator Joseph McCarthy's ascendancy. In 1948, it was invoked against leaders of the Communist Party, who were charged under the Smith Act with "conspiring to advocate" the overthrow of the U.S. government by force and violence. Here we are two steps away from the crime itself. The defendants were not charged with committing acts of violence (except possibly against the English language, their use of which was called "Aesopian" by the prosecutor), or even advocating force and violence. A mild and peaceful lot by today's standards, they were convicted, each and all, with monotonous regularity, by jury after jury, of *conspiring to advocate* the violent overthrow of the government at some unnamed time in the future. Eventually most of the convictions were reversed by courts of appeal or the U.S. Supreme Court, but the reversals were all based on technicalities; the basic conspiracy doctrine was left undisturbed by the Court's rulings.

The Rosenbergs went to their deaths, and Morton Sobell was sentenced to prison for thirty years, not, as is popularly supposed, for espionage, but for *conspiracy* to commit espionage, the government having no proof that they actually transmitted atomic secrets to the Russians. The record in the Rosenberg-Sobell case has never been reviewed by the U.S. Supreme Court.

To the layman, the principal characteristics of conspiracy law seem wildly implausible, because they run counter to all ordinary definitions and all preconceived notions of how justice and due process are supposed to work.

In the first place, the government maintained

that the conspiracy need not be secret, it may be carried out in full and open public view. The *Shorter Oxford Dictionary* defines conspire as "to combine privily," and quotes Lord Clarendon as saying, "In all conspiracies there must be great secrecy." But the law does not take account of the customary meanings of words. Although all of the acts charged against the Boston defendants were carried out in a blaze of publicity (and the government never suggested otherwise), the prosecutor argued and the judge ruled that this was no defense to the conspiracy charge.

The fact that the defendants were largely unacquainted with each other was, I was told, irrelevant. It is not necessary that the accused know each other, or know the names of unindicted members of the conspiracy, nor do they ever have to have corresponded or conferred to formulate their plans.

As Mr. Van de Kamp predicted, the reasons why the government found it highly advantageous to indict the five defendants for conspiracy, rather than for the "substantive acts" of "counseling, aiding, and abetting" the violation of the draft law, did become clear at the trial.

In the trial of a conspiracy case many of the procedural safeguards available to the defendant in an ordinary criminal case are suspended. From Van de Kamp and others, I learned about some of the exceptional rules that apply to conspiracy cases only, which make conspiracy such a handy charge to use in political cases:

Each member of a conspiracy becomes liable for the statements and actions of every other member, whether or not he has ever met the other members, whether or not he is aware of what they said and did. Only Ferber and Coffin were present at the Arlington Street Church ceremony at which draft cards were turned in, but the other three defendants were equally liable for everything that went on even though they were unaware of this rally until they read about it in the indictment.

Anybody who commits an act intentionally to further the objectives of the conspiracy becomes a member of the conspiracy. It is the position of the Department of Justice that this could include, for example, all 28,000 signers of "A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority," all who voiced support at rallies where the defendants spoke, even newsmen who reported their speeches sympathetically. Furthermore, the hearsay statements of any one of these persons, whether or not he had been indicted as a conspirator, could be used as evidence against all of the others.

Accusations of crime are normally required to be specific as to time and place. In conspiracy cases, however, the prosecution is allowed extraordinary

latitude. The sprawling indictment against the five, for example, gives the date of the crime as “From on or about August 1, 1967, and continuously thereafter up to and including the date of the return of this indictment,” January 5, 1968. Yet August 1, it turned out, was an arbitrarily selected date, for all of the defendants had been engaged in the very activities for which they were later indicted for months or years before August. Nothing in their lives changed on that magic date. August *happened* to be the month when “A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority” was first being circulated, and thereafter came the press conferences, rallies, and so on at which some of the defendants *happened* to be together.

Likewise as to place. The indictment, girdling the globe, alleges the crime to have been committed in “the District of Massachusetts, the Southern District of New York, the District of Columbia and elsewhere” (emphasis added).

This leads to another handy conspiracy exception that permits the government to pick the place of the trial. Ordinarily, under the Sixth Amendment, an accused has the right to be tried in the state and district where the crime was committed. But in a conspiracy case the prosecutor can choose the place for the trial from among any of the districts where he has alleged that “overt acts” occurred. The core of the government’s case against Dr. Spock and the others was events that took place in New York and Washington: the October 2 press conference, the demonstration at the Department of Justice, the distribution of “A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority.” Yet the government found it expedient to try the case in Boston, the site of but one of the overt acts, the service in the Arlington Street Church, in which only Coffin and Ferber had taken any part.

The overt acts cited in a conspiracy indictment may be entirely innocent (a telephone call, a chance encounter), and the evidence may be entirely circumstantial. All the government has to prove, as the prosecutor of “The Five” said, is “an understanding, a meeting of the minds, implied or tacit.” In the words of Justice Jackson, “a conspiracy often is proved by evidence that is admissible only upon assumption that conspiracy existed.” Again, a conspiracy is a conspiracy. Little wonder that Judge Learned Hand called the conspiracy doctrine “the darling of the modern prosecutor’s nursery.”

Ordinary rules of evidence are changed. In nice, tidy crimes such as murder, or soliciting for immoral purposes, it is incumbent on the prosecutor to prove that the defendant actually did it. Had the government charged the Boston defendants with “counseling, aiding, and abetting” draft refusal, it would have had to produce some evidence that they had succeeded in persuading Selective Service registrants to violate the draft law. Pre-

sumably, the prosecution would have had to round up some young men to testify that they were influenced to turn in their draft cards because of something Dr. Spock said on television, or something William Sloane Coffin, Jr., said in a sermon, which would not have been an easy task. In a conspiracy case, the prosecutor has no such burden. It is not necessary for him to prove that the accused accomplished any of the objectives of the alleged agreement, for the crime is the agreement itself, and the case rests entirely on intent.

In this connection, General Hershey himself told me there had not been any increase in the incidence of draft refusal because of Dr. Spock’s activities. He said, “None of these people have done more than irritate us in doing what we’ve got to do. We’re dealing with an oversupply. In Oakland, for example, we ended up with everyone inducted—there was not a person who promised to come to Oakland for induction who failed to show up.” (General Hershey was referring to demonstrations at the Army Induction Center in Oakland during Stop the Draft Week of October, 1967, in which some five or six thousand participated.) Then, are there no cases, I asked, where the demonstrations prevented anyone from being inducted, or from enlisting? Has anybody been prevented, stopped, or discouraged from going? “No, I don’t think so,” answered General Hershey. “They stopped them for some *minutes* in Oakland, that was all.”

Furthermore, the Boston defendants were accused of *conspiring* to do something that, as a matter of explicit policy, the government does *not* consider an indictable crime. The joint memorandum issued by Hershey and the Justice Department specifies that Selective Service registrants who violate the regulations shall be reclassified 1-A.

I asked General Hershey what happens when draft cards are turned in. He answered, “There’s no disagreement between the Justice Department and us that a boy who turns in his card can be reclassified rather than prosecuted. We prefer to get him to perform his obligation. The effort should be reformatory rather than ‘get-even.’” Van de Kamp concurred in this: “The policy is to turn the draft cards over to local boards, to give the registrants a grace period to reconsider. If the registrant refuses to report for induction, then he’ll be prosecuted, but the strategy is to wait until that time.”

In the light of all these revelations about the workings of the conspiracy doctrine as applied to the facts in the Boston case, the editorials which, as Van de Kamp told me, “welcomed the indictment and said it was about time there was a confrontation” make interesting reading. It turns out that the welcome was based on a complete misunderstanding of the nature of the case against the five.

The New York *Times*, in an editorial published shortly after the indictment, baldly *misstates* the

charge, saying the five are accused of "counseling young men to violate the draft." Nowhere, in seven paragraphs, does the editorial mention conspiracy. Proceeding from this wrong premise, the *Times* concludes:

The legal challenge to the draft and the war which has been posed by the actions of Dr. Spock and others belongs in the courts where it has been placed by the Federal indictments. The moral questions raised by the far-reaching acts of deeply troubled citizens are matters of concern for every American.

James Reston, writing in the same vein, says,

The United States Government has now brought the fundamental philosophical issue of the Vietnam war into the courts. . . . Spock and Coffin, with the help of the Government's indictment, have raised the basic question: Is the war not only legally but morally right? Is it an offense to oppose the war or to support it?

Clayton Fritchey, in the *New York Post*, hoped that prosecution of these five might "prompt re-assessment of the Vietnam war, especially the constitutional and moral aspects of it," in much the same way that prosecutions under the Volstead Act focused attention on the shortcomings of Prohibition.

There are certainly some pertinent questions about the present Selective Service System that could stand review, and it will surely be more helpful to thrash them out in the courts than in the streets. Since both the President and Congress have shied away from a formal declaration of war over Vietnam, it will be interesting to see what the courts may have to say about this as it affects the draft.

All three are dead wrong. The government never intended that there should be a "reassessment of the Vietnam war" or a "legal challenge to the draft and the war"; it took care to avoid bringing "the fundamental philosophical issue of the Vietnam war into the courts"; the indictment is specifically tailored to avoid "the basic question: Is the war not only legally but morally right?"

Had the government charged the defendants with "counseling, aiding, and abetting," there could have been a fighting chance of the confrontation sought by the defendants on the issue of the legality of the war and hence of the draft law. Instead, the government used the shabbiest weapon in the prosecutor's arsenal: the conspiracy charge.

How far could the government push its conspiracy theory? I showed John Van de Kamp a copy of *Dr. Spock on Vietnam*, an original paperback published by Dell three months after the indictments were handed down. In the foreword, Dr. Spock discusses "A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority," which is Overt Act #1 of the indictment:

Older men were invited to sign the statement in order to give the resisters moral and financial support and

to share with them the risk of five years in jail. I was one of those who made suggestions for the wording of the statement and was one of the original signers. I believed that draft resistance could become an even more powerful force than political action in compelling the Johnson administration to end its illegal war.

And in the last chapter, "What the Citizen Can Do," Dr. Spock suggests that "if first 100,000, then 200,000, then 500,000 young American men refuse to be drafted—or, if they are already in the armed forces, refuse to go to Vietnam—they will make it difficult, if not impossible, for the government to continue the war."

Now, I asked Mr. Van de Kamp, is that not a repetition of the overt acts charged, and could not Dell Publishers and the booksellers who handle the book be prosecuted as part of the conspiracy? He mulled this over for a while. "It's a question," he said finally. "I imagine Dell, *technically*, could be liable, conceivably they could be prosecuted." "And the booksellers?" "Yes, and the booksellers."

Some disturbing glimpses into the vast potential scope of the conspiracy charge were afforded by John Wall, prosecutor of the Boston Five, during the arguments on the motions, a court hearing that preceded the trial.

The indictment charged that the defendants, together with "diverse other persons, some known and others unknown to the Grand Jury," had conspired to violate the draft law. In the course of the arguments, defense counsel demanded to know the names of these diverse fellows. Mr. Wall explained for the government: The defense had already seen the faces of the co-conspirators in television newsreel films of various mass meetings, church services, press conferences. These films, which took a total of three hours to run, were in effect a preview of the government's evidence, said Mr. Wall. What more could the defense want? They have seen the co-conspirators in those movies—the participants in the press conference, the rallies, the demonstrations—the government doesn't know the names of all those people!

After court, I asked Mr. Wall about this. Did he mean that anybody who happened into the range of the camera at these large gatherings is automatically considered to be a co-conspirator? He answered that the law is clear: that anybody who gives *encouragement*, who aids and abets the conspiracy, can be so considered. So, I asked, the man who claps and cheers like mad after Dr. Spock has spoken is a co-conspirator, but the man who sits glum, whose face betrays disapproval of Dr. Spock's remarks, is not? That is substantially correct, answered Mr. Wall.

The same sort of question came up again in these hearings in a slightly different form. This time, the defense lawyers wanted to know the names of the "diverse Selective Service registrants" who, accord-

ing to the indictment, had been counseled, aided, and abetted by the defendants. Mr. Wall had a ready answer here, too. He referred the defense to the U.S. Census Bureau—because of the enormous amount of publicity given by the media to the statements and activities of Dr. Spock and others, he said, it could be safely inferred that every eligible draftee, every man between the ages of eighteen and thirty-six, had been counseled by the defendants to refuse the draft. John P. MacKenzie of the *Washington Post* followed up on this during the court recess, pretending grave concern for his own safety. He asked Wall: If the media are responsible for spreading the Spock message to the whole draft-age male population, is not a reporter who files a story about a demonstration, a television crew that films it, a news photographer who snaps it, part of the conspiracy? Mr. Wall, now rattled, avoided a direct answer. There is "no intention," he said, of indicting the media men.

Now the contours of a conspiracy to counsel, aid, and abet draft resistance begin to come clear. One can visualize a vast Brueghelesque canvas peopled with those who have in varying degrees aided and abetted the conspiracy. At the center are those who some years ago began to lift the corner of the rug and expose the nature of the war: I. F. Stone pounding out his weekly newsletter, Robert Scheer distributing his pamphlet *How We Got Involved in Vietnam*, professors and clergymen conducting teach-ins, The American Friends Service Committee, the Women's Strike for Peace. Surrounding them are all who have furnished eyewitness information about the American conduct of the war: Mary McCarthy, with her account of corruption and cruelty in Saigon; Harrison Salisbury, whose revelations that the Administration was lying when it denied having bombed Hanoi were the first to be widely published in the United States; the editors of *Ramparts*, who published color photographs of napalmed babies; the news photographer who snapped the Saigon police chief in the act of murdering a prisoner of war; the TV crews who bring us nightly horror sequences of American planes strafing fleeing civilians; reporters who file accounts of acts of brutality committed by battle-hardened Marines. Nearby the Fulbright Committee is in session. While Walter Lippmann cheers him on, Senator Wayne Morse is on his feet blasting the Tonkin Bay resolution as a deliberate fraud on the Congress and the people. Eugene McCarthy in his courtly fashion is addressing his Children's Crusade. Somewhere up in the righthand corner New York *Times* editorial writers are at their typewriters questioning the wisdom, morality, and legality of the U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

For surely it is the cumulative effect of these disclosures, and the unprecedented opposition to the war in high places, that first created and then nurtured the will to resist the draft.

On June 14, 1968, an all-white, all-male jury in Boston Federal Court convicted Dr. Spock, the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, Jr., Michael Ferber, and Mitchell Goodman of conspiracy to "counsel, aid, and abet" violations of the Selective Service law. The jury acquitted Marcus Raskin of the charge.

A few weeks later, eighty-five-year-old Judge Francis W. Ford sentenced the convicted men to two years in jail. He fined the elder three \$5000 each and Ferber \$1000. "Where law and order stops," he said, "obviously anarchy begins. . . . It would be preposterous to allow those who, as the jury found, conspired to incite Selective Service registrants to violate the law to escape under the guise of free speech."

As we go to press, the four defendants found guilty are at liberty on their own recognizance pending the outcome of their appeal, which was argued in the United States Court of Appeals for the First Circuit in January, 1969.

The likelihood is that no matter what the decision of the First Circuit Court, there will be further appeals, and that the fate of the defendants will eventually be decided by the United States Supreme Court.

Twelve Tractable Men

The concept of trial by jury is such a familiar article of our mental furniture that, like the kitchen stove or refrigerator, it is simply taken for granted. We have ceased to inquire into its origins, whether it works as it should, to what new and creative uses it could be put. We know from history books that it is an ancient common-law right derived from Anglo-Saxon law, we know from friends who have served on juries roughly how it works in practice, and we have seen juries in action in many a Perry Mason show.

Yet a number of fuzzy and erroneous ideas have grown up around the jury trial. For example, it is widely believed that the role of the jury during the presentation of evidence is a purely passive one, that jurors must sit attentively but silently throughout the testimony. Not true. Theoretically, a juror may speak up at any point during the trial, may demand explanations: "But I didn't understand what the witness was saying, I should like to ask him a few questions." Of course he seldom does because he is rarely told he has this right. Moreover, the juror, having watched Perry Mason in action, is not likely to depart so radically and abruptly from tradition at the risk of looking like a fool, even though

he may sense that the other jurors are as confused as he.

Likewise erroneous is the assumption that jurors are forbidden by law to disclose how they arrived at their verdict. Once discharged, a juror may discuss the deliberations of the panel as freely as he wishes. Not infrequently grave miscarriages of justice have been averted by such post-trial disclosures.

And is the function of the jury limited to weighing the evidence and deciding the facts in issue—did or didn't he do it? The answer is not so easy, although the judge routinely *tells* the jury that this is so, not once or twice but hypnotically throughout the trial: "You are the sole judges of the facts. I shall instruct you as to the law." If one of the lawyers manages to sneak in a bit of law here and there, the judge is quick to admonish the jury to pay no attention. "I will tell you what the law is."

With juries so conditioned, conviction of the civil disobedient is virtually a foregone conclusion. The facts are not generally in dispute: he has readily admitted to them. He does not deny that he burned his draft card, or refused induction, or committed trespass during a demonstration—or, in the case of the Boston Five, signed antiwar manifestos, attended press conferences, handed over draft cards to the Justice Department. The jury, having listened to the uncontradicted evidence of the alleged crime, now hears the judge instruct them that the law says thus-and-so, from which they can only infer that a crime has indeed been committed. Congress has expressly forbidden the burning of draft cards, refusal of induction is a felony, there is a local ordinance against trespass. If two or more come to the conclusion that the war is illegal and the draft is wrong and *act* on that conclusion, that is a criminal conspiracy.

Everything now falls neatly into place like a simple jigsaw puzzle: (a) he did it, (b) it is against the law, (c) if laws can be broken with impunity, anarchy will result. The jurors' duty is now clear: no matter where their individual sympathies may lie, how much they may agree with the defendant's views, or how strongly they may feel that the law is unjust and should be repealed, they have no choice as conscientious, law-abiding citizens but to vote a guilty verdict. Is that all there is to it, they must wonder, as, exhausted, enervated, they are at last thanked by the judge for being so attentive, and are dismissed, dropped back into their accustomed lives.

Perhaps that is not all there is to it. After the Boston trial, Joseph Sax, a young law professor at the University of Michigan, wrote an article in the *Yale Review* in which he makes a brilliantly reasoned argument challenging this concept of the jury function.

He develops the thesis that a jury has the right, and in some cases the duty, to ignore the judge's

charge, to find according to its conscience, and by its verdict to nullify unjust laws, to repudiate unjust governmental policy. "At this prospect the editorial writers have already recoiled in horror," says Sax. "The way of civil disobedience is the way of anarchy, they solemnly intone, and millions nod their agreement. The virtues of unbending obedience to the law have not always seemed quite so obvious to Americans." He cites the Fugitive Slave Laws of 1850, and the stubborn refusal of citizens in New England and the Middle West to enforce them. Even when indictments were brought against individuals who had clearly broken the law by rescuing fugitive slaves, prosecutions were often unsuccessful: community feeling against the laws and in favor of the defendants ran so high that juries refused to convict.

Sax draws on both English and American legal history to illustrate his point. In eighteenth-century England, Fox's Libel Law was enacted, giving the jury the right to take the law into its own hands in cases of what today would be called civil disobedience—"to provide a check against the influence of bad judges in bad times," as a member of the House of Commons put it in the debate on the bill in Parliament. Sax has plucked some nuggets from this debate which could have been made to order for the issues in the Boston trial.

The principle at stake was whether the jury could be told it had a right to refuse to enforce the law of seditious libel. This right was advocated by one MP because seditious libel cases involved "censures upon public men and the acts of government," creating a special danger of "political craft and oppression perverting justice." Lords Camden and Stanhope argued for "the right of the jury to take both law and the facts in their own hands" so that "juries might go according to their consciences in the law. . . . Some juries," they said, "were found resolute enough to disregard the instruction, and find a verdict for the defendant, others were overawed by the presence and perhaps the menaces of a magistrate robed, learned and dignified, and found a verdict against their consciences."

In America, Sax says, the Founding Fathers came out for the right of jury nullification of repressive laws.

For example, in 1771 John Adams said of the juror that "it is not only his right, but his duty to find the verdict according to his own best understanding, judgment and conscience, though in direct opposition to the direction of the court." And Alexander Hamilton said in 1804 that the jury in a criminal case is duty bound to acquit, despite the instructions of the judge, "if exercising their judgment with discretion and honesty they have a clear conviction that the charge of the court is wrong."

Sax concludes with an appeal that might well be heeded by those called to serve on future juries in cases involving civil disobedience:

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It is time for us to come to terms with our own contemporary version of the seditious libel problem, and recognize, as our forebears did, that it will sometimes be necessary to protest an unjust law by violating it and putting the question of justification to one's fellow citizens. . . .

Those who think resisters are tearing at the fabric of the society might wish to consider the possibility that a society is best able to survive if it permits a means for taking an issue back to the public over the heads of public officialdom: when it recognizes that a government may have so implicated itself in a wretched policy that it needs to be extricated by popular repudiation in a forum more immediately available—and less politically compromised—than a ballot box.

This is strong, persuasive stuff. Yet is it not also somewhat visionary? Could Professor Sax's ideas be made to work in a real case before a real live jury? On the face of it, it would seem the first requirement would be a jury that included at least some representation of those most likely to be receptive to a radically new approach to the administration of justice—intellectuals, blacks, liberals, the wretched of the earth. Our Boston jury seemed, from what little we knew of them during the trial, a most unlikely bunch to respond to such unorthodox views. Only later, after I had discussed the trial with some of them, did I feel that the Sax approach would not have been wasted and might indeed have made a difference to the outcome.

The jury was screened in advance by the government. Mr. Wall told me that the Attorney General's office had ordered an FBI check of all prospective jurors which would disclose not only any actual criminal record, but also, to the alert local G-man, any suspect behavior requiring FBI surveillance. So presumably, none of those who finally were impeached had ever fallen afoul of the law, or engaged in any activity (such as peace demonstrations) that might have attracted the attention of the FBI.

Defense counsel, of course, had no such access to the private lives and thoughts of the jurors. What slim information they did have, gleaned from the city directory, on educational background and occupation, was not encouraging: High school only, five. Some college, six. College degree, one. There were two self-employed, six white-collar, three blue-collar, one professional. Meat cutter, printer, hardware clerk, loan supervisor, technician, engineer, customer-service representative. “And I wanted mothers, beards, and eggheads!” groaned Coffin's lawyer, James St. Clair, when he saw the list.

Jury-watching, jury-analyzing, jury-predicting was an ongoing preoccupation of press and speculators. “Juror Number 6 kept his eyes shut during Dr. Spock's testimony.” “Have you noticed how Juror Number 1 keeps staring at the defendants?”

“How do they see Wall? As Boy Scout or Torquemada?” “Or as Mr. Clean, wrapped in the American flag?” “I swear a couple of them have been dead for two days, somebody ought to do a mirror test to see if they're still breathing.” “Might as well read the entrails of a chicken as try to guess what they're actually thinking, if anything.” Those twelve impassive faces tantalized, irritated, intrigued us throughout the four long weeks.

Everybody did a certain amount of informal polling of Boston types—waitresses, hotel clerks, bar-stool acquaintances—about what they thought of the Spock trial, in an effort to take the measure of the New England mind. The results were far from propitious. The range of views was narrow indeed, from “Dr. Spock may be a great doctor, but he's broken the law and he should take the consequences,” to “They should all be hanged as traitors.” The latter comment was made by a cabdriver to a knowledgeable local judge and myself. “*There's* your reason for the government's choice of Boston as the ideal city in which to try this case!” remarked the judge. “In Washington they ran the risk of blacks on the jury, in New York they'd have had Jews. They can be *sure* of this Boston jury.”

Long before the verdict was returned, the pro-Spock courtroom crowd had pretty much sized up the jury as hawks and bigots who would surely be prejudiced against the likes of the defendants and all they stood for.

When one reporter, Anson Smith, and I managed to interview three of the jurors at some length shortly after the sentencing, their responses came as the greatest surprise. All three were strongly opposed to the Vietnam War, all expressed the highest regard for the defendants as individuals and for what they were trying to accomplish—and all said they felt, after hearing the judge's charge, that they had no alternative but to find the four defendants guilty.

Why then did they acquit Raskin—what had he *not* done that the others had done? After all, Raskin was the author of “A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority”; he had been at the October 2 press conference, had not only participated in the Department of Justice rally and delegation, but had turned in his own 4-F draft card. In what way was he less a conspirator than, say, Ferber, who had never so much as exchanged two words with any of the defendants except Coffin? This remained something of a mystery. After talking with the jurors we were left with the impression that Raskin's acquittal stemmed not from any special merit that would distinguish his case from the others, but rather from a tacit desire of the jury to assert its independence, to vote, in some token way, its conscience. Could this spark be fanned into a flame, along the lines suggested by Professor Sax, the outlook of the political defendant might be profoundly altered.

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At first, none of the jurors was willing to discuss the case with anyone. One or two made tantalizing remarks over the phone to Anson Smith as he sought appointments: “There was real solidarity between the men on the jury, we were proud of one another. . . .” “It was a hard case, our duty to deal with a brilliant bunch of fellows. . . .” “We had a hell of a problem to stay awake in the jury box on account of the air conditioning breaking down. . . .”

In time, three agreed to see us. (To what extent these three were representative of the jury as a whole, we have no way of knowing. Lawyers have suggested to me that the very fact that they were willing to discuss their verdict sets them apart as more open-minded and flexible than the others.) We were after more than just an account of the deliberations. In an unusual move, opposed by some of the defense counsel, Judge Ford had ordered the jury locked up for the duration of the trial. That month must have been a weird chapter in the lives of the twelve jurors and two alternates, suddenly seized from their familiar world of home, family, job to be plunked down in total isolation amongst complete strangers. What was the sequestered life like? How did they all get along together?—did irritations and hostility develop among the twelve of them? What were the marshals like as custodians, and what was the mysterious “entertainment” mentioned by the judge when he ordered them sequestered?

Our first interview was with the only professional man of the twelve, a thirty-seven-year-old architect of Portuguese descent. Mr. A lives an hour’s drive from Boston in a suburb of more or less stately homes. His house is large and pretty, the walls covered with his own collages and paintings. His wife was present during the interview listening attentively, and their five very well behaved children were occasionally seen flitting through the back rooms. Mrs. A told us later that she had raised them all by Dr. Spock’s book, although her husband had never read it. It struck me as a European ménage.

The trial had been, for Mr. A, an unrelieved nightmare. Until the day we came to see him, some three weeks after the verdict was returned, he had not discussed it with a soul, not even with his wife. The sequestration order came as a shocking surprise: “It was very unexpected—I had no idea when I went to report for jury duty that it would be *this* trial. I’m not familiar with legal terminology, and the notice said ‘petit jury,’ so I thought it would all be over that morning, in a couple of hours—I was completely unprepared.

“I was working under great pressure at the time, and I’d left things at the office half-finished, expecting to come back in the afternoon. I called the office at lunchtime, to say I’d be there later. That was the last time I called the office.” Then started a strange peregrination: “Judge Ford said we could all go home and collect our belongings, but five minutes later he changed that, and said we couldn’t go home alone, we should have to be accompanied by marshals. There was a shortage of marshals and cars, so there were several jurors to a car—we drove half round the state to stop by the homes of the jurors. I left about five or five thirty and called my wife to say I’d be coming for my things about eight p.m. But I didn’t get there until eleven at night.”

The jury was quartered in the Parker House, a few blocks from the courthouse, in single-occupancy bedrooms, where they were guarded night and day. “We were permitted to call home once a day. The calls were monitored—a marshal was listening in taking notes. Our letters were censored. I had to write a business letter to my partner, about a three-page letter; the marshal read it, checked it, and then mailed it.” The jury got one daily newspaper, the morning *Boston Globe*, from which the marshals had clipped out all news about the trial. Television programs were also monitored, a marshal was always on hand to switch off the set if there should be a news flash. All telephones, radios, and television sets in the bedrooms were disconnected. “One night I wanted to hear the ball game on radio—they had to get the electrician to come and fix the radio, connect it, and by then the third inning was over!”

Mr. A hated being separated from his family, he missed them terribly. Worst of all was the regimentation, the lack of activity, the constant waiting around. “It was atrocious,” he said. “I normally lead a very active life—it was unbearable. I’m used to the pressure of the architect’s office, and I do a lot of painting. I like to paint for hours at a stretch, uninterrupted—but serving on the jury the time was all cut up, fifteen minutes here, twenty minutes there.

“The daily routine went like this: At about six forty-five, someone knocked on the door, we went to the common room and had juice. Then we waited twenty-five minutes for half of the jurors to go down in the elevator to breakfast. Then we’d wait for the other group to get down in the elevator. After breakfast we went back to our rooms; another twenty-five minutes’ wait, and we came down in the elevator again in two groups, and then walked over to the courthouse. At the courthouse, it was unbearable. Those continual breaks, bench conferences, and so on.”

For exercise, Mr. A would pace up and down the jury room during the court recess; like a man condemned to live in a Bastille cell he measured

its exact dimensions, 35 by 14½ feet, and figured that you had to walk it 150 times to make a mile, which he did for the first several days. The weekends seemed to drag endlessly. Once or twice they went to the movies or to a ball game or just for a drive.

Anson Smith and I were beginning to express our sympathy at this horror-tale of enforced incarceration when Mr. A burst out with a remark that was truly startling in the circumstances: "I would kill myself if I ever ended up in jail in these conditions."

Yet in a way Mr. A was glad to have been through the experience. He said he was particularly impressed "with the extent the Justice Department went to to preserve the rights of the defendants by keeping the jury away from all contacts with the outside." A strong feeling of camaraderie developed among the jurors, they all got along extremely well, there were no conflicts. As for the marshals, Mr. A could not praise them enough: "They were fabulous; I was absolutely floored. I expected them to be crude and rough, but they were the most tactful people I ever met. One of them is writing an anthology of Chinese poetry—a very fine man, *very* diplomatic. They were with us all the time. The biggest surprise was the personalities of the marshals, their tactfulness."

Discussing how the jury arrived at its verdict, Mr. A was curiously reticent on one or two points. He declined to tell us how many votes were taken, how the jury stood at various stages, and he seemed loath to say much about the reasoning that led to acquittal of Raskin. We asked at what stage the jury distinguished Raskin from the other defendants. "Speaking for myself, I felt that way from the start of the deliberations. My own point of view was that Raskin, though a very outspoken critic of the war, did exercise judgment about draft evasion. To me, this was the key issue." He seemed anxious to change the subject, and we talked of other matters. Later, we returned to Raskin; why the not-guilty verdict? "The way Raskin himself was convincing was the point. Wall was forceful, and I don't like people who push other people around. Wall's mannerisms bothered me a lot. Some of the jurors thought him a great hero, and some didn't. I was just listening to what Raskin was saying."

And what of the conspiracy? At this point in our interview we got a glimpse of the doubts and distress that assailed Mr. A in reaching a verdict, doubts that were, however, put to rest by the judge:

Q. What item or items of evidence did you find most compelling about the conspiracy?

A. [Here Mr. A was silent for a full minute, clearly very upset, searching for a way to explain.

Finally, and painfully, he spoke.] I had great difficulty sleeping that night after the summing-up arguments. I sympathized very strongly with the defendants—I *detest* the Vietnam War. Also to some extent I think there is unfairness in the draft law. But it was put so clearly by the judge. It was a law violation—there's no way—it's a very fine point—the jury can't say, "Was he justified in violating the law?" If the judge had said, "If you find they were justified, find them not guilty," it would have been *beautiful*.

Q. How did the other jurors feel about the war?

A. I don't know how the others felt—they take things as they come—perhaps they don't think much about it.

Q. Were they hawkish or dovish?

A. I don't know.

Q. Wasn't Ferber's link pretty tenuous?

A. I think that's true. But that's one of the things the judge's charge helped to clarify.

Q. Could the conspiracy doctrine be a dangerous weapon? Did you think about this at all?

A. Yes, I did.

Q. Where does political action stop and conspiracy begin?

A. That's why I couldn't sleep the night before the verdict; I was concerned.

Q. What did you think of Dr. Spock?

A. He's very honest and straightforward, has lofty and commendable ideals.

Q. And Coffin?

A. A dynamic person, he must be a great speaker.

Q. Then—how could they be part of a criminal conspiracy?

A. I can't answer—I would have to go into a re-evaluation of all my own thoughts on the subject. It goes back to the judge's charge.

Q. Do you think the other jurors were aware of this fine line between freedom of speech and criminal conspiracy?

A. I don't know—I had a feeling they probably weren't. Even before the judge's charge, I felt the majority of the jury saw things in black-and-white terms—although one or two had the concept of this fine boundary. Several definitions—word definitions of legal terms—made it clear this was a conspiracy to aid and abet.

Q. Why did you exonerate them of the charge of "counseling"?

A. We couldn't see any evidence they actually counseled—that they said to a kid, "Why don't you turn in your card?"

Q. Yet you found them guilty of aiding and abetting draft refusal? And aiding and abetting nonpossession of cards?

A. They did aid and abet, indirectly. You can "aid" by addressing yourself to that issue.

Q. What did you think of the judge?

A. He was very fair-minded, sharp for his age,

for an eighty-five-year-old man, although sometimes he couldn't hear too well. He was very friendly and kind to the woman from the draft board; she was so nervous; he put her at her ease, made her relax.

Q. But she was a prosecution witness?

A. True.

Q. What about when he interrupted Boudin's closing argument and told Rabinowitz not to "demonstrate"? [Leonard Boudin and Victor Rabinowitz were counsel for Dr. Spock.]

A. Rabinowitz had a habit of making faces. [Mr. A mimics Rabinowitz, rolls his eyes ceilingward in a Heavens-to-Betsy fashion.]

If Mr. A emerged as at once sensitive and reserved, intelligent yet strangely naïve, by contrast Mr. B, a printshop owner of Italian extraction, seemed self-assured, talkative, and worldly-wise. He also was beset by some of the doubts, and troubled by the moral dilemma, that poisoned life for Mr. A during the trial.

While he found the sequestered life trying, it did have compensations: "We had entertainment—always of the best—food always of the best, martinis before dinner, the government spared no expense to see that our life was as pleasant as possible. I gained twelve pounds during the trial. We went to the best restaurants and so forth—but it was abnormal. Everything we did was checked—even going to the men's room, we were accompanied right into the room." He enjoyed kidding around with the marshals: "All phone calls were censored, a three-way line: the juror, his loved one on the other end, and a deputy monitoring everything. Once I called my mother, and we were talking in Italian! The deputy was at a loss, he yelled Uncle, and called in an Italian-speaking deputy. I said, 'I also *spreche Deutsch!*' There was lots of tomfoolery, horseplay." He added complacently, "But morale was at the highest. I gathered from the deputies that this jury was as good as they come—an excellent cross section of citizens, men of conviction, not easily swayed. Each was determined to render a fair verdict."

The clue to how this fair verdict was reached by the "men of conviction" was supplied early in our interview. We asked if there had been much disagreement amongst the jurors during their deliberations. "A certain amount. But our duty was clear-cut. We were charged by the judge to make our decision on our findings. It was as obvious to us as to anyone else that they were guilty as charged by the judge." "Did you say, *Guilty as charged by the judge?*" I repeated, startled. "Yes," answered Mr. B.

On the defendants: "Coffin's a hell of a nice fellow. Friendly, articulate. Here's a man willing to fight for people's rights—he went South with the Freedom Riders, was in the CIA—the type of

man I admire." "Ferber? I admire him too. A youngster, who didn't appear to have the manly physique of an Atlas, but mentally he was a giant." "Goodman has the courage of his convictions; he believes in giving kids guidance." "Dr. Spock is outstanding. He could spend a life of ease in the Caribbean Sea—he doesn't have to do what he is doing. His book is almost a Bible." "Raskin—here's a man who has been exposed to the machinery of government. I worked in the State House, and saw things that turned my stomach. Raskin was exposed to enough to turn *his* stomach! He thought the war was outrageous. He's a sincere individual."

On the prosecutor: "A cocky young fellow, outspoken, dramatic, a Hollywood-type prosecutor. I wasn't too favorably impressed by him."

On crime and punishment: "I'm in agreement with what they're trying to accomplish—my friends were amazed I found them guilty; but they did break the law." "I don't have to stress where *my* sympathy lay. Like Raskin, I think it's a senseless war. But my personal views don't count." "I'm convinced the Vietnam War is no good. But we've got a Constitution to uphold. If we allow people to break the law, we're akin to anarchy." "I personally feel the government has a weak case. But if the defendants had been found not guilty—we'd have chaos!" "Technically speaking, they were guilty according to the judge's charge. If there had been a different charge, we could have voted differently—if he had said, 'Let's face it, they're entitled to their opinions.'" "There'd have been adverse consequences if they'd been found not guilty, you'd have thousands of people doing the same thing." "Wall said, 'We've got to nip this thing in the bud.' What did he mean? To put a stop to it. There could be all sorts of reverberations—chaos." "We based our verdict on 'were they guilty?' no matter how weak the case, and it *was* weak. The government didn't have a strong case. Up to the judge's charge, I would have found them not guilty."

On the judge: "Here's a strange thing: Wall's closing argument. The judge charged us along the same lines as Wall did. When Wall gave his closing, the judge almost corroborated his charge—he was in general agreement with the prosecution, which is obvious to anyone who followed the trial. Judge Ford leaned toward Wall. But he tried to be fair. After all, he is employed by the federal government, they pay his wages—he couldn't be *for* breaking the law." (Canny Mr. B! You have something there.)

On the acquittal of Raskin: "Prior to the Andretta Room conference, in the films of the mass meeting outside the Justice Department, we could barely see Raskin's head in the film. The only thing he did was to state his views on the Vietnam conflict—as a matter of fact, he's written two books

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about it. He's entitled to his views on the war.”

Mr. B told us in some detail about the chronology of the deliberations. The foreman played a relatively passive role, taking votes and chairing the discussion. First they took a secret ballot, each juror writing his verdict on a slip of paper. In this first vote four jurors (among them Mr. B) found all defendants but Raskin guilty, eight found them all guilty. “We had some discussion after that, because the judge did say that if there was a reasonable doubt we should find them not guilty.” Then one of the jurors—and it turned out to be our Mr. A—went to the blackboard and made a chart showing how each of the defendants was linked with the others. (Why did Mr. A not tell us this? What deep-seated feelings of personal distress over his role made him shy away from saying anything at all about the chart which was his idea, the votes, the sequence of the deliberations?) After some five and a half hours of discussion, the jury arrived at its general verdict. The foreman then polled the jurors as to the special findings.

Q. How did you arrive at the verdict?

A. Every one of the twelve was determined in his own mind they were guilty. We had stacks of evidence, draft cards, testimony, pictures—we deliberated seven and a half hours.

Q. How come you found Ferber guilty of con-

spiracy when he didn't know any of the others?

A. That's a point well taken. It wasn't *totally* a conspiracy. What Ferber did do was aid and abet.

Q. But the charge was conspiracy?

A. Yes, but conspiracy to aid and abet.

Q. Did you think that Ferber was party to this criminal agreement?

A. A conspiracy can be two people entering an agreement. Ferber aided and abetted young men after they'd made their minds up.

Q. What persuaded you there was a criminal agreement among the four you found guilty?

A. Not criminal agreement—*conspiracy*.

Q. You must have thought there was evidence they were in agreement. What about the “Call to Resist,” was that a big thing?

A. No. Raskin wrote the original article, then it was rehashed by others—after it jelled he was quite ill, and his baby had some malady—the draft was not uppermost in his mind. About the conspiracy, somewhere along the line each defendant was connected. Ferber in Washington, Coffin in Washington, Spock in Washington—you can join these three on this point. And then again, how about convicting the mayor of New York? [Mayor Lindsay had testified, as a witness for the defense, that he had called in Dr. Spock to discuss plans for the Whitehall Street induction-center demonstra-



Wide World Photos.

Mitchell Goodman, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Michael Ferber, and Dr. William Sloane Coffin, Jr.

tion, seeking to ensure an orderly assembly.] Here's a guy who prearranged things—he's aiding and abetting too. The more I think of it, the more I think how ridiculous! All those police at Whitehall Street, Goodman and Spock obstructing traffic! A battery of newsmen, and a deputy tapped Spock on the shoulder and arrested him. A ludicrous thing—Goodman, in the background, ran up and said, "How about arresting me?" The whole thing's rife with technicalities. But, why I don't want to talk out of turn, Raskin only *talked*. I've spent some sleepless nights over this. Look at what happened to Raskin! He said, "I hate the Vietnam War," and he spends weeks and weeks defending himself in court.

What of the reaction of friends and family to the verdict? "I've got three teen-age sons, two are draft age—the draft is breathing down their necks. When I heard we were going to be locked up, late in the afternoon of the first day of the trial, a deputy accompanied me to my home to get my personal effects. My three boys were home—they were somewhat flabbergasted. They'd discussed these things with me before, we're generally in agreement. My second boy said, 'Give 'em hell!' And he was *not* referring to Spock, he was referring to the government." But when the trial was over, and Mr. B explained it all to the boys, they felt that Dad had done the right thing: "They agreed with me, that these men did break the law. But the law should be changed. The draft law is discriminatory; it's obvious it should be changed." Not all the family was so easily persuaded of the justice of the verdict: "My sister said she thought it was a shame to convict them, but her husband shut her up pretty quick." (We asked him what he thought of the government challenging the two women called to the jury box: "Don't misunderstand me, I love women. But we had a job to do, and who wants a woman, who thinks with her feelings about these things?")

Mr. B himself betrayed some qualms about his vote: "The Saturday after the verdict I woke with a splitting headache, wondering if I did the right thing. The conspiracy law should be changed—technically you could call the mayor of New York and thousands of his policemen conspirators. I can't fathom it out, it's beyond me."

And now, outstanding Dr. Spock, the hell-of-a-nice-fellow Mr. Coffin, courageous Goodman, and mental giant Ferber are all up for a two-year stretch in the penitentiary. What did Mr. B think of the sentences meted out by Judge Ford? "I was surprised—I'd expected a slap on the wrist, probation, no sentence. I thought the judge was very rough on them. There wasn't a man there who wasn't trying to better his country. If they are incarcerated, the government would be making a great mistake. I saw Raskin after the verdict,

and I said, 'I hope to God Uncle Sam doesn't see fit to create martyrs out of these four. . . .'" "Then why did you vote them guilty, knowing this might result in their being imprisoned?" "I knew they were guilty when we were charged by the judge. I did not know *prior* to that time—I was in full agreement with the defendants until we were charged by the judge. That was the kiss of death!"

So we had come full circle.

Our third and last interview was with a semiretired management sales consultant in his sixties who lives in a modest house in the suburbs. In all ways an *homme moyen*, Mr. C came closest to my idea of the Average Juror. We have seen him reflected as part of a percentage point in the majority columns of innumerable Gallup polls. He is law-abiding, kindly disposed toward his fellowman, and would be the first to admit he is not given to undue mental exertion. His twenty-four-year-old son will be coming up shortly for reclassification: "My boy's not for the Vietnam War any more than anyone else is. He'll do what he can legally not to go. But he told me he thought our verdict was right."

Like Mr. B, he was impressed by the unaccustomed lavish living: "We went to Trader Vic's, Pier 4, Jimmy's Harbor Side. We could have only two drinks with our dinner—I think the limitation was set not because of the money side, but because they didn't want it to seem the jurors were going on a toot, if somebody had a few too many. On weekends we went up the coast in air-conditioned Mercedes-Benz buses, stopped at the Old Mill in Westminster." His son is a rugby football enthusiast, and it happened that his team was scheduled to play on Memorial Day weekend, in the middle of the trial. "I tried to talk up rugby to the other fellows on the jury, but couldn't get them interested. So two marshals volunteered to take me out—I think they enjoyed it. Some of my friends out there saw me, with two men guarding me, one on each side! My wife came down from the stands, and we greeted one another, but the marshals stood right between us as we talked."

Mr. C had a good word to say for everyone: "The marshals were a swell bunch of fellows, very pleasant, very nice. . . . Judge Ford is terrific, very fair, has a good sense of humor. . . . Wall was a real keen boy, had the whole thing on the tip of his tongue every minute, he knew just where all the exhibits were, where to lay hands on them, and he spoke right up so you could hear him. . . . The defense lawyers were outstanding, they all did a good job. . . . Coffin is sincere, he has no ulterior motives, I think he firmly believes this moral law is above the government law. . . . Dr. Spock's a very fine man. . . . Ferber is a bright

“Guilty as Charged by the Judge”

young boy, very presentable. He might be better off doing some athletics instead of all that studying? He's a Phi Beta Kappa, must be smart. I didn't go for some of his buddies very much, that group we'd see lined up in the corridor every morning. But I'm very strong for the younger generation, I think they're terrific. . . . The jurors—it's interesting to me, these fellows who never saw each other before, of varying conditions and environments—we got on pretty well together, there were no flare-ups, everybody was friendly, sincere about their duty and responsibility. Nobody jumped on anyone else for disagreeing.”

Of the acquittal of Raskin, he said: “There's no doubt in my mind he knew what was going on, but the general feeling was that Raskin is one of those real brains, a little bit on cloud 9—he said he was there but he didn't listen, he was thinking of something else. There's no doubt he's loaded with brains; I know people like that, they'll participate in a conversation from time to time, but they're way off.”

Mr. C's explanation of how he arrived at the guilty verdict was totally bewildering:

Q. How did you reach a decision?

A. The biggest discussion was not “guilty or not guilty,” but what the judge meant by conspiracy. You can interpret that in a lot of ways. The judge did outline it very clearly, but it's not what an ordinary layman would call conspiracy. You think of people sitting down together and planning it out step by step, but that's not the way the judge said it.

Q. How did you construe “conspiracy”?

A. Conspiracy involved—not necessarily all five together, but along with others known and unknown, to burn draft cards and interfere with induction centers.

Q. Did you decide the defendants conspired to burn draft cards?

A. It was too obvious! No question about that.

Q. But they were not charged with burning draft cards?

A. No, that's right, but they were aiding and abetting the kids to burn draft cards.

Q. But that's not in the indictment—it was conspiring to aid and abet refusal to serve, nonpossession of cards, hindering the administration of the act.

A. Well, they weren't all necessarily cards. There were a lot of letters and so on burned too.

Q. But where did “burning” fit in your scheme of deliberations?

A. Not *burning* so much an issue as the fact they turned them in. But the burning made more impression on you.

Q. Spock and Coffin both testified they were opposed to burning cards?

A. We didn't feel they were out there saying,

“You go in and burn it!” But Coffin is a persuasive speaker.

Discussing the judge's charge, Mr. C unwittingly spoke directly to the point made by Professor Sax: “Of course you wonder if you made the right decision; but the way the judge charged us, there was no choice. People I've talked with since the verdict are sympathetic to the actions of Spock and Coffin—they seem to think the jury should have been there to decide if the law is right or wrong, but we weren't there to decide that. You can't have juries deciding whether *laws* are right—there are certain laws on the books.”

Again, we wanted to know how it felt to have sent these “fine, sincere, bright, presentable people” to prison:

Q. What did you think of the sentence?

A. I thought he'd give the maximum, myself. But I thought it pretty smart to do what he did. I doubt they'll ever spend time in jail—there's the appeal, which will last way beyond the election. But I think the appeal court will uphold Ford.

Q. But—if the appeal court upholds Ford, they'll go to jail?

A. I don't wish anyone to go to jail. I couldn't wish anyone of the caliber of individuals they are to spend two years in jail. But I think the sentence was right, and the verdict was right.

We could not shake him from this queer inconsistency, although we went back over it with him a few times.

Summing up his reaction to the experience, Mr. C had this to say: “I think if everyone could serve on a jury it would be very helpful to the whole country. I've said this to a lot of people. With all the goings-on in this country, to me this jury trial renews my faith in the United States system—to see the conscientious feeling of those men, taken at random—their sincere feeling and hope they've done the right thing.”

A vastly consoling thought: the American way. No danger here of the political dissident being dragged from his bed at gunpoint in the middle of the night and hustled off to some secret destination, there to be held without trial. No, in America he is properly indicted, admitted to bail, allowed counsel of his choice, and eventually found guilty by a jury of sincere and conscientious people like Messrs. A, B, and C.

Following the sentencing, a cry went up against the judge from most of the newspaper and magazine correspondents who had covered the trial.

In his “wrap-up” story in the *Washington Post*, John P. MacKenzie wrote:

The trial of Dr. Spock was a disaster for all concerned . . . a deep embarrassment for the American system

of justice. . . . Sixteen volumes of transcript tell part of the story, but they can never tell it all. They do not convey the manner in which 85-year-old Judge Francis J. W. Ford showed his disbelief in the defense case and his tolerance for the Government's. . . . The Judge's display of bias may not be enough in itself to overturn the convictions. But it demeaned the Federal bench and deprived the nation of a trial that was fundamentally fair.

No impartial observer of that trial would dispute MacKenzie's characterization of the judge's behavior. But is it not self-deluding to speak in terms of a "fair trial" in a politically motivated, politically timed, and politically organized prosecution? When applied to such a case, does not the cherished concept of due process of law, the foundation of our system of jurisprudence, become merely an elaborate sham to mask what is in reality a convenient device to silence opponents of governmental policies? If this is so, does not the demand for fair trial and due process in political cases simply help perpetuate the myth—should not the demand rather be, in the public interest, an *end* to political trials?

The fact must be faced that political prosecutions invariably produce unjust, often tragic, results. Found guilty after a costly, often ruinous, trial, branded a criminal if not a traitor, the defendant must seek his comfort in the thought that perhaps years later, after the hysteria of the moment has abated, an appellate court may reverse his conviction. Nor is there much solace for the rare defendant, like Marcus Raskin, who is acquitted, for, having gone through the ordeal and the expense of the court proceedings, his life and career disrupted, he is in neither the eyes of the public nor his own "vindicated." He has merely been lucky enough to slip through the net.

So it is the fact of political prosecution rather than the fairness of the court procedures that is crucial.

The case against the Boston Five was expressed predictably, in terms of the favorite electioneering slogan of all three 1968 presidential candidates. Judge Ford's remarks as he pronounced sentence were already ringing in our ears, for we had heard them daily, for months, in the campaign speeches

of Nixon, Humphrey, and Wallace: "*Where law and order stops, obviously anarchy begins.*"

Writing in the *Boston Globe*, Ferber gives his views on law and order:

Let us be clear that the generation of Resistance has plenty of respect for law and order, certainly much more respect than President Johnson has, whose war in Vietnam is illegal in a dozen ways, certainly much more than many policemen have, whose bias against black people and young people is notorious. There is nothing lawful and orderly about the way America arranges its political, economic, and diplomatic affairs, only a veneer of efficiency and stability. If the law must be broken, it will be broken in the name of justice and morality, without which law and order are mere tyranny. It will not be broken for the personal gain, prejudice, fear or megalomania that now dominate America's lawless society.

At the Spock trial, the government's message came over loud and clear: You are not as free as you think you are. Yes, of course, you may sign a peace petition, you may have your name on a newspaper advertisement supporting draft resisters; as John Wall said, the government is not suggesting it is going to indict somebody for signing a piece of paper! You may go to that mass meeting, and applaud if you feel like it—do you really imagine that in this, the most open society in the world, anybody is going to be indicted for *applauding*? However, if you do all these things, you will be "kept under surveillance by the FBI as a general security precaution" (as Van de Kamp told me the Boston Five were), and should it happen to suit the government's purpose, you will then be prosecuted, and the petition, the advertisement, the mass meeting, and your applause will be solemnly paraded before the jury as evidence against you.

While calling on prosecutors not to prosecute may seem a little like urging lions to stop eating Christians, it is likely that if enough people were moved to concern themselves with political trials everywhere, in their own communities or on a national level—and by learning about these trials were stung into action to demand a stop to them—prosecutors, who are after all only cogs in the political system, would be forced to call a that.

In a subsequent issue will appear "The Oakland Seven" by Elinor Langer, the story of a trial that brought quite different results, and was, says the author, "one of the most remarkable political trials ever held in America."

What's good about children's TV

by Norman S. Morris

American television is fair game for its critics, but think twice, says this student of TV, before you disparage *The Friendly Giant*, *Misterogers' Neighborhood*, and *Captain Kangaroo*. The author, father of two small boys, is a writer for CBS News.

Nearly twelve million young people between the ages of three and five do not attend any form of school. Yet, according to the Nielsen Television Index, the preschoolers look at television 54.1 hours a week. What they perceive few people really know; and it is all the more alarming to realize that no effort has ever been made in this country to find out.

In 1954 the British Broadcasting Corporation suggested that comprehensive impact studies on children be conducted scientifically by the Nuffield Foundation. Three distinguished psychologists, Dr. Hilde T. Himmelweit, Dr. A. N. Oppenheim, and Miss Pamela Vince, carried out the project during a four-year period. The British study had the advantage of having a readily accessible control group. Portions of the island, notably around Norwich, had no television transmitters, so the residents had not been exposed to television programming.

The Nuffield examination of television, as extensive as it was, primarily used as subjects children between the ages of ten and fourteen. The few experiments with preschoolers can point out tendencies, but can hardly be interpreted as conclusive. Still, the BBC-initiated studies, completed in 1958, remain the only yardsticks we have.

Parents have turned more and more to the electronic baby-sitter. The risk is that the practice can easily be carried to extremes at the expense of helping the child develop other human contacts or an interest in reading. Parental responsibility lies not only in guiding the child to acquire healthy appetites regarding television; the parent also should be responsible for what the child selects to view on the television screen.

In the realm of young children's television three men have been the pioneers: Robert Homme, Robert Keesham, and Fred Rogers. Children know Homme as the Friendly Giant, an easygoing, gentle giant who would not recognize a beanstalk if he

tripped over one. Friendly stands about five feet, eleven inches tall, but to tiny children, whose eyesight is often superior, he is probably eighty feet tall. Friendly has been playing the recorder and chatting with Jerome the Giraffe and Rusty the Rooster since before most of his audience was born. This is his tenth season on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. For five years prior to his coming to Canada, his fifteen-minute weekday visits originated in Madison, Wisconsin, on the University of Wisconsin's television station WHA. Most of this time, the program has been carried in the United States on National Educational Television.

Robert Keesham is the bewigged and somewhat bumbling Captain Kangaroo, who for the past thirteen years has been rattling around in the Treasure House weekday mornings on CBS-TV. An impatient adult, unfamiliar with the program, may glance at the captain's costume, conclude at once that he is a buffoon, and switch channels. But between three and ten million children remain fixed



Robert Homme

to the set to find out if Bunny Rabbit will outwit the captain and win a bunch of carrots.

Anything but a buffoon, Keesham is a quiet-spoken man, bursting with energy and a complete sense of dedication to youngsters. Captain Kangaroo's get-together with the children lasts an hour, and the program becomes progressively more simplified as the hour passes. This "gearing down" takes into account the fact that the older children have left or are about to leave for school, while the number of preschoolers watching is growing. Keesham has recently inaugurated a special segment near the end of the program for disadvantaged three-, four-, and five-year-olds. This segment, which is coordinated with the Banks Street College of Education, is not precisely new on the program, but for the first time the material being presented is offered in a step-by-step, orderly progression. Throughout the hour viewers are likely to encounter any number of regular passersby: a farmer of inestimable imagination named Mr. Green Jeans, a schoolteacher by the name of Mr. Baxter, and an assortment of talking or performing animals. One of the high points to children and adults alike is the remarkable animation effects created by Cosmos Allegretti.

When Fred Rogers drops by on weekday afternoons to spend a half hour with his friends, the very young, he wears no costume and plays no role other than the one he plays in real life. His visits on *Misterogers' Neighborhood*, which is seen across the country on National Educational Television, reveal Rogers' psychological orientation.

One of his primary objectives is helping children deal with their emotions. Sometimes he will discuss anger and love with them. (Discuss is a quite proper word because his talks are so personal that they frequently trigger a byplay in which the child may respond vocally to a question and Rogers, anticipating the reply, may follow through to his next point.) Other times he will deal with fears, real or imagined. Later in the program, a toy trolley appears, and the audience is transported briefly to the Neighborhood of Make-Believe. There we meet a group of puppets and people in a fantasy land presided over by one King Friday The Thirteenth. Often a large segment of this adventure is a musical journey of one kind or another. Rogers is an accomplished musician, and when he has a message to get over, he sits down and composes music and lyrics that are easily remembered to carry the message through. Once when a child wrote in asking for reassurance that he could not go down the drain of his bathtub, Rogers sat down and wrote a song entitled, "You Can Never Go Down—You Can Never Go Down." At the conclusion of *Misterogers' Neighborhood*, we return from the Neighborhood of Make-Believe to the sitting room, where Mister Rogers has a few last remarks to make. "I like you as you are," he finally says to



Robert Keesham

the child. Then to tell good-bye, he sings another of his compositions, entitled "Tomorrow."

Homme, Keesham, and Rogers approach television for the very young from somewhat different directions, but all three believe it is essential for them to establish a *relationship* with the child at home. And every move they make is calculated to achieve that end. Viewers rarely, if ever, see a child in the studio when they watch *The Friendly Giant*, *Captain Kangaroo*, or *Misterogers' Neighborhood*. The reason is that all three men agree that a child in the studio serves to set up a possible sibling-rivalry situation for the child at home. The preference among all three is for puppets that aid rather than undermine the desired relationship. Rogers points out that the small children are almost obsessed with their smallness. He says they readily identify with puppets because they are even smaller. The child is free to put on a hand puppet, have it feel a part of him, and know this is at least one thing he can control.

All three men assiduously avoid condescension. The level of language is straightforward, and if unfamiliar words crop up on the program, the child is generally able to extract the correct meanings of the new words from the context and from repetition of thought. Homme, Keesham, and Rogers want to be regarded as reasonable, nonthreatening adults by the child at home. They believe that no television personality can serve as a parent substitute, but they would like to think of themselves as extensions of the parent, offering additional warmth, understanding, knowledge, and guidance.

Nevertheless, Fred Rogers thinks that television in general could contribute a good deal more to the emotional development of the young. *Growing* is so important to children, Rogers says, and that is one of the themes he constantly leans hard on. "Playing is important," he tells his small friends. "It makes you grow." When he meets a child, he is likely to remark, "Why, I think you've grown!" And the child may proudly say, "I thought you'd notice that, Mister Rogers. And I only wear diapers at night, too!" Rogers also turns a negative to a

positive and reminds children of all the advantages of being small. They can crawl under tables, he says, and do things with their tiny hands that adults could never manage to do without the use of tools.

Rogers works closely with Dr. Margaret McFarland, the administrative director of Pittsburgh's Arsenal Family and Children Center, a division of the University of Pittsburgh's medical school. Before a script is taped, it is carefully discussed by them in a kind of "creative interchange" of thought. From Rogers' standpoint, the result is a refinement of the work which he considers essential and regards as inspirational.

Keesham believes that what Fred Rogers is doing is tremendously important, and he is equally enthusiastic about the part television can play in child development. We have got to keep in mind, Captain Kangaroo reminds us, that children are intelligent human beings with potentially good taste. It's a fact many of us often forget. And, he continues, it is incumbent on television performers to educate as well as to entertain. Keesham thinks psychologists and educators too often try to distinguish between education and entertainment. "Information," he says, "can be presented in a fascinating, entertaining way to rival any kind of conventional material and still produce an educational result." To those who consider *Captain Kangaroo* almost pure entertainment, Keesham responds, "Look more carefully at the material. A good portion of it is educational matter."

Robert Homme and Robert Keesham were entertainers in broadcasting with little interest initially in children's programming. After each had had his first child, he turned the corner professionally. Homme speaks frankly when he says that "though I knew something about children, I still conceived of myself as an entertainer, not an educator." But after his entrance into radio as a children's entertainer, he began to have second thoughts. He suddenly realized that, like it or not, he was in the position of a teacher. "Those children out there," he says, "were listening to everything I had to say, and I began to think that what I had to say had better be good." His philosophy—that it is important to say and do worthwhile things for children—is clearly reflected in the *Friendly Giant*. The amiable tall man lives in a castle somewhere near a farm and begins each show with words familiar in many homes: "Once upon a time, not long ago and not far away . . ." Then suddenly we are thrust into a theme that runs the length of the program. The theme is explored through a book or through music, sometimes through both. When it concludes, we are left with a feeling of finality, a feeling, Homme believes, that is important for tiny people.

Friendly is, of course, the central figure of the program. But much of its sparkle comes from Rusty

the Rooster, a bookish little fellow, and from Jerome the Giraffe. Friendly's easy-natured banter with Rusty and Jerome often allows even an adult to forget that the latter two are hand puppets. Rusty, who by the way resides in a book bag hanging in the castle, represents a very small child, and his primary source of knowledge about the world comes from the books he reads and the discussions with Friendly. Jerome, on the other hand, represents the somewhat older, slightly brash, and more worldly child, who spends a good deal of time wandering about the farmlands. Homme says if a child at home knows something discussed on the program, he is likely to identify with Jerome. If not, he will identify with Rusty. Friendly may take up subjects ranging all the way from poetry to beavers. He does not expect preschoolers to come away with specific ideas on any subject. "What is important," he says, "is for them to see that we adults enjoy knowledge, that we keep our eyes and ears open because the world is filled with things that can make life a little happier."

All three programs we are examining are calm and slow-paced. The trigger-happy jolt that is experienced every few seconds in a typical cartoon show is missing. Yet millions of children are sitting still and viewing *Captain Kangaroo*, *The Friendly Giant*, and *Misterogers' Neighborhood*. Homme feels the reason is that small children like to have things seep down slowly. "Witness how they repeat and repeat things and play records over and over again. They like repetition." He says somewhat sadly, "I think the world is preoccupied with the whole notion of change. But there are a lot of things that had better not change. And one of them is the concept of clarity and coherence."

In the umbrage of Sputnik I, many children are being more and more ensnared in the octopus-like tentacles of technology. The gravitational pull of science is being aided and abetted by parental influence. Scarcely are children able to walk than parents have outlined a complete program designed to get them into the "right schools" and eventually Harvard or Radcliffe. This presumably necessitates any number of assorted intellectual pursuits beginning with the choice of the "correct nursery." Fred Rogers feels this movement is laying the foundation for serious defects in child development. "We've let the emotional side of development go," he laments. "Kids need time to develop their own fantasies, and studying Chinese or Russian, together with a hundred and one other things at age three or four, is robbing them of needed time."

Psychiatric opinion supports the view that it is essential for children to develop the concept of fantasy. *Misterogers' Neighborhood*, *The Friendly Giant*, and *Captain Kangaroo* all subscribe to this belief. And accordingly, Rogers, Homme, and Keesham have carefully woven fantasy into the

fabric of the programs, largely through the use of puppets. At a certain point in life children's ideas of reality and fantasy coalesce. It is important, as all three men point out, to allow the young mind to roam at will through a world of fantasy. And it is equally important for them eventually to be able to discern fantasy from reality, but to enjoy both. Youthful fantasy is also an essential ingredient in the development of problem-solving techniques.

This brings us next to the subject of television cartoons. There are many thoroughly enjoyable, imaginative cartoons worth viewing, but they should be assessed in terms of child development. This is especially significant since the great bulk of children's television fare consists of cartoon shows.

While few statements can attempt to describe accurately individual conceptions of happiness, one



Fred Rogers

generalization can probably be made without equivocation. Happiness is found in the process of resolving conflict. And within the dramatic form this is a recognized principle. In a book or play the story presents a conflict, and following the denouement of the plot we find the resolution of conflict and ensuing gratification. One trouble with most cartoons is that they present us with rapid-action sequences every few seconds. Whatever impossible conflict is established is quickly resolved, usually without a time delay that permits gratification. For example, a mouse is seen slicing a cat in half or throwing him over a cliff. In the next sequence the cat is again whole, and the miniature conflict is resolved. But what is missing is the element of *reasonableness*. Moreover, a child has insufficient time to submerge the situation into fantasy. Are these harmful to the child? Child-guidance people, by and large, do not regard them as detrimental to children, but they do not find them useful from a developmental standpoint. The cartoons also raise the question of violence, and we are left to wonder

if violence has an effect on very young children.

There are those who argue that *The Friendly Giant*, *Captain Kangaroo*, and *Misterogers' Neighborhood* are failing to find reception in the ghetto areas. Yet Fred Rogers will dispute this. When a Milwaukee education station found itself running short of funds to continue the *Misterogers'* telecasts, the station manager appealed to Milwaukee residents to help keep the program in their neighborhood. The response was startling—more than enough to keep the program afloat. But the point to be made is that included in the audience response were letters from ghetto area children: letters that contained coins, pressed flowers, and even tiny hairs from their pets; notes saying, "Hope this will help, Mister Rogers."

On the ninth floor of a new towering office building in Manhattan a small group of people are forging what may well turn out to be the most ambitious experiment in children's television. Under the aegis of Mrs. Joan Ganz Cooney and supported by the Ford and Carnegie Foundations as well as by the U.S. Office of Education and the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Children's Television Workshop is trying to develop concepts that will literally channel children's avid interest in television into preparation for the educational journey so vital to their lives. The Workshop, which is part of National Educational Television, is developing a twenty-six-week series of daily hour-long programs to be seen on the NET network in November of 1969. In its program proposal, the Workshop describes as its objective the development of a television series that will "promote the intellectual and cultural growth of preschoolers, particularly disadvantaged preschoolers. Not only will it attempt to teach specific information, such as language and mathematical skills, but it will strive for the broader aim of getting children to learn how to think for themselves."

As Mrs. Cooney explains it, "Before we can teach anything, the children's program must first hold its audience—one that is accustomed to slick action-packed television fare. We believe both the content and pace of the show must be lively, entertaining, and varied."

By the time the Children's Workshop is ready to begin telecasting, it hopes to be seen twice daily—morning and in the late afternoon—on about 170 educational stations and on some commercial channels as well. In the view of the Children's Television Workshop, it should be possible to use the techniques of action-filled television cartoon commercials that so attract children simply by substituting an educational message in place of a product. The Workshop is presently engaged in exploring all sorts of advanced techniques it would like to adapt for teaching. At present, it envisions having four adult hosts, two of whom are to be white, and two Negro or Puerto Rican.

New York psychiatrist Phyllis Harris believes television has a special appeal and a particular benefit to the disadvantaged child. "A lot of Head Start kids I see," she comments, "can't sit down and look at picture books for long periods of time. They have to move around. It's not a disease. It's simply a part of their makeup. They haven't learned to sit and concentrate. They move their feet and hands about all the time. But they can watch television while moving their feet and hands. In fact, they can even stand on their heads and watch and hear what's being said. And they'll come away with something."

One of the major contributions that the Children's Television Workshop promises is testing procedures which are to be used to study television's impact on disadvantaged preschoolers. Much of the testing and evaluation of broadcast techniques is to be carried out during the prebroadcast, closed-circuit period. Mrs. Cooney says testing will take place in nurseries and in selected homes where closed-circuit TV will be installed. Unfortunately, the testing is to be limited in the main to disadvantaged children, and no comparative-impact studies will be made on the preschooler.

Robert Keesham expresses disappointment in the limitation of the Workshop impact studies. "I'm concerned about the ghetto child," he says, "and I think television has a tremendous impact in the ghetto—especially in its potential to mold life in a positive way for the ghetto child. But I think that of as much concern should be a study of its total effect on the millions and millions of middle-class American youngsters . . . if only to determine if TV is nothing more than a giant waster of time." Mrs. Cooney has expressed the belief that you cannot change viewing habits or achieve significant impact with programs shorter than an hour in duration. Robert Homme's reaction to this statement is, "She should read my mail." Homme is convinced he is having impact with only a fifteen-minute segment. He has tried to lengthen *The Friendly Giant* to half an hour. Results, he says, were disappointing. He feels he was able to hold attention an additional fifteen minutes but was no longer reaching the children on the same level. Homme would like to "stretch their minds," but this, he suggests, is not possible for long periods of time.

The Children's Television Workshop estimates the cost of preparing for and producing one season of programs at somewhere between five and ten million dollars. A good portion of that amount supposedly is to be invested in reusable materials. The Workshop feels it can ill afford to wait until long-range studies are carried out on the effectiveness of the medium as a teaching tool, and it has elected,

therefore, to proceed on an experimental basis with as much dispatch as possible. The costs in producing a good educational program do not necessarily run high, but the Workshop's approach involves expensive cinematic and animated techniques, in addition to a team of professional talent recruited for the project. By contrast, a program like *The Friendly Giant* or *Misterogers' Neighborhood* involves a much smaller outlay of money. This is true not only because the programs are shorter in duration, but, more important, because the performers have sufficient talent to do more than perform. Both Homme and Rogers conceive and write their own programs. Rogers has an annual budget of three hundred thousand dollars (half from the Sears Foundation, the rest from NET matching funds). For this kind of money, he is able to put together either one hundred thirty programs in black and white or sixty-five in color.

Discussions on children's television frequently cite a program entitled *Romper Room* as exemplary of excellent children's fare. This program in fact violates every principle I have so far outlined as being standard equipment for a successful show. The philosophy seems to be that kids are little creatures who must be taught their ABC's. Everything takes place in a formal classroom setting, and creativity is hiding somewhere under the teacher's desk or perhaps in a broom closet. The prevailing attitude is one of condescension, and humor is hiding somewhere, too, perhaps keeping creativity company.

It is not enough to leave the initiative entirely to major networks. Much of that initiative must come from the local station managers throughout the country. There is an abundance of talent in any community, and it is a simple problem to ferret it out. Robert Keesham and Fred Rogers have each been talking about developing local workshops to help with local programs. Both propose to aid in training performers in the local communities by revealing some of their own secrets of successful creative programming.

Obviously, the level of children's programming cannot be raised unless we have a clear understanding of what does and does not constitute good programming.

Essentially, quality television for children requires the recognition that it is not sufficient to be entertaining. The program, at the same time, must fulfill the emotional and/or intellectual needs of the young viewers. Homme, Keesham, and Rogers, accepting this premise, are trying to extract the most positive force from the medium. And the Children's Television Workshop, we hope, will share the same track. □

RISKY BUSINESS:

A Primer on Stock Market Speculation Part II

If you think you know what you are doing, the stock market offers an enormous potential for proving yourself right. Anyone who feels that his outlook toward stock prices is the correct one can make or lose a lot of money simply by using such speculative techniques as leverage, puts and calls, margin and short selling. One of the reasons that the stock market is fascinating to so many people is that it offers the opportunity for capital gains regardless of the individual's economic outlook. In addition, there is a wide spectrum of risk and reward, and it is up to the individual to decide how much of each he wants. The man who buys a hundred shares of RCA may have the same value judgment concerning the stock as does the speculator who buys ten calls on the same security. But the confidence of each man in his own judgment and his willingness to take risks are quite different.

The techniques that we outlined in the July *Atlantic* are interesting, and an understanding of them is indispensable to a true market operator. Nevertheless, they are basically technical in nature and make up only a small part of the opportunities available for risk in the market. Certain securities by their very nature are speculative and offer anyone who buys them the possibility of receiving an inordinately high return on his money. As we examine warrants and low-price stocks, keep in mind that these are types of securities which are inherently speculative because of the leverage involved.

Warrants

Warrants are similar to puts and calls in the sense that they too are options, and their holders have the right to do certain things. Unlike puts and calls, they are traded on stock exchanges and in the over-the-counter market and may have no time limit. Each warrant must be examined to determine what right it gives its holder. In addition, unlike puts and calls, warrants are part of the capitalization structure of companies (although they are not forms of ownership), and therefore not all corporations have warrants outstanding.

To make this hodgepodge a little clearer let us say that our friends at Unmentionables Incorporated decide to sell warrants. Each warrant gives its holder the right to buy one share of Unmentionables' common stock at \$10 per share. The common is selling at \$20. Theoretically the warrant is worth \$10. If Unmentionables Incorporated were selling at \$22 per share, the warrant would be worth \$12. Let us also say that these warrants will grant this right to their holders until 1974, at which time they expire and become worthless. If the price of Unmentionables' common stock doubles—that is, if it goes from \$20 to \$40, the price of the warrants should triple. Since they still give us the right to buy the stock at \$10, they are worth \$30. In other words, the holder of the warrant would receive a far higher return on his money than the holder of

by Thomas W. May

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the common. In addition, since the warrants were selling at \$10 whereas the common stock was selling at \$20, the price of the warrants could only drop 10 points while the common could fall 20. Thus, the buyer of this particular warrant assumed less risk and a higher possible return than the owner of the common. The fact that he bought a security which gives him no say in the running of the company and pays no dividends seems a small price to pay for the potential leverage that he receives.

Lest the reader is now tempted to tear up all his economics books and start buying up warrants as if they were the key to wealth and happiness, it should be noted that things aren't so simple. Several million people are as intelligent as you and I, and recognize the leverage involved in warrants. As a result, the price goes up.

A good example of what the public is willing to pay for warrants of volatile companies is the price of the warrants of Gulf & Western Industries. As most people know, Gulf & Western is a conglomerate company which is a favorite among stock-market traders. Some time ago, it acquired Consolidated Cigar Corporation and offered shareholders of Consolidated a package which included warrants. The warrants give their holders the right to buy Gulf & Western common stock at \$55 per share through January 31, 1978, at which time they become worthless.

On April 11, 1968, the price of Gulf & Western was $43\frac{5}{8}$. Theoretically, therefore, the warrants are valueless and will continue to be valueless until the stock goes up another $11\frac{3}{4}$. However, in view of the leverage potential involved, the warrants closed on the American Stock Exchange on the same day at $19\frac{1}{4}$. The only way for these warrants to work out much better than the common stock would be for Gulf & Western to experience a really dynamic rise. If the stock went up to \$155 per share, the warrants would go to at least \$100. That is, the price of the warrants would have appreciated 400 percent, whereas the common merely went up some 260 percent. If the stock trades in a narrow range, the warrants will fluctuate purely on a supply and demand basis that has little arithmetical similarity to their actual value. In addition, as they get closer to the time they expire, there will be a tendency to lag. Obviously the premium will lessen as time goes on, particularly if the common stock has not done extremely well.

Each warrant should be individually evaluated by the speculator to make sure that the premium being paid is commensurate with the prospects of the company. If the speculator feels that the company is one which will appreciate at an abnormally fast pace, he almost always is better off buying the warrant. However, he must make sure that he

understands the terms of what he is buying and must realize that he may be purchasing a piece of paper which will become worthless.

Low-Price Stocks

Low-price stocks are fun. They are fun to own because very often they have exotic names and engage in romantic-sounding activities; more important, they often go up. In addition, the risk is limited in a low-price stock by the nature of the low price. Nobody goes to a cocktail party to talk about General Motors or the Dreyfus Fund, but if you know somebody who bought a thousand shares of a three-dollar stock which is now at nine you can bet that you will hear about it. Low-price stocks are legitimate speculative techniques because of the leverage inherent in the price. It is obvious that a stock can go from five to ten quicker than most stocks can go from fifty to a hundred. In addition, a five-dollar stock that goes up a point has already given the owner a 20 percent return on his money. This is leverage.

Although low-price stocks offer sound opportunities for speculators, most people lose money when they buy them. If you can avoid the pitfalls outlined below, it might save you a few extra dollars.

1. Don't trade low-price stocks. It is a truism to say that someone who can't afford to buy a high-price stock cannot afford to buy a low-price one. Even truer is the saying that he who cannot afford to trade high-price stocks shouldn't trade at all. In the first place, low-price stocks lack the volatility to make them good trading vehicles. Those that do move up and down rapidly are usually the products of special situations, or are simply trading on rumors. Do not go into low-price stocks unless you are willing to be patient.

2. Don't buy on tips or rumors. This is especially true with low-price stocks because very often there is no information on the company being considered. Since there is no way to evaluate it, the odds are stacked against you to begin with. Even if the stock goes up, the question of when would be a good time to sell remains.

3. Only buy legitimate low-price stocks. This is most important and is probably the reason why most people lose money in low-price stocks. A good low-price stock is one which has a low price because the company is small, sales are small, earnings are in relation to the price of the stock, and most important, the amount of common stock is small.

An example of an artificially low-priced stock is Toyota Motors, a Japanese company, whose stock is traded in the over-the-counter market in the United States. Toyota is the largest automotive company in Japan, and most people in this country are familiar with its products. In 1966, for example, the company produced 18,046 trucks and buses, 247,583 small trucks, 300,275 passenger cars,

THE WITCH

by Christopher Brookhouse

The wind off the Gulf
Convulses the palms,
Shatters the gardens.

In bed the lady
Dreams: a coffin
Floats down the air

Straight to her eyes,
Which penetrate
The lid nailed shut.

She wakes; the name
Slips like an ash
From her lips. She packs

For another funeral.
Frail and ordinary
She rides the bus.

The family gathers;
They know her dreams.
None greets her, all

Refuse her claim
As blood and kin,
Her right to mourn.

She prays for this dead,
And she would pray
To die herself,

But for her dream
Of her blood transferred,
Throbbing in the stringy

Veins of the ragged
Owl who perches
On barn or house

Foretelling death
Upon death, clutched
By an unremitting force.

and 101,228 exports. Sales for that year were \$816,206,000. The unsophisticated investor might marvel that the stock of such a large company is only selling at around \$1.

The reason Toyota's market price is so low is that there is such a tremendous amount of stock outstanding. The company has 3 billion shares authorized and a total of 765 million shares outstanding. This is approximately three times as many shares as General Motors has, and over 250 million more than AT&T. At the present time, Toyota is quoted at \$1 bid and \$1.10 asked. The commission on a hundred shares would be \$6, or the maximum of 6 percent. This means that the buyer is paying \$1.16 for a stock that he could sell a moment later for \$.94 (the dollar bid price less the \$6 commission). This is like paying \$92 per share for General Motors when the stock is selling for \$80. In addition, considering the amount of shares being traded, it is going to take a tremendous buying demand to move the stock up sufficiently for the owner to make a significant profit.

Toyota is a low-price stock. It is not, however, a cheap stock. If one examines the issue closely, he will find that Toyota is selling in line with *most* automotive issues. A stock can be selling at two cents a share and be way overpriced, whereas a hundred-dollar stock can be very low. The market price of an individual security is important only in comparison with all other factors. Too many novices buy stocks because of market price without examining what's behind it. Ordinarily, particularly in times of market optimism, there are excellent reasons why stocks sell for a dollar or less. Usually the reason is that the company is not even worth that, and the small dollar price represents faith, hope, and charity. If you have all three, you can buy these issues blindly. If you do, let me suggest that you also have a good sense of humor and some extra money in the bank.

Convertible Bonds

Convertible bonds don't necessarily belong in a discussion of speculative techniques, since they are just as good for investment as they are for speculation. The quality of the bond depends upon the quality of the company which has issued it.

A convertible bond is a bond that can be converted into common stock at a specified price. The advantages of such an arrangement are obvious. In the first place, the buyer can get as great appreciation with the bond as he can with the common stock. If he owns a bond which is convertible into ten shares of common stock, and the stock goes from \$100 to \$200 a share, you don't have to be the dean of the Harvard Business School to figure out that the bond has to go up too. In addition to the profit potential, the bond pays interest, and is ordinarily somewhat safer than the common stock,

as I shall explain. As far as the company is concerned, the convertible bond is an excellent means of financing because the interest payments to the bondholders are a pretax charge whereas dividends to the holders of stock must come out of profits.

Convertibles offer another advantage. Because they are bonds, they can be bought on 60 percent margin rather than the 80 percent required for stocks. Furthermore, the owner can run to the bank to hock them and do far better than if he had the common stock of the same company. As the result of the publicity given convertibles over the past couple of years, and the public readiness to embrace them, the supply of these securities has increased. Indeed, companies couldn't wait to pawn off on the public convertible bonds which were indecently overpriced. Because of the sophisticated methods used in pricing a convertible, most people didn't understand the concepts or the risks.

As I have pointed out already, a convertible bond is a bond that has large profit potential because it is convertible into the common stock of the company that issued it. Using the Unmentionables Incorporated illustrations, let us assume that the board of directors of that company decided to sell a convertible bond issue. Let us also assume that the price of the common stock is \$20 and the common pays no dividend. There are two ways to price a convertible bond; one is with the interest the company is willing to pay to the bondholders, and the other is with the conversion price, or the price which the stock must reach before the bond at \$1000 would be at parity with the stock.

To make this easier, assume that Unmentionables Incorporated decides that these bonds will be priced at par or \$1000, have a 4 percent coupon, and be convertible at \$25. This means the stock can be exchanged for 40 shares of the common at any time (\$25 conversion price divided in the bond price of \$1000). Since the common stock is selling for only \$20 per share, the bond is immediately selling at a \$200 premium (40 shares times the present price of \$20 is only \$800, and we're selling this bond at \$1000). Let's take a look at what we're getting for that 25 percent premium.

First, we're getting an annual interest payment of \$40, or 4 percent, compared with zero for the common stockholders. We are also getting a bond that we can cash in at a bank or can buy on less margin than the common stock. Last, and most important, if we know what we are doing and can understand convertible bonds, we are buying a security which will not decline as much as the common stock if either the market or the stock takes a severe drop. If you understand the concept of investment worth of convertibles, you will be sophisticated enough to start thinking about buying them.

The investment worth of a convertible bond is the price at which that bond would sell if there

were no convertible feature. For example, let us decide that the two largest rating services, Moody's and Standard & Poor's, believe that this issue being sold by Unmentionables Incorporated deserves an A rating. This is the third highest rating that these services give, and it represents a bond selling slightly below very high quality. This doesn't mean that these people think the bond will go up or down. The rating has to do with the company's ability to continue to pay interest and eventually the whole principal. It is the quality of the finances rather than the growth prospects being evaluated. Let us also assume that A-rated bonds maturing in twenty years, as do these new convertibles, will give their holders a 6.5 percent yield to maturity. This would mean that if the conversion feature was valueless, this bond would sell at 72.20, or \$722.00. (Bonds are traded in percentages of par—\$1000.) This is the investment worth of the Unmentionables Incorporated convertible bond. Of course, if the ratings change or interest rates vary, this figure could be adjusted up or down. Nevertheless, all things being equal, the price of the Unmentionables bond should not fall below that figure.

A good example of how this concept works in real practice can be shown by examining International Minerals & Chemical convertible subordinate debentures 4s, January 1, 1991. These bonds were rated BB by Standard & Poor's and had an investment value of 56½, or \$565. On June 22, 1966, the common stock closed on the New York Stock Exchange at 65, whereas these bonds were trading at approximately 98½. In November of that year the stock was split on the basis of three shares for each two held. If you had bought one share at 65, you would now have 1½ shares at a price of 43½. International Minerals & Chemical is the largest producer of fertilizer materials in the world. In 1967, business began to sink. Earnings dropped to \$1.42 a share in 1967 versus \$2.56 a share in 1966 and took another drop in 1968 to \$1.01. The price of the stock dived along with the earnings, and eventually the dividend was halved. On October 4, 1968, the common stock closed at 22, while the price of the convertible bond ended up at 73¼, or \$732.50. In other words, whoever bought a share of International Minerals & Chemical at 65 would now have a share and a half worth \$33, or a loss of 50 percent. The bondholder lost only approximately 25 percent on his original investment and was still getting his \$40 a year interest payment. It should be pointed out that the investment value of these bonds is 56½, and so there is still some risk in holding them. Nevertheless, the lesson here is fairly obvious—there are times when the convertible bond is a safer investment than the common stock.

It must be fairly clear that the higher the bond goes, the less important is the safety inherent in the bond form. If Unmentionables Incorporated does

extremely well, and the price of the stock rises, the bonds will rise too. Let us say the stock doubles to \$40. Since the bonds are convertible into 40 shares of common, the convertibles will sell for at least 160, or \$1600. However, the fact that these bonds have an investment worth of 72.20 is far less important now than when the bonds were selling at par, since now the bonds can fall by over 50 percent and still be over that figure. As a result, the premium accorded the convertible bonds because of their investment worth will begin to decline and eventually disappear. Therefore, if the bonds are selling right at conversion parity, or 160, we can readily see that the bondholder has experienced a 60 percent increase in his investment, whereas the stockholder has doubled his money.

Furthermore, let us assume that Unmentionables Incorporated decides to put a call feature into this bond, giving it the right to redeem the bonds at 110 at its discretion. If the bond goes above this price and the management decides to call it, the bondholder is forced to convert into common stock or lose his profit. Obviously, if the bond is selling for 160, you have no desire to give it to the company at 110. If the bond is selling for a premium over the common stock at the time it is called, that premium will be lost.

The sophisticated speculator can use convertible bonds to increase his return through margin and bank borrowing. In addition, when used in conjunction with a short sale, convertible bonds can provide a good return with small risk.

The most riskless speculation for an individual speculator is probably hedging in convertible bonds. To set up a hedge, the speculator sells a stock short while buying the convertible bonds of the same company. Because of the investment worth of the bonds they should not fall as far as the common. If the speculator is wrong and the stock goes up, he can cover his loss with the gain he made on the convertibles, losing only commissions and interest on the margin account.

For example, let us assume that in 1966 we had set up a hedge in International Minerals & Chemical. To make matters simple, let us assume that the stock has split and instead of selling at 65, it is at 43½. To compensate for the change in price of the stock because of the split, the conversion price of the bonds is changed so that each bond is convertible into 17.16 shares of common. To set up a hedge, we buy ten bonds in the open market and sell 172 shares short. We cover the transaction two years later buying the stock at 22 and selling the bonds at 73¼. The whole transaction should look like this:

June 22,	sold short 172 shares at 43½	= \$7482
1966	purchased 10 bonds at 98½	= \$9850
October 4,	purchased 172 shares at 22	= \$3784
1968	sold 10 bonds at 73¼	= \$7325

Profit on short sale	= \$3698
Loss on bonds	= \$2525
Net Profit	<u>\$1173</u>

This situation worked out quite well because of the steep drop in the price of the stock. However, because of the premium paid for the bonds (it should be noted that in order to short \$7482 of stock it was necessary to buy \$9850 worth of bonds), had the stock risen substantially and the premium lessened, a loss could have been sustained.

The problem with hedging is in finding the right situation. If one can be found, the speculator can either lose very little or make a fair return. If the following conditions do not exist, do not attempt to set up a hedge:

1. The bond must be selling near conversion parity. If the bond is selling at too high a premium, the bond loses a certain amount of protection, for as outlined above, if the stock rises and the premium evaporates, a loss will be sustained.

2. The bond should be selling near its investment value. This is extremely important, for if the bond is selling way above the investment value, there is no downside protection. Obviously, a bond that is selling at 200 with an investment value of 70 is no good, because its price can be cut almost to a third.

3. The stock should be volatile enough so that if it goes down, it will go down quite far. We're not talking about one or two points with hedging because the bond will go down with the stock. The stock has to go down quite a bit before most bonds stop acting in conjunction with them. The more volatile the issue the better.

Hedging is not for people who want to make a million dollars. Since the risk is small, the reward is not exorbitant. Nevertheless, if the right situation pops up, hedging can put a couple of extra dollars in your pockets without adding any sleepless nights.

This article has tried to emphasize one basic caution. All techniques of speculating in different types of securities are fine, *if* you know what you are doing. If you are looking for the technique that will make you a millionaire without worry and with very little capital, there is only one recourse: write a stock market book with a sexy title.

The stock market is more than a place to exchange securities. It is an arena of risk and reward. The intelligent speculator is the one who understands both concepts and knows the different ways of finding what he is looking for. The most important financial question an individual must ask himself is how much risk, and how much reward, he wants. If he finds that he is able to answer that question successfully, he will save himself the anxiety that many speculators feel when they begin getting in over their heads.

POEMS

BY JEAN FOLLAIN

In Paris in the mid-twenties both the life and literary beginnings of Jean Follain were quiet. He associated first with a group that included Erik Satie, Max Jacob, Pierre Reverdy, and Leon Paul Fargue, and in 1933 he brought out his first substantial collection of poems, *La Main Chaude* (five had been published earlier, in a small edition, and others had appeared in literary reviews). Since that date he has published a succession of books of poems, and since 1935, when *Paris* appeared, of prose pieces, whose aim is to conjure the sense of specific recollections of places, occasions, objects.

In 1942 Follain published a short volume of prose recalling in deliberate and composed detail the village of Canisy, in Normandy, where he had been born, and where many of his early childhood memories are rooted. The book is not a commentary on the poems, but it is (with his other prose writings) an agreeable and helpful relative, and they both set out from the same place. There are passages in *Canisy* that waken echoes in many of the poems:

One evening during the 1914 war, while the stratus clouds built up in layers on the horizon, Mother Aimé, a washerwoman, standing on the doorsill talking to my maternal grandmother, was led to say, "This war will not be as bad as Napoleon's. It was bad at Berezina when the men and horses died in piles. I had a great uncle who was there and told us."

I looked intently at the stones and the puddles on the road and I thought that the stones and puddles, on the eve of Berezina, must have been just as calm, just as interrogative and as ready to lose themselves in the shadow.

When she had said, "Good-night, Madame," Mother Aimé left, one hand on her hip, and my grandmother began to close the white shutters that were held against the wall by fastenings in the shape of busts of little people that looked Italian in Renaissance feather bonnets.

The "I" is more openly present here than in the poems, though even in *Canisy* it is never confronted

but refers—a regard. In this passage, and in much of Follain's prose, as well as in his poems, the regard is suspended, whether deliberately or helplessly, and the complexity of its circumstance as the bearer of memory is clear. Who is the "I" who is thinking those exact things about the puddles and the shadows; and who recognizes that the shutter fastenings in the shape of busts of little people were wearing Renaissance feather bonnets? Is it the child of eleven or so, or the man who left when that war was over and has gone to Paris and the legal profession and the literary world? It is more than both: it is the suspended regard which they share; and the evocation of this "impersonal," receptive, but essentially unchanging gaze often occupies, in Follain's work, the place of the first person.

It does so because memory has a special role in his writing. It is not simply a link between past and present, life and poetry. Memory, as distinct from the past it draws on, is what makes the past a key to the mystery that stays with us and does not change: the present.

Follain is deeply concerned with the mystery of the present—the mystery which gives the recalled concrete details their form, at once luminous and removed, when they are seen at last in their places, as they seem to be in the best of his poems. This is their value "in themselves." At the same time it is what gives them the authority of parts of a rite, of an unchanging ceremony heralding some inexorable splendor, over a ground of silence. And for Jean Follain it is a fulfillment not only of a need for ceremony but of a fondness for the ceremonious, in which each detail, seen as itself, is an evocation of the processions of an immeasurable continuum.

And both the passage of time and the sense of the unchanging show the details to be unique. Follain never regarded them otherwise—that is the child whom he did not betray.

W.S.M.

Translated from the French by W. S. Merwin

POEMS BY JEAN FOLLAIN

CADENCES

The sea stays
as gray as the tombstone
the regiment of madwomen
goes back into its building
dropping words that have come undone
but the letter is inscribed
on the forgotten book.
A sound of flails
threshing thin wheat
in muffled cadences
comes in the evening
over the warmed earth
unthreatened by rain.

MATTER

Above matter
a dream floats
a slave
in the house of an infamous master
the glass vase
holds a dark rose
the gold turns rusty
and the red iron
makes the frail naked beauty
howl
in the night of being.
Reduced to things
dead furs
hang on the pallid wall.

THE SQUARE

On the square one hears the cries of a woman
at the evening of existence
alone with her hair
her sour and pure disdain.
Shepherds, cowherds
kissed her in her youth.
The black ceilings are still there
the storied balconies
all around the square
and the happy driver
of an empty car.



THE TRAGIC IN TIME

So strong the prison doors
but the wind gets under
and at moments a pale sun
in an old time picks out the folds
of an executioner's robe.
In a resort town
they strike up a tune
meanwhile having set down his hoe
a seated day-laborer watches
the peaceful executants
all to be massacred
within the year
who claim to believe in their immortal souls
and the resurrection of the body.

THE USEFUL

In the colors of the useful
that of gray and black material
of steel blue
of rusty flecks
some take shelter in order to live.

Sometimes one hears their words
their appeals to the rain
to the sun, to green leaves

and the things around them unite
to be reflected in their eyes.

THE SONG OF THE DRAGOON

Black leather leggings
on that boy's slender legs,
bitter stew
which your white hands, oh, woman, let burn,
and which he eats with a pewter fork
in the midst of the eternal lights
and his long lashes can be seen moving
and his white buttons
contending against the night
and his pensive cough can be heard
mingled with the barking
of the great purple-furred dogs
muzzles turned toward the stars.
It is then that he the convoy's dragoon
rises and approaches the others
sitting on the wells
and all by himself intones the ballad that rises
and under the green heaven makes
the rats tremble in their kingdom.

THE SECRET

Where are you lying
secret of the world
with so strong an odor?
Sometimes a gentle workman
in the feverish town
falls from a scaffolding
and the wind always smells of lilacs;
a tenacious misfortune
lodges in the most beautiful bodies
hands tighten in the evening
an animal sleeps
within walls wrought by men
peace forever decays
and war no longer
has an age.

I like it better now

I am no beauty, but I know auto parts, and that's why I broke up housekeeping in Oregon and came on down to Los Angeles.

I'll say this for California: it's like anywhere else, so you take what you can get. Ken's A/Z was an orange-front outlet of block and stucco that was once a Mom and Pop grocery and before that a realty office with some room for parking. Mostly A/Z was a Ford and Chev place with not a grille or a piece of chrome on the shelves. A/Z customers only wanted to get to their jobs, and then make it back to the Buckville off-ramp near Palmetto, and if a Mexican kid collected two dollars at the back door for a generator that still smelled like sparks, it was no business of mine. When the afternoon smog got bad, our neon signs began to blink and turn my face off and on in two shades of purple.

The first month at A-to-Z I learned plenty. Ken priced most parts 20 percent above suggested retail so he could sell everything on credit. Asa knew all of our Negro trade, and some of them paid twenty-five cents a week on a water pump. I still think Ken's real trouble was gypo kids or the freckle-elbow guys from Oklahoma or Georgia. If the rough element came in, Asa faded into the stock rooms, him being a Negro. But when some knuckle-buster asked me for a nonexistent part like a head-clutch holder, I'd say, "Waste my time, Smokey Bear, and I'll tighten your shimmy bolt."

Later Asa told me he knew all the time it was only my way of talking to protect my job; and being married once himself, Asa understood how it could be for any woman in a strange town.

I'll say this for Asa Bowers: he done his work in the stock rooms, except for the Negro accounts; I did mine at the parts counter, and some bookkeeping. Even if I was lonely at first, I never did remotely give Asa that first little hint the way some women will do—mentioning no names in public.

But A/Z burned, and I'll not see Asa anymore.

Ken took his wife, Jane, somewhere back East to Ohio. The orange front and all that neon is gone—and I have a better job. But when you see a junker blowing a hose on the freeway just say this to yourself: he's still running A/Z parts, on Ken's E/Z Credit—and not paid for yet.

To this day I don't remember when Asa first mentioned his '59 Dodge, but I knew we started eating our sack lunch in the sun on fender crates. After I invited him two or three times, Asa did come up to my place after work; even if a woman is no beauty, it is only natural to want some kind of company. Furthermore, being colored—as he said—Asa had learned early to ignore things that hurt. That is why I told him how I learned auto parts in the first place.

I did not tell him everything at once, but if Asa put it all together, he knew our graduating class at Eastfir High was forty-six in all. Of the twenty girls on graduation night, twelve were pregnant, and two more maybe. I had been dating Ollie mostly because he was the star, but I saw where too much parking in pickup trucks might lead. Because Ollie was a star, he went to logging for Union Ply; I wanted to go on to secretarial school. Then all at once there were fourteen marriages in Eastfir Junction, and because I am not overly pretty, and because Ollie had his job and asked me again, there seemed no reason why not make it fifteen in a row for Eastfir. We went to Portland for a honeymoon, and then set up housekeeping in a nice trailer.

Nothing happened for three years, but we went to more Elks' dances, round and square, than I care to remember. Then being hung over as usual on a Monday morning while setting chokers, Ollie was hurt. When he had to quit logging, I was sorry; his right leg would always be stiff at the knee joint. I guess everyone who works in the woods eventually gets hurt, but Ollie did draw Compensation.

People felt sorry for Ollie because he played

by James B. Hall

good basketball for our class, so he got work in the shop at the White Truck and Plymouth Agency. Everyone meant well, but Ollie Mateson was handy only with a ball. He became a halfway mechanic, with one finger always in a splint.

No children. After a while I was just as glad because I did not want to sit in the Eagles' club rooms and listen to old basketball scores, or how Cy Fredericks limited out the first forty minutes of trout season in '59. Still, I tried to be a good sport, and to hold up my head; unless I wanted to bring Ollie home, I never entered any tavern without an escort. Would I could say the same for a few of the girls in my graduation class—mentioning no names.

Finally what happened was that I learned auto parts.

Our trailer was near the Agency, so to help Ollie draw his full time, I began to help out at the parts counter; in a year I was working full time on my own card. If you are accurate, and can read the specs, and are fast, I suppose anyone can learn auto parts. But when is the last time you saw a woman who really knew her stuff on log trucks?

The fact was that Ollie got pretty far down, even for Eastfir Junction. Sometimes he was gone a week at a time, drinking what was left of his Compensation. Other times, after being on my feet all day, I'd go home and eat by myself while someone that was legally my husband slept it off in the bedroom. Finally, in late summer, I filed divorce papers and caught the first bus south for California. Ollie never knew I was gone until the next payday, and not one girl in my high school class ever dropped me a line.

"Oh, you had to leave," was what Asa said, when we were sitting around in my living room after I had cooked us a real good meal. Of course he never came up unless invited, and he repaid hospitality in two ways. He fixed anything that went wrong, plumbing or electrical; he was the kind of mechanic that looks at something carefully and knows what's wrong. As our shop posters say, Asa was "safety-minded," so when he fixed a toaster it didn't afterward blow up in a shower of sparks. His second way was conversation. Asa told me about the children near Watts, where the schools hadn't served a hot lunch in years; he told me about the families over on Palmetto, and the men who drove eighty miles on the freeway to their work. Before that I had not understood how important an automobile was in L.A.; parts from Ken's A/Z were as necessary as groceries. And as it turned out, Asa's own '59 sedan was parked in a vacant lot. It wouldn't run, he said, but it was too good for junk.

So there we were, four flights up, talking until

half past ten at night, with the lights of the city spread out toward the Hollywood hills, and the freeway traffic rolling forever overhead, the hum of tires and wheels rising and falling like the noise of some great caught insect trying to get away.

"Sure, Ruthie," Asa told me one night about eleven o'clock as he was going very quietly toward the door. "You were a good woman. But up in Oregon nobody saw that."

Oh, I wanted to reach out and touch his hand, but well enough I knew Right from Wrong—him being colored. So I did not. Not at the time.

For what happened that summer, I blame no one but Ken and his wife. But you better judge for yourself.

I'll say this for Asa: he seldom spoke about himself, but by putting things together, I understood he grew up in Lexington, Kentucky. Asa never saw his father, but Kilroy was there all right, because Asa's mother got five more kids from someplace. I don't say children is wrong, but I do say a house like that has its ill effects on others, and especially on Asa, who was old enough to understand what he saw.

Asa may have lacked my advantages since he dropped out of high school after three years and three months; on the other hand, he served his time in the Army, in a second-echelon motor pool. Then for a year or two nothing happened in Lexington, so Asa went to Chicago. He worked for an office building. At first he ran the elevator, but when pumps in the basement began to go out, Asa began helping on maintenance. He said it cost plenty to keep an old building in shape, just in plumbing and electrical.

Well, Asa ended up doing all maintenance, but another colored veteran got all the credit. When a cable broke and let the elevator down a few floors to the bumper, Asa got fired.

What I knew about the lady in the case is this: she was from Chicago and was a sub in the post office—which was good money when she got it. I understand she was somewhat lighter in color than Asa, but since he never mentioned even a civil marriage ceremony or a honeymoon, I ignored that subject, it being well in the past. Asa took what he could get at the time in the way of work: a washrack in winter, and part-time for the city, hauling snow off the streets. Since nothing was steady, Asa did not expect to draw his full time. This next, however, I consider a little unreasonable.

What his wife—we will call her—wanted was children. Children was all she talked about, sometimes late at night; about how many her friends had, how many were pregnant, how she was getting

older and etc. What Asa wanted was a job, and children would naturally follow. But then his wife said, "Which comes first, the chicken or the pot?" Then Asa had to tell her it was wrong, in his experience, to bring kids into the world with no visible means of support. Almost every night they left it like that.

After a while, Asa saw he was one of those "chronic unemployed" that he read about in the papers. Knowing Asa, I would say he tried, but on Monday it always seemed to rain, by Tuesday the work week had already started, and on Wednesday night his wife went to the movies with her lady friends. To help out, Asa taught himself to cook, but she came back from the post office, feeling put on by the regular employees, white or colored. When she got up from the table, she always said, "Well, you tell me this. Which came first?"

I guess an older man, a superintendent of mails, asked the wife to come into his section, on a regular basis. Asa got the picture because then his wife did not come home except on Sunday afternoons. By then Asa was so far down on himself he did not even go around to see the man about it.

Asa still had the '59 Dodge, bought with his discharge pay. After the elevator dropped, Asa had rented the Dodge to his wife's younger brother. One day Asa collected some back car rent, and then borrowed his own automobile from the brother, and by midnight was through Des Moines, headed for California.

Later, Asa said it himself: back in Chicago the lady in the case was now a lot better off than with a chronic unemployed sitting all day, looking out the window.

"But you take all of *that*," Asa said one night, meaning sex, because we were talking about both the lady in the case and about Ollie. "Isn't that just one little part of life. Together?"

"Of that, I'm sure," I said, for such was my experience.

"But if I'm colored, I'm *supposed* to be different. Even some women who ought to know better can believe that."

Not knowing, I said nothing at all.

"But we aren't," Asa said, and his voice trailed back across the years to Chicago. "Not me," and he looked down into the pattern of my new rug. "I never was very good. At that."

I saw Asa was feeling things that went back to Lexington, and five kids in a shack at the edge of town. I thought he was both brave and real honest to admit things like that about himself: for any man, something like that is not easy to face. I saw one thing very clear: Asa had lost confidence in himself, and what Asa needed was to get it back.

It came to me: what we could do was get his '59 sedan in shape. If he had a car running, Asa would feel like everyone else in L.A. And since an old '59 Dodge was all he had, why I said we ought

to start with that. Asa thought it over for a minute, and he didn't say No. So that was that.

Well, the more we talked about it, the more we got to laughing. The first thing you know we were talking about headers and a gutted muffler and maybe going across the border into Mexico for a tuck-and-roll job on the seats. The more Asa said had to be done, the more we laughed and laughed until we couldn't laugh anymore.

"What it needs," I said, "is to pry the license plates apart. Then put a new car in between."

That's an old one, but we laughed again. That night when Asa got ready to leave, I thought the freeway traffic overhead almost stopped, but of course it never does. When Asa hesitated overly long at the door, he was no longer even smiling.

"Let's don't mention this. To Ken?"

"Oh?" because I am aboveboard with the firm that hires me, F/Z Credit or no. "Wouldn't he discount us employees? Wouldn't it just be another open account, for Ken?"

Asa couldn't answer me on that, and he did not look me in the eye. "I'd just rather not," he finally said, and I saw he lacked confidence in himself. "For personal reasons."

At the time, what I thought was this: Asa being colored, and only a stockman, was naturally cautious; he did not want Ken to know us two were friendly. Besides, as will be seen, Ken was not always reasonable about auto parts.

Because I respected Asa's judgment, and did not want to hurt his feelings, I said, "OK. We will run this one in Lo."

What I could do was carry all of his parts on my own personal account, and Asa could pay me something in cash every week. He thought a minute, and then Asa said that would surely be better.

And that's exactly how we left it.

Then one morning in October when I came to work, Ken and his wife were waiting at A/Z. Ken let us in, and then locked the front door. It was a Friday.

"If the Ace shows," Ken called from the back room where he was wrestling with a ladder, "just tell me. And Jane, you show Ruthie how to inventory."

Ken set up his ladder, and started his count. Before we got very far along, he said we were away short on anything for a '59 Dodge. The more stuff he counted, the madder Ken got, and finally he was yelling down at his wife, "Jane, can't you even write down my numbers?"

So much for the whole morning, and no Asa as yet.

By 2 P.M. we were on tail pipes, but I took off the smock. If Mrs. Ken couldn't say it, I would: "Ken

I Like It Better Now

you slip into Neutral, and I'll go fetch your sandwich. You want relish or mustard?"

While waiting for all our sandwiches, I decided—like it or not—Ken had to know. The fact was that I had billed out plenty of parts for our '59 Dodge. I was going to get out my invoices when the time came, clear and aboveboard, and no hard feelings.

But back at A/Z what I heard was Ken. He was yelling at Asa, and from the front door, I see Asa in the stock room, his body slanted sideways in the light. "Why, at the bowling alley," Ken said, "every-one down there knows you are peddling parts for a '59 Dodge."

I went right on back to settle that one.

"Mr. Ken," and when Asa saw me standing in the stock-room door he nodded Hello, but his lips moved only a little when he went on speaking. "Let's not mix my personal car with our bad credit accounts."

"Ace, you been peddling my parts all over Palmetto."

"No, sir. Every one is bolted on my Dodge. I'll show you every one."

Ken spit on the floor and rubbed it in with his shoe sole.

"But you aren't collecting. Ace, your people aren't paid up."

I saw the whole reason Asa knew so much about our Palmetto Avenue accounts: if Asa steered them to A/Z, he also had to collect.

"I get what's over there," Asa said. "You have to collect something from your own big ticket customers."

"You damned right," Ken said, and he began to throw papers and invoices and four-colored brochures from Gulf & Western on the floor. "But there's money on Palmetto. I know it. If you can't collect it, I can. The hard way."

"I'm still working for you," Asa said quietly. "I advise you against that. You don't know what might happen."

To me that sounded like a threat, but Ken did not even listen to what Asa was saying.

"Gents," I said, and walked between them, to break it up. "One thing I can show you both," and I opened the drawer of the file cabinet.

My personal account—all my invoices for all those Dodge parts—was gone. Without actually shaking his head, Asa very plainly told me, "No, don't say anything," and I understood he had somehow lifted my file to keep me out of it, to protect my job. Even then I would have told it all, but Ken turned on me. "You going to count, or are you going to roost? Why, I'll take that Dodge back on a repo just any time."

With that, Asa seemed to shrink down inside himself. That little sideways slouch said a very great deal. Asa was all through, so Ken moved in on him.

"Ace, what's that thing, Ace? Right over there, Ace?"

"That's a door," Asa said. "And I'm going out."

Asa did not glance toward me, or even look back. Beyond the loading ramp he went down steps as though he were going off into deep water. His head disappeared, and the door closed by itself.

"What Ace was," Ken's wife said, and she was just finishing her sandwich, "was what I always said. A parts-boosting, good-time boy. With away too many friends."

For the first time I doubted Asa. Did he own a '59 red Dodge Sedan, after all? Did he get me to put everything on an account because then it was not, technically, stealing from stock? Had he used me that way, after all? If he had, I saw I had brought it all on myself.

"Up in Oregon," Ken said to me, and he had to repeat it. "Up in the woods, did you ever drive a pickup truck?"

So that's what I did the rest of that afternoon. I drove Ken's pickup while Jane called out the address and how much all of Asa's accounts owed Ken's A-to-Z. I drove us all along Palmetto, and on into Watts. I stopped at house trailers and stucco houses and apartments; I stopped at places where nobody lived, and I drove through alleys, and over the curbs, and into vacant lots. Wherever we stopped, Ken jumped down from the truck. He knocked on doors, and went into garages, or up the alleys past garbage cans. He found their Fords, and Chevs, and old Pontiacs; we even spotted a blue Caddie parked beneath trees, the seat cushions kicked out on the street. So Ken took them, too.

At every car Ken repossessed something. He pulled a battery, or an air cleaner, or someone's carburetor; he took a spare tire from a trunk, and even pulled a set of ignition wires off the loom. He kicked and slammed and used a wrecking bar, and sometimes if the account was long overdue, he took inside mirrors and even the fan belts. At every old car the kids stood in a half-circle to watch, and their mothers looked down from apartment windows; Jane helped him, and we drove off quickly, and not one complained and no one at all called the police.

Finally I drove back to A/Z. I stopped at the back ramp and Ken threw all that stuff in a disorganized, greasy pile. After Ken unloaded the last battery, Jane looked at all that junk.

"If they can't pay," she told Ken and she told me and she told the world, "then why did they buy it in the first place?"

When I saw all of those parts—repossessed or stripped—I thought of all the cars I had seen that had to get men to work next Monday morning. Some of those cars kept a man the real head of his family, because with a car he could get beyond Palmetto to work.

Then Mrs. Ken mentioned Asa's name for the

last time. "The Ace could sell all right," she said. "But he sure couldn't collect a dime."

"Yeah," Ken said. "Good field, no hit."

"You two keep counting," I said, and took off my last smock for A/Z. "I'm going back to my apartment. To get off my feet."

They locked the door behind me when I left.

Toward midnight, I was still staring out of my window. In Los Angeles it was one of our warm October nights, when the smog seems all gone, but you know it is still overhead, waiting for the exhaust fumes of dawn and the day's heat, waiting all through the night to slam down again on the basin like a heavy gray stove lid.

Asa came back.

He stood in my living room door, looking very neat. For the first time I saw him in traveling clothes, and a brown snap-brim straw hat. Without asking me, he turned off all of my lights. My new drapes, and the TV, and the couch, and even Asa and me turned to silver-gray in the light reflected up from the boulevard.

"I went over to Palmetto," Asa told me. "I explained to some of them."

"Ken's not going to get beat," I said. "And Jane is worse."

"Oh, he blames us colored," Asa said. "But his First National Bank is pressing. And also Gulf & Western."

"I'm sorry, Asa," I said, and that is when I reached out in the semi-darkness and touched his hand. I felt so sad, and yet it was also a funny feeling to touch a hand like that for the first time—not cold, but not warm either. We stood like that for only a moment, and then I knew I ought to say something, but I said the wrong thing.

"Did you use all those parts? The ones I gave you?"

Too late, I understood how that sounded to him. Asa drew back, and so did I. I heard him take a deep breath, but whatever he might of said was never made into words.

Just then, far away, then closer, I heard the sirens. Closer they came, the lights and the sirens bleeding red noise along the street.

Two blocks away, unmistakably at Ken's A/Z, we saw flames. First it was a glow between two large buildings, and then the whole sky seemed to blow up. Windows and the white walls of all the buildings glowed orange and then red, as though the fire were climbing up, and across rooftops, and to the hills of Hollywood beyond. Below us the street filled with people running: Negroes and whites, and kids, and women with children in their arms, all going along the sidewalks toward the big fire at Ken's A/Z.

"I told him," Asa finally said. "I advised against collecting like that."

"Over on Palmetto. Did they tell you they were going to burn us down?"

"Someone set it," and Asa smiled a little because in a way everybody likes to see a fire, in the woods in Oregon, or down here in Buckville, not far from Watts. "But not us. None of us would do a thing like that. Not for a used fan belt."

I believed what Asa said because I wanted to believe.

"That's oil burning, Ruthie. Those knuckle-busters from Oklahoma always use oil. They already got their big ticket items, and now they won't have to pay."

I believed that, too.

"Or it was Honkie Ken, himself," Asa said bitterly. "Wouldn't the insurance pay for it all? Isn't that why he pulled an inventory this morning?"

"Maybe nobody knows for sure who set it," Asa went on. "But I do know this. They will look for the nigger that just got fired."

I did not say anything because I thought that was probably true.

"And wouldn't that be me?" he said, and before I could say anything he slammed my own door in my face.

Well, he never knew it, but I just stood there and listened to Asa's footsteps go farther and farther down my stairs, and then pause at the bottom landing while he first looked up and down the street, and then he went out the door, and into the night.

I went back to the window and stood there for a long time by myself, and finally the last fire engine went away.

As I said, Ken went back East, somewhere to Ohio. Whether he collected insurance or not, no one ever said.

Right away I got a better job with this volume dealer on Wilshire. I like it a lot better here because I am closer in to Hollywood. And sometimes, right out there beyond the show window in the street, I see Fess Parker and other notables.

Naturally, I like it better here because I work only forty hours a week, with good benefits. I haven't seen a freckled elbow yet, and we wouldn't let a used fan belt in the house. We write up plenty of chrome and grilles and if you say the word, you got yourself a one-piece, tinted, wrap-around windshield, for any GM product exclusively.

As for race relations and all that rough stuff over in Watts, you can have them. As for me personally, it's like I tell my parts foreman, a kid they trained at the factory who doesn't know a head-clutch holder from a rollicking rod, but who is real safety-minded:

"Look, Smokey Bear, I got plenty of mileage left on the chassis. I'm just getting a little hard to start in the morning."

THE INDIAN DOG

Ohnemoos is the Ojibwa Indian word for dog; if there is more than one dog, it becomes Ohnemoosuk. And there always is more than one Indian dog: there is, in fact, a great unwanted surplus of Ohnemoosuk, and nowhere is one more conscious of this than at Big Trout Lake. I have been in many Indian villages in the extreme Northwest of Ontario, that territory ending on the desolate shores of Hudson Bay, and, while always conscious of dogs as a background as natural as woodsmoke, muskeg, and forest, mostly I retain the more vivid impressions of the inhabitants.

The settlement of Big Trout is on a small island; the time was spring, when the ice was newly gone out, and to the ranks of the already undernourished canine population were added the dogs that had followed families back across the ice from the winter's traplines, and were now marooned there on a few hundred acres of barren land. One could no more escape their presence than they could escape themselves. It would be the rare dog who would depart again before freeze-up; who would be valued enough to take up space in a family canoe, and reach the canine paradise of the summer fishing camps, there to gorge on fish guts and suckers.

Poor dog, poor Ohnemoos, is just another mouth to fill in a harsh country, and as such to be disregarded by the Indian, who has a hard enough job filling his children's mouths. The dog is back almost where he started in his relationship with nomadic man, one of a ring of hopeful jackals or wolves circling the seasonal camps, already convincing himself that some benefit must stem from an association with man. He must fight for his existence, starve or survive; this is the inexorable rule of nature which has governed man's own evolution

and which prevails still in the attitude of the Indian to Ohnemoos today: nature is of necessity pitiless.

The canine word has gone around that the white man is notoriously wasteful with his potato peelings and eggshells, his bits of gristle, burned toast, or apple cores. Besides, often he feeds at least one extra waif along with his own dog: today might be the very day he will take on two. Round and round the island the scavengers go, ever hopeful that the next round will produce some minor miracle—perhaps a beaver pelt, scraped clean and stretched to dry on a frame, will blow down from a roof's safekeeping; perhaps a snowshoe, with a tasty moose-hide thong, or a moccasin stitched with nourishing deer sinew, from a platform cache; perhaps, with any luck, there will be a chocolate-smeared child's face to lick, a fish bone here, a fledgling there. Whatever it might be, the lean snarling bitches with litters will almost certainly pounce first. And I, exploring the island on my own rounds, come to recognize each one of the pack: thin, often mangy or lame, fiercely cringing, warily aggressive, sneaky-eyed, for the most part unlovely pariahs.

Or so I thought at first, shocked and unhappy, fresh from a society that must pay for the privilege of owning a dog, and is liable to prosecution for neglecting it. But when I came to know them better, Ohnemoosuk of Big Trout Lake taught me an affecting lesson: ragged and gaunt they might be, an SPCA nightmare, but they had an unquenchable spirit and ebullience. One day, I watched a mangy half-grown pup drag up an old fishing net from the sand and tear off along the beach with the whole sorry pack in high delight after him in a glorious tumbling game of tag, and I realized that we do dog an anthropomorphic injustice when

by Sheila Burnford

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we link him with terms of pathos and maudlin sentiment: dog is an incurable optimist, whatever his circumstances.

Pepra was a good example of a super-scrounger, and the one I came to know the best. Thin as a greyhound, blond and leggy, with artful wolf eyes that could take on a professionally abashed expression calculated to melt the stoniest heart, she looked as though she had not had a square meal since the day she was weaned. Theoretically she was not ownerless, belonging to one Susannah, a somewhat flighty character who had other things on her mind—such as an assortment of children and no husband. Pepra must have had me marked down from the moment I stepped out of the Cessna onto the dock, for she came begging around the door of my shack almost before I had unrolled a sleeping bag, and soon established herself as the top dog cleaner-upper after meals.

I encouraged her, for her very obvious attempts to charm amused me; then one cold evening I made the fatal mistake of allowing her to push her way in for a warm by the stove, after which she became extremely possessive. No sooner had she established her status than she dealt briskly and forcibly with any other beggars at the door. She is bound up inextricably with memory of Big Trout, for Pepra was not going to lose sight of her meal ticket for one minute if she could help it. Every inch that I explored of the island was in her company; and as she seemed to have innumerable friends and relations among the other hunger-restless dogs, they usually tagged along too. After a while I became resigned to the fact that if I wanted to search for fossils or flowers or artifacts, every stone that I turned over, every plant, was going to be examined by my interested following as well.

They were a raggle-taggle train for the most part, often snarling and fighting among themselves over some morsel picked up on the way. At first if their quarrels took place too close for my comfort (I am unreasonably terrified of the noise of dogfights), all I had to do was pick up a stick or stone, brandish it threateningly, and all would cringe off with flattened ears and lowered tails—a parody of servility, for their eyes remained bright and watchful. They were either very intelligent or very anxious to please, for in a remarkably short time quarreling was confined to a tolerable distance; they seemed to be only token demonstrations, teeth and noise and little else. After a while all I had to do was say “*pssss*,” a noise I found no dog could stand, and order was instantly restored.

Having no option, I spent many hours observing the individual and pack reactions. Pepra had developed a fascinating technique that some of the smaller dogs were just beginning to adapt for themselves: she would collapse on her back at the first warning snarl over some tidbit, the traditional surrendering, but taking care to collapse her hips

on the morsel. Meek and apologetic, she would lie there, tail tip quivering placatingly, while tradition now demanded that the victor step back stiffly to acknowledge her acknowledgment of defeat; then, quick as lightning, she would stretch her head backward along the ground, swiveling her hips while at the same time the middle of her body was righting itself; and before the other dog had time to grasp the meaning of this U-bend wriggle, she would be off with the morsel, fast as the ludicrous shaggy greyhound she resembled.

There were two pups in the pack that interested me particularly as a study in contrasts. They were very alike in coloring and height and the shape of their heads, and may well have been litter brothers, but while one was plump and jolly, the other was very thin and nervous. The plump and jolly one I knew was regularly fed at the nursing station, and only came along for the fun: he was the good-natured butt of the rest of the party, being forever jumped on, rolled over, or buffeted. The other was a sickly, irritable thing, with little energy, forever sitting down to scratch. One day he sat down near me to have a prolonged session with his fleas, and I noticed that he had a rope collar on. It was already straining cruelly around his growing neck, so I cut it off. Where the woolly fur had been chafed away on his throat there was a raw crescent of skin. He was such a poor little runt that I could not overcome the eternal (white man's) urge to be a do-gooder: I had a tube of calamine-based ointment in my pocket that I always carried around to stop me from scratching mosquito bites, and I applied some of this to the raw throat. I should have known better. Within seconds he had disappeared entirely from view under a scrimmage of excited dogs. Whether it was the calamine or the base, it was obviously a canine delicacy. When the pup eventually emerged he had been licked clean and his throat was twice as raw from the rasping tongues. And before I had time to put my glove back on I thought my ointment-smeared fingers were going to be sucked into the avid mouth of Walleye Junior, an unprepossessing character with one blind eye, who looked like a small moth-eaten wolf. I never interfered again.

Walleye Junior and Walleye Senior were an interesting couple who used to join us from the other end of the island. Senior was one of the oldest, a most indomitable dog, with half of his left ear missing, two toes on his left front paw, and almost all the hair from his left flank. I used to try to imagine what possible combination of circumstances had brought about these losses. He was a surly dog, which was hardly surprising. He and Junior made an eerie picture together: about the same height, they always ran with the opaque white eyes between them, so that one got the strangest impres-

sion of a kind of dual three-eared head with a pair of tinted glasses on the inner eyes, and an outer pair of sharp upward-slanted eyes enclosing them. Of course I tried to convince myself that they stayed together as an arrangement of mutual benefit, but common sense tells me now that the blind eyes likely were congenital, and that the pair were probably siblings and had always naturally run together. At the time I was watching them I was so engrossed in an atmosphere of the fiercest determination of survival that I would have believed anything.

Sometimes I returned to the shack after one of these afternoon expeditions along the trail that passed close to the fenced-in compound of the weather station. There, in safe and solitary glory, sat the only pedigreed dog on the island, a springer spaniel: from his smooth-domed head with the long marcelled ears to his frilly leggings and gleaming Fauntleroy shirtfront, he was immaculate—and as exotic there as the Little Lord himself in the Northern bush. My scaramouch friends gazed through the fence in silent awe; there were never any rude scufflings or derisive barks; Ohnemoos knew his place apparently (although I must admit I wondered if he would have kept it, and what he would have done to those ears, if the fence had not been there). Lord Springer in return gazed through and beyond the hungry peasants at his gate. I thought he looked infinitely bored and rather stupid. At the end of two weeks I had added “effete” into the bargain and felt positively sorry for him.

I was fascinated and also strangely moved by my following’s reaction to me over the time I spent with them. Apart from Pepra, there was no association with food, for after the ointment episode I never carried so much as a piece of chocolate with me: I had seen how easily one might become a rather battered bone of contention. And apart from that, they were too many; anything left over to share after Pepra had been around would have been a useless drop in the bottomless maw of their hunger. They got nothing from me except my remote and somewhat schoolmarmish presence. They came only because of their strange, age-old craving for man’s company. I began to understand why the Ojibwa had placed them uniquely somewhere between man and spirit animal in the mythology evolved countless centuries ago.

Ohnemoosuk of Big Trout lead a most wretched bare existence by any standards, yet the overall impression was that they were not turned mean by it. The skeptic might say that they were too weak from general malnutrition to be savage, and to that I can only point out that any excess energy I saw was spent in chasing one another in play. Yet less than a hundred miles away in another Ojibwa settlement, Ohnemoos of Fort Severn gave a very different impression.

One day, lured by the prospect of fossils to be

found on the riverbed, and tales of monster speckled trout just beyond the outgoing ice on the Pippiwatin River, I went up to Fort Severn with one of the nurses bound on her monthly visit. We flew there in a Cessna, and I watched below me the spruce and poplar of Big Trout change to barren land—at one point so desolate in its conformation of wavelike ridges, the long-drawn-out gleam of lakes lying in the hollows, that it looked as though the whole empty arc of world had been left when some global tide went out forever at the beginning of time. The horizon seems so round, the earth so flat there, that Hudson Bay was not visible where it merged with the tundra until we were almost on it—an endless stretch of bleak ice, with a thin line of clear blue water lying offshore.

The tiny windswept community is huddled on the high clay banks of the majestic Severn River just before it sweeps into the bay. It was free of ice now, and the Cessna landed in midstream, then taxied in until the floats rested against the landing at the bottom of a forty-foot clay bank. As I climbed out onto the slippery, treacherous clay, two small balls of fur detached themselves from the carcass of a gull and went for my boots; getting a firm grip on the lace holes they started worrying them like the gull so that I lost my balance and nearly fell in. They clung like furry limpets until the Indian who was holding the wing kicked them, whereupon they fell upon one another. One was snow white, with long guard hairs, like a polar bear cub, and the other was its chocolate-colored brother, both with the most savage demoniacal little faces I have ever seen on puppies, without a trace of the milk-blue innocence one usually finds in the eyes of anything so young. I met them again later, and they were fighting for possession of what I thought was a bone, but on closer examination turned out to be a dog’s foreleg. Probably Mum’s, I thought; it would be in keeping with their characters if they had polished her off when she weaned them.

They were my introduction to the dogs of Fort Severn: better-looking than their brothers of Big Trout in that they were bigger, with more Husky in them than Indian dog, but the fiercest dogs that I have ever come across. There was not one answering spark of canine good feeling in their cold eyes when they lit on anyone who was not their owner. The largest, the sled dogs, which were still plentiful here, were—thank heaven—staked out, their eyes wicked, their teeth bared as one passed by. Those wandering along the river path were thin and small, of the type that slinks off with raised lip when threatened, then creeps up stealthily behind with teeth at the ready for unwary heels. Plainly the smell of a white person was anathema to the

Miss Burnford is the author of *The Incredible Journey*, *The Fields of Noon*, and a new book, *Without Reserve*, to be published in October by Atlantic-Little, Brown.

The Indian Dog

lot of them. For the first time in my life I felt uneasy—to put it mildly—among dogs. Walleye Senior was a veritable Nana compared with this lot: I would not have trusted one further than I could kick it—and then with armor-plated boots.

Fortunately my faith in canine nature at Fort Severn was restored by one half-grown pup. He was a most engaging character, an indeterminate fawn and brown, the thick woolly coat making him seem quite substantial—until one patted him and felt the ribs sharp beneath—with one amber and one greenish blue eye in a pointed intelligent little face. I met him at Father Saigan's, the Oblate missionary, which explained his unusual friendliness, for the kindly little father had been feeding him scraps occasionally from what must have been his own very meager larder: it had been eight months since the supply boat, and another two would pass before it could return through the ice of Hudson Bay.

I was on my way to look for fossils, and stopped by at the tiny shack that was his rectory to see what he had found. He showed me some beautiful specimens; so I borrowed his rubber boots, the pup crawled out from his refuge behind a pile of logs, and we set off along the path that gradually sloped down from the riverbank—a dirty walk in ankle-deep clay.

It was an enchanting day, with a soft spring wind blowing, and at last a mile or so of beach in tide-washed smoothness, marred only by my Father Saigan footprints and those of the running, leaping, spring-mad puppy. The brown tundra landscape was desolate, Daliesque, with house-sized slabs of graying ice piled haphazardly on top of one another at the edge of the tidal limits, as though giant children had been playing there with building blocks; and all the time a background of noise, rumblings and growlings, grindings and sighings, as huge chunks crumbled and fell. My heart was in my mouth several times when the pup climbed up the rotten ice, jumping from block to block after gulls; but he must have been an old hand at the game, for always he leaped to safety just before a segment roared apart.

We walked on, and soon the settlement was far behind, and there was just the pup and myself in the whole world, walking, it seemed, nearly at its rim, two infinitesimal figures in the vast primeval emptiness. Because these terrestrial proportions so diminished us, because the pup was reduced to the whole proportionate measure of my circumscribed world, it was as though I saw every detail of him intensely magnified and clear: the fleeting lights in his tawny and blue-green eyes, every responsive quiver to the wind in the curved side slits of nostrils, each individual whisker antenna above his eyebrows, beneath his chin, standing out singly, even the separate action of his claws in the sand. I can see them yet in a clear timeless photograph

taken by the heightened perception that was my mind's eye that day.

He chased sandpipers that rose in a wheeling group only to settle again further on, he rushed barking to the water's edge whenever an Arctic tern broke off from its watchful circling and plummeted down to the water, he dug for digging's sake as I turned over occasional smooth glacial boulders in my fossil quest. His enthusiasm so infected me at one point that I ran too; and my enthusiasm infected him in turn so that he leaped at me and grabbed the canvas shoulder bag and made off along the edge of the water, my precious specimens scattering as he went. But nothing mattered on a magic day like this. The fossils had been there for a million years and more: they could wait another million before I returned to pick them up.

Sometimes we looked up to the quick winging of paired ducks, and once to the slower majestic beat of Canada geese, flying so low that I could see the workings of the pinion feathers and the two neat contrasting lines that were the feet, tucked demurely into the snowy rump. They seemed to awe the pup as much as they did me; as he gazed up in wonder, the strap of the satchel dropped from his mouth, and I was able to retrieve it at last.

We turned when the tide came flooding back, for I had no wish to be caught leaping not so lightly on the piled-up ice blocks. I returned to Big Trout that evening with no fossils, no specimens of anything, but with the most vivid and exhilarating memory of an afternoon spent with a strange vagrant dog, part Husky, part wolf, part Indian dog, who had thrown in his lot with a stranger human for a day. He followed me down the steep, slithery ramp to the Cessna, when the land was washed by the mellow glow of the late Northern sunlight that turned his eyes to mismatched topaz, and bathed him in the short golden glory by which I shall always remember him.

And I wondered for the hundredth time as we flew back, what quirk of evolution thousands upon thousands of years ago impelled dog, alone of all the animals in the world, to throw in his lot with man, even as this pup had done this afternoon. He had no evolutionary need of man either: as his cousins wolf and jackal can testify, he could get along perfectly well without him. He chose deliberately, uniquely, his lot. The enigma fascinates me.

Pepa was waiting for me at Big Trout; protesting her undying love and admiration, she indicated that she had spent a hungry day. I taught her that evening to bark "please" and offer a paw for the reward of food. She learned both within about ten minutes. By the time I left Big Trout she was greeting me with her new repertoire on every possible occasion, and I felt that her future subsistence was assured at the hands of all visitors to the island: only a heart of solid stone will resist the frantic message of that disarming paw. □

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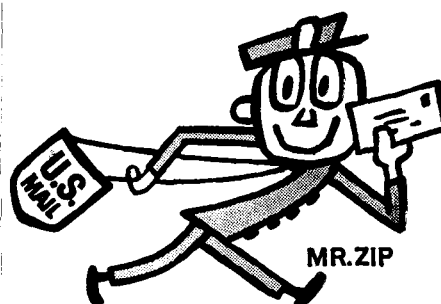
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ARTS & LETTERS:

DEATH THE BUNGLER

by Melvin Maddocks

COMMAND, AND I WILL OBEY YOU
by Alberto Moravia
translated by Angus Davidson
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$5.50

"Good writers are monotonous, like good composers," Alberto Moravia once told an interviewer. "Their truth is self-repeating. They keep trying to rewrite the same book. That is to say, they keep trying to perfect their understanding of the one problem they were born to understand."

Artists in the thralls of generalization often prove to be specifically and rather shrewdly describing themselves. Moravia, in this instance, is no exception.

It has been customary to assume that Moravia's "one problem" was sex. Certainly his popularity in this country has depended upon a misconstruing of books like *Conjugal Love* and *Two Women*. Conditioned to expect disillusioned but expert erotica from their Italian novelists, American readers have taken Moravia to be a kind of Rossano Brazzi with typewriter, and his stories to be stylish sighs of postcoital sadness.

In fact, Moravia's obsession is not with sex but with death. Sex is the

pinch-me test Moravia characters apply to prove to themselves they're alive. With fair regularity, it proves they're not.

Death in Moravia's stories is not death as the final violence, a good, clean blackout. It is death as a slow bleeding of the spirit, an endlessly graduated twilight. Moravia's death is a bungler—a lousy shot at point-blank range, all thumbs with the ether cone—who just can't put people out of their misery. The final agonies go on for years until they become a way of life.

Moravia's genius is for inducing lower and lower pulse rates until it seems a mere technicality to distinguish between the living and the dead. What a parade of walking wounded limp through the pages of these short stories! Indeed, one sees the wounds, and that is nearly all. The names may change, but mostly there are no names, no faces, only a narrator's "I," one of the most impersonal "I's" in literature.

It is permissible to think of the protagonists in these stripped, bone-bare tales as one collective personality; certainly their author must. The only problem is to get all the thin variations to add up to even a

single character. For the Moravia antihero is really a ghost of himself.

Typically he works at an ant-heap job that turns him into a set of reflexes rather than a man. (See the title story in this new collection: the title tells all.) He comes home to the absolutely standard apartment which he has dreamed of making a unique expression of himself. The more he tries, the more it turns out like everybody else's. (See "A Middling Type"—Moravia's titles continue to be devastating.) In a final effort at self-assertion, he makes love to his equally enigmatic wife or a mistress of doubtful loyalties. (For this pinch-me test, see almost any of the stories.)

Rather than defining him, these experiences, if they can be called that, succeed in blurring him further. We fade out on him, sitting on the edge of his bed, exhausted but restless, sucking on his cigarette as if smoke were food. Celestina, the robot girl who falls in love with a hot-water heater in a rather clumsy satire, is only the ultimate inhumanity toward which other Moravia characters are moving.

What separates them for the moment is that they think. Yet, for

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August Report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books



"We have been treating the earth with a recklessness which is no tribute to human genius." Son of an archaeologist, grandson of a Secretary of State; naturalist, poet, devotee of civilization, and author of that sentence, **JOHN HAY** has a way of looking at our continent, and a style of writing about it, that are as American as Walden Pond or Yosemite.

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As Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., has written, "His even temper is a marvel to me. His beloved planet, after all, is being murdered before his eyes. . . . He is an important artist, and he has written another lovely book, both delightful and heartbreaking to read."

IN DEFENSE OF NATURE

by John Hay

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LITTLE, BROWN

Moravia, thinking is also a kind of curse: it gives a man his grasp on life, then keeps him from living it. The young protagonist of *The Time of Indifference* (1928), begun when Moravia was only eighteen, says: "I've done nothing but think, and that was my mistake." Here, full-blown almost to decadence, is the passive wisdom of every Moravia antihero since.

Nor are Moravia's people all that good at thinking. On the contrary, their equipment is commonly defective. "My head is like the pockets of my overcoat," confesses the narrator of one story. "There is a little of everything in it, but everything is broken, useless and often mysterious."

The congenital failing of the Moravia man is total or partial amnesia. His ritualistic task in plot after plot is to remember exactly who he is. He makes up for his deplorable memory by being extremely observant. He allows nothing to escape him since everything, anything, could be the master clue.

Life for him is rather like one of those picture puzzles in which the important objects are concealed within the outlines of other objects. Alas, the harder he labors over it, the more muddled he gets. "I see much more than I need to see," complains the protagonist in "All-Seeing." "To make up for this, however, I understand what I see less and less."

The Moravia man seems to be born with some power of discernment missing. He is morally color-blind, as it were. Life in all its spectrum gets reduced to the single gray status of a neutrally registered impression. The perfect case in this collection is the man who witnesses a horrible automobile accident while sitting beside his wife and finds himself concentrating on the fine hairs at the back of her neck. For the Moravia man, nothing has the meaning, the significance it is supposed to have—not even words, which find "an alarming way of changing themselves into senseless sounds."

In the end, a Moravia character discovers his only identity, his only purpose, in spying upon himself, waiting, usually in vain, for some urge, some instinct to show itself. He, the author, and the reader become three still lifes watching a still life. A Moravia story, in essence, is a man staring at himself in a

cracked mirror, waiting for something to wiggle.

What the Moravia self-sleuth tracks down again and again is evidence that confirms his suspicions of impotence, of past and present paralysis. How many times have Moravia men compulsively played voyeur to their own cuckolding? There are four instances in these stories alone.

Occasionally the clue to one's absented life is a sensation of free-floating guilt, but even here the mood is passive: "I knew nothing about the crime although I was certain of having committed it." Finally, horror itself, the Deep Dark Secret, becomes banal. Whether one is victim or perpetrator, one becomes numbed, monstrously jaded. The scream that turns into a yawn marks the climax of almost every story.

Boredom may be the affliction, but it is also the self-defense of the Moravia man. For he has distinctly mixed feelings about confronting his missing self, about filling in what one novel termed by title *The Empty Canvas*. "Once I knew it," a character in this collection asks, "what would become of my life?"

Emptiness, after all, is not the worst thing in the world to the Moravia man. Lord knows, he's used to it. Side by side with his tentative determination to repossess himself there is a listlessness, a fatal willingness to let slip all claim to individuality and just dissolve.

The classic Moravia story begins: "I had a dream which nevertheless was not a dream. . . ." The classic Moravia ending goes like this: "I . . . threw myself down on the bed again. It occurred to me that at that very moment an infinite number of other people like me were throwing themselves on their beds and, strange to say, this thought comforted me, and, still thinking that I was doing something that so many others were doing, I fell asleep."

The Moravia man officially hates his purgatory state—moving drugged through an "intolerable atmosphere of everyday habit," a nightmare of "perverse moderation." For part of each story he acts out his proclaimed need: "to feel himself alive." But since being alive seems to consist mostly of "the capacity for feeling pain," he gives at least equal time to being irresolute—it is actually

what he is most active at. More often than not, he is tempted toward a kind of absolute noncommitment: "I longed to be a stone on the shore instead of a man of flesh and blood." No temptation pulls him more strongly; even sex seems attractive mainly as the best recipe for instant oblivion. Between life wish and death wish, a Moravia story is one of literature's closest toss-ups.

"Who am I?" the Moravia man asks like everybody else. The difference is that he shouts quicker and louder than almost anybody else: "Please! Don't tell me."

In an autobiographical fragment that might have come straight from the mouth of one of his antiheroes Moravia has written: "The things that form our character are those we are obliged to do, not those we do out of our own will." He goes on to name Fascism and childhood illness as the two imposed circumstances that had the most influence on him. The world as concentration camp, the world as sickroom—these limbos of the half living supply the key images for Moravia's universe.

Above all, the sickroom. Moravia suffered through childhood from tuberculosis, and remained bedridden for five years. Reading a Moravia story is a bit like staring at white ceilings. One suddenly realizes that the indifference, the fatigued irritability, the fecklessness of the Moravia man constitute the temperament of the semi-invalid. He subsists in an environment where peckish survival is one's great achievement; where still another day is both one's reward and one's punishment; where just to be alive can come to seem a form of hubris.

Death in such a world is almost as languid as everything else. It is not even positive enough to be evil. Death is simply a slow-acting deep-freeze, threatening every Moravia character and story.

In an extraordinary passage, one of Moravia's exhausted young men explains: "Life was like that, at any rate for me: a gallery of pictures through which I walked and walked, and the mere fact of looking at them took all the strength out of me, and there was no energy left for doing what my father called work."

Still, semi-invalids have ferocious tenacity, and so does Moravia. He has been worrying his "one problem" for almost half a century. The

very last lines of his book read: "I have fixed my teeth in it and I will die rather than let go."

Bored, desperate, and elegant, he plays more and more explicitly at a kind of terrible trifling with death. "Dead? What does 'dead' mean?" a character asks himself. It is the puzzle at the center of all the puzzles, the ultimate Moravia question toward which everything else leads. To ask the question at all qualifies as Moravia's own war on indifference, his personal triumph over impotence. It is as though he assumed that by answering it he might become eligible for the real question: "And alive, what does 'alive' mean?" But he has not got there yet.

Henry James claimed the writer "can't be concerned with dying. Let him deal with the sickest of the sick, it is still by the art of living that they appeal to him. . . ." With a kind of brilliant morbidity, Moravia pushes James's claim as far as it will bear to go.

Does he leave either himself or his reader room enough—life enough? By normal standards, of course not. The fact that Moravia can still manage to write at all—and that we can still read him and "know what he means"—is one of those small but alarming reminders of how much passivity most of us are accustomed to accept as normal to everyday life.

THE TERMINAL FUTURE.

by Alexander Campbell

H. G. WELLS: HIS TURBULENT LIFE AND TIMES

by Lovat Dickson
Atheneum, \$8.95

Because he invented the future, H. G. Wells is more important for our age than he was for his own time. Perhaps he will have still more significance for the age ahead—if there is one. This, however, is not a view of Wells that his latest biographer, Lovat Dickson, shares. He impatiently dismisses Wells's social and political writings as a waste of time that would have been better employed on novels, provided of course they were "clean." Dickson thinks Wells was without what he calls "moral muscle." Because of this and his low upbringing, Wells failed to become a novelist of the stature of John Galsworthy or Henry James. It is an astonishing opinion: Wells the little cad, the Cockney outsider, letting down the eminent Victorians.

Another Victorian revival is in progress in England; Galsworthy and Trollope are back in the libraries—and are on the telly. Wells shares in the restored limelight. *Kipps* was made into a supermusical, and *Ann Veronica* sells like hot cakes in paperback. This ought to gratify a biographer who happens also to be a publisher, and so presumably has a professional eye to sales. But Dickson seems almost to

wish Wells to be excluded, and to feel he deserves Coventry. It is as if the great Victorians were a kind of Supreme Court, with Wells as its Abe Fortas—or, even more appropriate perhaps, its Justice Douglas. The thought is hard to resist that Wells if he were alive today might answer the author of *H. G. Wells: His Turbulent Life and Times* in about the same terms he used to Bernard Shaw:

The more I think you over the more it comes home to me what an unmitigated middle-Victorian ass you are. You play about with ideas like a daring garrulous maiden aunt, but when it comes to an affair . . . show the instincts of conscious gentility and the judgment of a hen.

H. G. Wells lived to be almost eighty. He wrote some scores of books, and had from first to last a considerable number of attractive mistresses. They included Rebecca West, and the authoress of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* (Elizabeth von Arnim, who later married Bertrand Russell's brother). Wells warmed both hands at the fire of life. His sexual adventures have long been known. Wells refused to feel ashamed of them, and paraded them in novels like *Ann Veronica*. The "affair" referred to in the letter to Bernard Shaw concerned a daughter of Hubert Bland, who was a pillar

of the Fabian Society, along with Sidney and Beatrice Webb and Shaw. Bland's daughter sought to run off with Wells, a married man. She was, says Lovat Dickson, plucked from his side in a railway carriage at Paddington Station only at the last moment. Later she married the first editor of the *New Statesman*, and Wells went on to fall in love with someone else. But he was not seducing innocents. "If she is innocent," he wrote Shaw, "it isn't her parents' fault anyhow."

The English firm The Macmillan Company—of which Lovat Dickson was for twenty-two years a director—had published some of Wells's previous books, but Sir Frederick Macmillan drew the line at *Ann Veronica*. He rejected it in these words, written to Wells:

When Ann Veronica begins her pursuit of the professor at the international college, offers herself to him as a mistress and almost forces herself into his arms, the story ceases to be amusing and is certainly not edifying.

Macmillan similarly rejected *The New Machiavelli*, which followed. "The kind of thing we objected to in *Ann Veronica* is here intensified. . . ." Wells himself struck Sir Frederick as out of place in Macmillan's, with its broad, polished corridors and portraits in expensive frames of famous and dignified writers. It is a disapproval in which Lovat Dickson seems to concur, possibly out of sheer loyalty to Sir Frederick and Macmillan's. Wells retorted with spirit to Sir Frederick, bombarding him with letters that were no doubt deemed presumptuous.

Wells could, Lovat Dickson says, be mean, spiteful, and quarrelsome. He was, besides, half-educated and did not know his place; his mother had been a domestic servant, and Wells "was never really at home in the society to which his genius had lifted him." This is perfectly true, but not in the way Dickson imagines. Wells was right to feel unhappy about the flabby Establishment of his day, and right to feel that Sir Frederick was flabby. However, it is Wells, not Macmillan's, that Dickson accuses of lack of moral muscle.

Wells thought of himself as a great man, as a rival major prophet to Marx. He rather plainly regarded Sir Frederick Macmillan as a fool, writing him:

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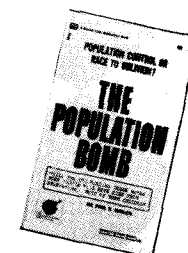
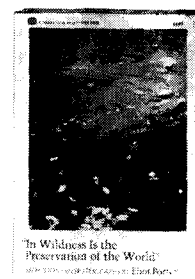
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You are I think of that type that does not readily perceive that living men are as good as the dead. You are sceptical about me as you would have been sceptical about Coleridge if you had been his contemporary . . . you force me to unbecoming lengths of self-assertion. You don't believe that literature is still going on.

Lovat Dickson thinks this a bit hard on the publisher of Kipling and Yeats, Hardy and Henry James. Perhaps. But it is certainly very odd that Dickson should praise Rebecca West (born a lady) for appreciating James, while damning Wells (no gentleman) for failing to do so. By Dickson's own testimony, it was Rebecca West who while living with Wells wrote that James constructed stories "the size of a hen-house" with "sentences as vast as granite blocks of the Pyramids." When Wells derided his old friend, he merely echoed his young mistress: "His vast paragraphs sweat and struggle . . . it is a magnificent but painful hippopotamus resolved at any cost . . . upon picking up a pea."

Wells's impatience with pea-picking derived from his own deep and abiding concern with man's fate. Long before the furor about a military-industrial complex, he likened human society to a crab with one huge hypertrophied claw fast outgrowing the rest of the beast. Such hypertrophy would sooner or later condemn a species that suffered from it to extinction. After the First World War, therefore, Wells devoted the rest of his long life to what he termed a "race between education and catastrophe." Lovat Dickson tuts at him for "generating visions" that were "of little practical use in the world of affairs," but he ingenuously adds, "except to stimulate men to action or to thought." The immensity of that "except"!

Wells, he feels, ought to have continued producing popular novels instead of drudging at *The Outline of History* and *The Science of Life*. And he alleges the drudgery was not even genuinely altruistic. What drove Wells to those latter-day labors, Dickson contends, was not concern for mankind at all; it was Wells's "burning desire to tidy up the mess he had made of his life." No evidence props up this assertion. The only person whose life Wells may have felt he messed up was his

wife, but his self-imposed task continued many years after her death. If at the end Wells thought he had failed, it was not because he now repented having had mistresses, or having shocked Sir Frederick.

Dickson makes much of *Mind at the End of Its Tether*, an old man's cry of despair. But that last sad fragment was a product of the dying Wells's cancerous liver, not of his alleged "lack of moral balance." Wells did sometimes despair because he was in his own words "a man lit by a vision of a world still some centuries ahead," who however knew very clearly there was no certainty that the vision would be realized. Changes in human adjustability absolutely essential for the species' survival must take centuries, yet there might be only some scores of years left. Since Wells's death in 1946 the odds have worsened. U Thant now believes that "the members of the United Nations have perhaps ten years left in which to subordinate their ancient quarrels and launch a global partnership." After ten more years, the arms race, the human environment, the population explosion will be completely out of control. Wells foresaw this. Generally, however, he was hopeful. "Worlds may freeze and suns may perish," he wrote, "but I believe there stirs something within us now that can never die again."

But supposing all should in fact be lost? In that case, he wrote in *The History of Mr. Polly*,

Man comes into life to seek and find his sufficient beauty, to serve it, to win and increase it, to fight for it, to face anything and dare anything for it, counting death as nothing so long as the dying eyes still turn to it.

This is the man whose newest biographer says lacked religion and morality.

Lovat Dickson's fortunately is not the last word. The formal Life of H. G. Wells is coming, it seems, from Professor Gordon Ray at the University of Illinois, which has all Wells's papers. The author of *The Turbulent Life and Times* concedes his own book is neither a full-scale biography of Wells nor "a critical examination of his works." It is a pity that some of it reads like a Publisher's Peeve. Wells no doubt offended the House of Macmillan, but that was fully sixty years ago. Can the wound still rankle?

ATLANTA LULLABY

by Sam Bingham

DISCOVER ATLANTA
by Doris Lockerman
and Patricia LaHatte
Simon and Schuster, \$2.95

The great provincial cities of the United States, usurpers that they are of our agrarian past, have themselves never quite become immune to that peculiarly American sickness they so often impart to their citizens, the identity crisis. Sometimes the lack of identity is institutionalized. Sometimes it is denied. Where is it that Superman and Lois Lane hang out? Metropolis, isn't it? On the other hand, what a good sentimental cry we all got out of the pop song "Galveston." Farm to city, South to North, migration notwithstanding, the situation has generated a country full of homesick exiles who don't really know where or what home is.

Metropolis, as everyone knows, is very dull, but for the millions who imagine New York to be populated by bastard children of Adam Clayton Powell and Philip Roth, and who can't breathe the air in Queens or read a subway map, there isn't much place to go. Enter Atlanta as the great hope east of the Mississippi.

Doris Lockerman and Patricia LaHatte, two women whose experience in light journalism and public relations should qualify them well for the job, have written a city guide for the serious Atlanta visitor, especially the executive type interested in jobs, investments, or conventions. Though the book is mainly a chatty list of hotels, clubs, land prices, schools, shops, and other information useful to middle-class settlers of the seventies, buckets of hard-sell pitch for the city's identity have been splashed between the lines.

The image (one echoed in a huge national ad campaign backed by a Chamber of Commerce committee which Mrs. LaHatte has chaired) is not altogether wrong. Atlanta does have a good record. Residents, black and white, tend to be notoriously energetic and optimistic. Their generous patrons have built a new art

center, supported a symphony, museum, art school, and amateur ballet, among other things. Industry booms. There are some good schools. The city has blessed itself with a mayor and a police chief who have steered it clear of major strife. Reformist institutions such as the Southern Regional Council and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference have made homes there. It offers the best examples of black education and entrepreneurship. There is a good underground newspaper, too, *The Great Speckled Bird*.

Nevertheless, as the book says in one of its distressingly innocent leaps of exuberance (it cheerfully states you can buy your way into society through charity balls), "Atlanta is not the somnolent South. It is not sorghum syrup, fatback and hoecake. It is camellias, corporations and cash." That, in both good and evil interpretations, was indeed the bedrock of faith in Atlanta until so recently that some major tremors of heresy could hardly have registered when the book went to press. An identity crisis is at hand for the Florence of the South.

Since before the turn of the century, the plutocrats have called the tune and paid the piper. Transportation, wholesaling, and light industry have traditionally been the core of prosperity; and banking, insurance, retailing, and construction have all caught fire since the war and the renowned influx of Northern investment.

In 1961 the "big men" in these areas did not have much difficulty deciding over lunch at the Capital City Club that Atlanta needed a sober hand and a gentleman to meet the crisis of integration, and they led the coalition that elected Ivan Allen, Jr., whose success is legendary. In 1962 it was no trick to put together \$13 million for the Memorial Arts Center. Last fall the Atlanta Arts Alliance raised nearly half-a-million dollars in two days. The strategy of such power is an old story. Both the predominantly black Atlanta University Center and the Lester Maddox gubernatorial campaign advanced on the largess of the same parties.

And the duplicity has not always led to evil, for when the heavily prohibitionist Georgia legislature recently came within nine votes of

abolishing decadent Atlanta altogether as a political entity in favor of Fulton County, the thought that cash dollars might have held the line bothered few.

Yet, though the tumult and the shouting may be just beginning, and the captains and the kings have not departed, some of America's more chthonic gods may soon haunt Mmes. Lockerman and LaHatte. One of the sergeant majors of progressive causes in Atlanta, Helen Bullard, said she "had the feeling there's no one minding the store here anymore, no one to go to to get things done. We may just be at the point where image crosses the truth." A pessimist's journal might contain some of the following notes: Ivan Allen, mayor for eight years, is stepping down, and new racial forces have ended his coalition. Ralph McGill of the *Atlanta Constitution* is dead, and the paper has lost a handful of staffers. Some of them left in protest over an alleged reaction from the Georgia Power Company to a column critical of adding the tax surcharge to the price of electricity.

In the congressional elections last fall, two solid conservatives, Fletcher Thompson and Benjamin Blackburn, beat James McKay, the liberal incumbent, and Charles Weltner, who was trying to regain the seat he did not defend in 1966 when running meant endorsing Maddox.

A proposed rapid transit system was voted down at the same time, although the construction business booms along on beaver-board Tudor housing projects that have made rush hour a mayhem second to none. The routes would have cut out black areas altogether anyway. The city was not prepared psychologically for Martin Luther King's funeral either, for its enormity spelled the end of a blissful innocence and the beginning perhaps of a time of racial heat. Meanwhile, of course, the police are trying to make the poor *Speckled Bird* actually fly underground.

And the arts, never forgotten in Atlanta, saw two major projects fall flatter than anyone thought possible.

Last fall the Atlanta Municipal Theater began operations as tenants in the new arts center. The project included a repertory theater, professional opera and ballet compa-

nies, a second orchestra, and a children's theater. Needless to say, national and local boosters cried out that the day of regional arts had arrived at last, and the Atlanta Chamber of Commerce began to cackle and count those investing chickens that must soon hatch from the cultural egg.

But what an egg had been laid. In mid-January the general director of AMT, Christopher Manos, announced an astronomical debt including back withholding taxes and stopped all productions on a week's notice without hope of resurrection. Thereupon the offices of AMT accidentally caught fire. In the depths of the crisis, the Atlanta Arts Alliance did belly up to the bar quite admirably. The ballet reverted to amateur status. The children's theater will survive. And the Alliance has decided to shore up the repertory company under a new name. Yet the aftertaste is bitter, and people like the orchestra conductor Jonathan Sternberg, who recently got six-months pay from a two-year contract, no longer crow about regional high culture.

THE WRITERS:

Melvin Maddocks is a book critic for the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Alexander Campbell is managing editor of the *New Republic*.

Sam Bingham, an *Atlantic* editor, is a Southerner who grew up in Atlanta's cultural orbit.

Edward Weeks was for many years the *Atlantic's* editor in chief and is now a senior editor of the *Atlantic Monthly Press*.

Yorick Blumenfeld contributes to the *Atlantic* from London.

Herbert Kupferberg's new book about the Philadelphia Orchestra will be published in October.

Phoebe Adams, one of our editors, writes a monthly column.

Sandra Hochman (page 42) is the author of *Manhattan Pastures* and *Vaudeville Marriage*.

Christopher Brookhouse (page 74) has taught at Harvard and the University of North Carolina.

Another repertory group, Theater Atlanta, started and ended last winter on a marvelous new thrust stage built by a local philanthropist. A mildly avant-garde season and an inability to rent out the store space in the building finally brought mid-season eviction to them too. Most of the company retreated to Broadway with the satire *Red, White and Maddox*, and now a slick TV outfit is producing commercials and syndicated cooking demonstrations on the stage.

Charles Jagels, a retired department-store head and now president of the Arts Alliance, admitted in his candid but genteel way that "with the exception of the Symphony, which industry seems to favor, the performing arts do not flourish as they should in Atlanta."

The reasons are elusive, though they involve the camellias-corporations-and-cash mentality more than the actual cultural richness of the town. The Maddox satire, for example, was a marvelous local response to a local situation, and it packed the house. Atlanta (and many other similar towns) is in fact full of actors, musicians, singers, and dancers, so full that New York agents protested strongly at the AMT use of local talent; but no one has yet discovered how to support these people on a professional basis. The Renaissance relationship of artist and patron is evidently impractical, if not doomed.

The fat cats of Atlanta, who for two nights with *Aida* bought 9000 tickets to the Metropolitan Opera Company's production, were not numerous enough to support the local company at \$7.50 for the cheapest seat. Fifteen dollars is out of the question for a couple of unfat cats, and even at that rate the company needed a 90 percent house to break even. Theater Atlanta mathematically could not have survived except on full crowds of local money bags, and they simply did not show.

Public funds from state and local sources support artistic causes in Atlanta to the extent of around \$290,000, much of which goes to the running of the Memorial Arts Center plant. By many standards this is small, but rather than yell about uncultured lawmakers, it might be better for Atlanta to stop dreaming of culture as grand opera on a golden stage, and dream up some original

ways to make the arts part of the life of the city at large, for the city will need all the unifying forces it can muster. The Chamber of Commerce will take care of itself.

At some risk of overkill, one might point out that Liverpool is better known for the Beatles, and Nashville for the Grand Ole Opry, than Atlanta may ever be for Memorial Center at the present rate.

So runs the debate. One wouldn't like to say a Southern Babylon has discovered its feet of clay but simply that it has discovered its feet, and

other parts, and suddenly isn't quite sure what lobe of its golden brain should do what or to what end. The decisions could be reactionary and materialistic, or inspiring and progressive. No one knows yet, though many fear the former.

An optimistic native used another metaphor. "We're just a lot of people, halfway into orbit, looking around for a second stage of the rocket to ignite." Well, if we don't find one, we can of course be sure that Superman will fly out and take us all safely back to Metropolis.

THE PERIPATETIC REVIEWER

by Edward Weeks

A PLACE IN THE COUNTRY

by Sarah Gainham

Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.95

Sarah Gainham is an English novelist with an extensive and sympathetic knowledge of Austria. Her best-known book, *Night Falls on the City*, is the story of the deterioration of the once elegant, artistic capital, Vienna, beginning with the German Occupation of 1937 and reaching the fearful degradation when the city fell to the tender mercies of the Russians in 1945. The novel dramatized what capitulation meant to three intelligent people: Julia Homburg, the leading lady of the state theater, who contrived to keep her Jewish husband hidden in her apartment for seven years; her lovely young ward, Lali von Kasda, whose home was taken over by the Russian high command; and Georg Kerenyi, the brave, cantankerous journalist from Hungary who was involved in the plot to kill Hitler.

In the sequel, her new book, *A Place in the Country*, Miss Gainham tells of the rescue of these three from their destitution and captivity, and, incidentally, of the restoration of Vienna itself, thanks to the ameliorating pressure of the Allies. The agent who was personally responsible is a twenty-two-year-old English officer, Captain Robert Inglis, the most gifted linguist in a British interrogation unit—the "pen," as the military call it. Inglis, whose mother was Russian, has more than a speaking acquaintance with

the Soviet mentality, and the defectors and agents who have passed through his hands have made him wary: it was he who discovered Kerenyi in a ghastly half-frozen van load shunted into Austria from a Russian prison camp; it was he whose intervention and surreptitious gifts, the result of the black market, helped Julia Homburg rehabilitate her plundered country house; and it was he who got a job in the British zone for the exhausted young widow Lali, thus extricating her, though not her mother, from the attention of the Russian officers. Robert Inglis is a quite fascinating character with an intuitive understanding of foreign temperaments, a likable modesty, and a courage in counterespionage quite the equal of that required in combat.

The action is set in two pools of light: the pen, with its strict barbed-wire security within which the warmed, well-fed British officers work, and bicker; and the other, the country house, slowly regaining its character as Julia and Lali regain their strength and to which comes Captain Inglis, as protector, bearer of food, and in his shy way, lover of Lali. The personal relations are handled with a sure touch, and the tension in the story arises from the fact that in 1946 the Americans possessed the knowledge and weaponry the Russians were avid to secure, and that it was the Soviets' search for secrets and defectors which invested Europe with the pervasive atmosphere of suspicion and conspiracy.



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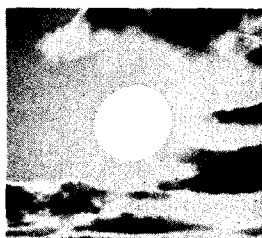
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I think Miss Gainham makes too much of the English defector in the pen, but with this single reservation, I find this a cultivated, vivid, and remarkably cosmopolitan story.

FUN WHILE IT LASTED
by Barnaby Conrad
Random House, \$6.95

By his own admission Barnaby Conrad should have been a spoiled brat. There was money back of him, and during his boyhood in Burlingame, California, he learned to do too many things too easily: he was at home in the saddle, could play the piano or guitar acceptably for a nightclub, and at sixteen had painted the murals for the Tahitian Hut in San Francisco. Girls found him irresistible and came when he whistled. It was while taking summer courses at the University of Mexico in preparation for Yale that he caught the contagion of Hemingway's *Death in the Afternoon*. At a second-rate fight, on a dare from his roommate, he dropped into the ring and proceeded with his Brooks Brothers raincoat to make a series of passes at the surprised bull. The crowd was amused, and when the bull had hooked the coat over his eyes and Conrad had found safety behind the barricade, there was a roar of applause. At nineteen this first taste of the bullring was the turning point in his young life, as he explains in his naïve and volatile autobiography, *Fun While It Lasted*.

Bullfighting, like writing, is a profession in which amateurs do not thrive, as Barnaby was to learn in the course of the next decade. In Mexico he found a young matador, Felix Guzmán, who was willing to be his tutor, and he learned fast: his veronicas were good and his courage grew cooler when he used the muleta, but his experience was still superficial, and when he turned his back on an erratic heifer and carelessly twitched his cape, he received the first of several gorings, this one doing sufficient damage to his right leg to unfit him for service in the Second World War.

When the State Department found a job for him in Spain as one of our vice-consuls, Conrad had time to heal his gimp leg and to pursue his flirtation with the bulls, in which he went considerably further than Hemingway. He was befriended by

Sydney Franklin, Belmonte, and Manolete, and under their patronage, he practiced at the great ranches, took part in an occasional festival, and with the title of "The Kid from California," acquired the status of a semipro. Manolete, that ugly little nonesuch, was his special admiration; he watched him in the defiant competition with younger matadors and wondered, as all Spain did, how much longer death would spare the great one.

After two years of dangerous, delightful living and another tossing, which left him limp, Conrad resigned from the Foreign Service and took a freighter to join his brother in Peru. Here he tried his hand at writing, played the piano in a night spot, and when an old flame joined him and he needed more cash, began to paint portraits, more than twenty of them, for what sounds like good money—all this being a prelude to the literary adventure that awaited him back home.

It is not Barnaby Conrad's versatility I question but rather his ability to make it sound believable. His love affairs are quick-changing. He was twice married to and twice separated from his first wife, and his old flame Betty Layne, who eagerly flies to him when other possibilities are exhausted, is repeatedly abandoned. It is beyond his power to describe a desirable woman or to make the reader believe that he could pleasure her. The vital parts of *Fun While It Lasted* are the hard truths of instruction which Barnaby received in bullfighting from Franklin, Belmonte, and Manolete, and in writing, from Sinclair Lewis, whom he served as companion-secretary for almost a year. Lewis made him conscious of how cliché-ridden his stories were, and by scorn and example, he set up a discipline which was to guide the younger man in the writing of his best book, *Matador*, inspired by Manolete's tragic death. Compared with the instruction he had from his betters Conrad's playboy escapades sound shallow and but half-told.

BETWEEN THE BULLET AND THE LIE
by Cecil Eby
Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.95

Americans caught in the cross fire of Spain's Civil War is the theme of Cecil Eby's well-documented volume

Between the Bullet and the Lie. From Christmas Eve, 1936, when the first detachment arrived, until the spring of 1938, when the last survivors were evacuated, 3000 Americans volunteered for the Lincoln Battalion, and more than half gave their lives to the losing cause. Longshoremens, Communists, Ivy Leaguers, dropouts from the Depression, they arrived in the surplus khaki of World War I and with a smattering of close-order drill. They were equipped with French tin hats, with Remingtons, sold to Russia in 1914, stamped with spread eagles, resold to Mexico, and ultimately donated to the Republic, and with worthless Maxims that "fired one shot and jammed." Their company commanders were of their own choosing, but their division was in the hands of General "Gal," who had fought in the Austro-Hungarian Army, was captured and trained by the Russians, and was easily the most incompetent of the international general officers in Spain. Hemingway said "he should have been shot."

"The Lincolns," some just three days off the boat, received their baptism on the Jarama Front, and it was a nightmare: two truckloads took the wrong road, drove into the enemy lines, and were never heard from again; the balance were butchered in an unsupported charge against the well-armed, well-positioned Moors; and the resentment of those who survived was such that they would have been court-martialed had it not been for the intervention of the Soviet tank commander. The Lincolns suffered from poor equipment, they were irritated by commissars—Commissar Stember, Mr. Eby writes, "had become a symbol of all the disasters that had overtaken the battalion"—and they were abused by the high command, with its incredibly confused staff work. But from that exposure those who lived and those who returned from slight wounds hardened into a tough unit, which under the command of men like Captain Hourihan and Major Merriman became a legend, for its courage, its sour, irrepressible humor, and its ability to improvise.

The narrative and the case histories so carefully pieced together make this of special interest to those who may be curious about the bitter realities in Spain.

THEATER

THE LONDON SHOW

by Yorick Blumenfeld

Americans might justifiably have presumed that the English would by now have tired of cheeky, school-boy assaults on their moribund Establishment. Quite the contrary: nothing succeeds so much as attacking the very practices and conventions which had been tackled by Wilde and Shaw more than two generations ago. Equating the British Empire with original sin still seems refreshing in 1969. It would almost appear as if viciously condemning and mocking the meager remnants of Empire could provide a means of cleansing the present or even fortifying the future.

Hugh Leonard's *The Au Pair Man* seems exactly such an irrelevant attack on the symbolism of long-jaded glory. The setting is a large, crumbling mansion where a grand old lady named Elizabeth Rogers (Read E.R.: Elizabeth Regina) manages to preserve some relics of Edwardian splendor. As the door chimes play "God Save the Queen" it seems clear that this house stands for decaying Britain. E. R. is reputed to be exceptionally rich, but she steadily refuses to settle her accounts or even to pay the rent. Her creditors dispatch a young Irish bill collector to make her pay up. However, he quickly finds himself being taken on by E. R. as a majordomo. The Irish apparently are most willing to be taught the conventional graces. Obviously, the embrace of the privileged-class system is preferable to dreary, Wilsonian socialism.

Forty Years On, starring John Gielgud and his boys, brings back seventy years of British glory. It is a dirge to Old England. The author, Alan Bennett, waxes sentimental about the disappearance of the Victorian shadows, the passing of the literary renaissance at Bloomsbury, the endless dances of La Belle Epoque. Bennett presents these memories as a series of sketches built around the annual dramatic performance at a public school rather tritely called Albion House. Some of his skits are as crude as funny:

It was not to the family's
fancy
When Lord de Vere became a
nancy
And so in order to protect him
They had tattooed upon his
rectum:
The working class must travel
steerage
This passage is reserved for
peerage.

With Parliament bogged down much of this spring in an endless debate on the reform of the House of Lords, Peter Barnes hoped that his *The Ruling Class* might deliver the coup de grace. There is no denying that this comedy is a brilliant sequence of gibes at the Establishment. One would have to search far afield for anyone who could flog an old horse better than Mr. Barnes—but then the British are renowned as flagellists. In the program note to *The Ruling Class* Barnes condemns "the deadly servitude of naturalism." What he strives for is a dramatic reality of "opposites where everything is simultaneously tragic and ridiculous."

The Ruling Class opens as the thirteenth Earl of Gurney, a hanging judge, is taking his evening exercise dressed in a tutu. He climbs a stepladder over his ancestral bed and puts the hangman's noose around his neck. Usually this bit of eroticism is followed by a whiskey and soda. This time, however, he slips, and his butler finds him swiveling for real. He is succeeded by Jack, the fourteenth Earl of Gurney (superbly played by Derek Godfrey). Jack is a certified lunatic who proclaims that he's the Trinity. When asked why he thinks he is God, Gurney answers: "When I pray to Him I find I am talking to myself." Indeed, while the card-carrying Communist butler pours tea, his nibs raves happily from a wooden cross preaching love, sex, and tolerance. The ruling class, according to Barnes, rejects Gurney's beatitudes as a cold, mean, greedy, and thoroughly self-absorbed group.



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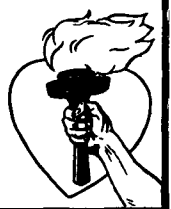
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When confronted by another madman, a Scot who also believes himself to be God, the fourteenth Earl really goes mad. He remembers that there is also a God of wrath and transforms himself into Jack the Ripper, slashing away at the aristocratic Establishment. This time, however, he is regarded as eminently sane by society. Gurney, addressing the crutch- and earphone-filled debating chamber of a decrepit House of Lords, denounces fornication and homosexuality. Eulogizing the hangman, Gurney is applauded by the honorable assemblage.

But what is Barnes really saying? The cornerstone of English society is certainly not the public hangman. And contrary to his derogatory satire, the Lords have been in the very forefront of reform: abolishing the death penalty and liberalizing the laws on homosexuality which the popularly elected chamber of Parliament was loath to discuss. The implication is that conservatism, or the safeguarding of the traditions of the past, is madness. If this is indeed Barnes's message, then it is a grave oversimplification.

The critics hailed *The Ruling Class* as "uproariously funny." They hardly seemed perturbed by the savagery of its neo-Jacobean ridicule. However, if Barnes had been attacking only a heraldic Britain which exists solely in tourist brochures, would the audiences have found it so funny? It seems anomalous that the upper-class attendance at the theater should titter so nervously about its social standing when darts have been thrown at it for so many decades. The welfare state is now a generation old, the *Times* is no longer the stuffy representative of a wooden culture. And yet Peter Barnes writes as if nothing had happened.

The Edward Bond festival at the Royal Court Theater on Sloane Square presented a more modern dramatic formulation of the same grievances. Bond is being lauded as the most important British playwright to emerge in the sixties. Bond is too sophisticated merely to harp on the Establishment's greed or its hold on illusory privilege. But history, the glorification of England's past and its tradition, is clearly one of his principal bogeys.

In *Early Morning* Bond unites a vulpine, lecherous Queen Victoria

with a lesbian Florence Nightingale. "Call me Victor," says the Queen. (To many, the curiosity value or attractiveness of this drama rests in the fact that it was the last play to be officially banned by the Lord Chamberlain.) Gladstone is transformed into a trade-union leader who teaches party members how to deliver below-the-belt punches. Disraeli plots with Prince Albert to kill the Queen. And Disraeli and Gladstone lead rival forces in a seemingly interminable civil war which rages until both sides (and the audience) collapse.

Early Morning is not a play about Victorian England. How then to reconcile these fanciful events with the playbill, in which the author proposes that "the events of this play are true"? Some critics have interpolated that Bond was simply satirizing the teaching of history as practiced in English grammar schools; that to the average boy or girl history is nothing but a parade of ridiculous clichés of which they can have no understanding. Bond's history thus becomes as much of an obfuscation for the audience as the usual descriptions of civil war, for example, are for ten-year-olds. Bond would have the audience assume that his half-digested fairy tales are "truths" about the unreality of events. Like those two angels, Victoria and Albert, whom he portrays as cannibals in heaven, the public is assumed to be so carnivorous it will swallow anything.

Not only is Bond's sense of the meaning of history off-balance, his sense of proportion seems seriously distorted. In the introduction to *Saved*, another of the plays presented at the Royal Court, Bond writes:

Clearly the stoning to death of a baby in a London park is typical English understatement. Compared to the "strategic" bombing of German towns it is a negligible atrocity, compared to the cultural and emotional deprivation of most of our children, its consequences are insignificant.

Perhaps the murder of an innocent baby is a good mechanism to convey a message to the public, but when Bond begins to make such moralistic evaluations, he is on dangerous ground.

In the *Narrow Road to the Deep North*, Bond continues to mix his historical metaphors to an even

more disheartening degree. He coagulates cockney linguistics with Japanese condescension. Says Bond, who wrote this play in all of two and a half days (if one is to believe his sense of time): "It's set in Japan . . . about the 17th, 18th, or 19th Century." Bond cheaply snatches the famed haiku poet Matsuo Bashō from the skeleton closet of history and proceeds to capitalize on his fame. He then manufactures two cliché figures, a British commodore and his "sister," a prim evangelical matron. The first is used to caricature British Imperialism, the second to mock Christianity by means of outlandish hyperbole. Dramatically they are but weak, degenerate descendants of Lady Brit and Undershaft in *Major Barbara*.

Is Bond's message that our attitude toward the past is a total distortion as well as an inappropriate way to approach the future? He apparently still sees modern England burdened by the tarnished robes of Victorianism, so he sets about ripping all the fig leaves off the national monuments. But then, stripping men and women of their clothes, real or symbolic, seems to be the essence of modern theater.

Documentary theater, on the other hand, seems both positive and full of genuine innovation. The only new genre to be developed on the English stage in over a decade, the documentaries grew out of Joan Littlewood's 1963 production of *Oh! What a Lovely War*. The combination of song, slides, ballads, mime, film clips, historical readings, dialogue, and dance "is not like the consistent voice of the playwright," explains Peter Cheeseman, the director of the Stoke-on-Trent theater. "It feels like life, it feels like history," he says.

These documentaries are akin to community music-hall shows with a strong historical penchant. Often their structure is merely episodic. But the running themes attract the local miners and factory workers because they deal with their own, immediate past. The audiences really seem to identify, to be involved. Such a grass-roots approach appears infinitely more successful than the impressionist, if not surrealist, exploitation of historical material on the West End. *The Knotty* examines the way of life on the North Staffordshire Railroad. *The Stirrings*

develops the strife-torn struggle for existence of the saw grinders in the 1860s. And *Close the Coalhouse Door* examines the rise of unionism in the Newcastle coal mines.

Alan Plater admits that *Close the Coalhouse Door* clearly shows the hundredweight of inherited prejudice. Plater started to write this documentary with the express aim of creating "an unqualified hymn of praise to the miners who created a revolutionary weapon without having a revolutionary intention." Plater's approach seems almost naïvely left-wing. His dialogue is earthy and full of local slang. And yet the message has impact:

Close the coalhouse door,
lad,
There's bones inside.
Mangled, splintered piles
of bones
Buried 'neath a mile of
stones
And not a soul to hear the
groans. . . .

Directors like Colin George and writers such as Plater may yet succeed in creating a new form for a genuinely popular theater. The documentary format has now spread to cover such events as the birth of the Yorkshire woolen and worsted industry, a history of British printing, Methodism and Wesley in the West Country—all staged in cities where the population closely identifies with these movements. References to local figures, pubs, houses, and other landmarks all engage community interest. The documentary playwrights are striving to give the public a sense of its own history. This format thus represents another aspect of the mood of retrospection which continues to rack the English stage. Rather than being heavy with drawing-room wit, the documentaries are filled with genuine concern. They are written out of a compulsion to explain the past so that ordinary working people can better understand their present predicament. The playwrights on the West End, however, regard any serious, straightforward examination of the past with disdain. They seem to believe that they must intentionally distort history as a provocation for their presumably upper-class audiences. However, the fault of this dramatic approach is currently revealed by the increasing weakness of the theatrical product.

MUSIC

MINDLESS MASTERS

by Herbert Kupferberg

Listening to certain operas of the late nineteenth century, one is sometimes tempted to echo the remark of Miss Harriet Herriton in E. M. Forster's novel *Where Angels Fear to Tread*. Miss Herriton, it may be remembered, was a rather prim English lady who, taken to the opera in a provincial Italian town, observed with horror the way the audience swayed with the melodies, cheered the entrance of the singers, and almost drowned out the high notes with shrieks of approbation. Finally, unable to stand it longer, she stalked out crying: "Call this classical! It's not even respectable!"

Miss Herriton's objection was essentially to the audience, but there are a number of cases in which it seems applicable to the music as well. There exists a whole shadowland of nineteenth-century Italian operas, apart from Verdi's and Puccini's, whose durability has always been a bit mystifying. For the most part, their plots are sentimental, their melodies saccharine, their harmonies soggy. Distressing as these infirmities are, they apparently are not fatal to operatic life, for in one way or another, the works manage to survive.

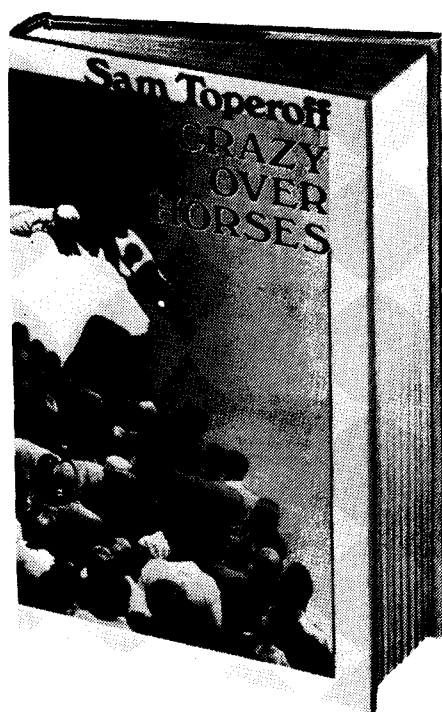
A case in point is that of an opera called *Adriana Lecouvreur* by one Francesco Cilèa. *Adriana Lecouvreur* was resuscitated after years of almost total neglect in 1963 by the Metropolitan Opera, which put it on for no other earthly reason than that Renata Tebaldi made it a condition of her return to the company. Curiously, thanks to Tebaldi, Franco Corelli, and several other participants, the public began to develop a certain tolerance for *Adriana*. In fact, when Rudolf Bing decided to present it again in the 1968-1969 season, he felt himself able to schedule it no fewer than thirteen times, as compared with four for *Wozzeck* and seven for *Peter Grimes*.

However, the last refuge of a second-rate opera is not the opera house but the record album. Thanks

to the enterprise, if that is the word, of several record companies, it now is possible to enjoy or endure, depending upon the inclinations of the listener, such hitherto undisturbed products of the past as Mascagni's *L'Amico Fritz*, Leoncavallo's *La Bohème*, and Catalani's *La Wally*. Ordinarily, an operagoer might pass a lifetime without witnessing any of these works and count himself none the poorer; still, it is true that *L'Amico Fritz* was praised extravagantly by Gustav Mahler, that Leoncavallo's *Bohème* gave Puccini's a fair run for its money, and that *La Wally* was a favorite of Toscanini, who actually named a daughter in its honor. All three operas are relics of the 1890s. People once paid good money to hear them, and, one imagines, there wasn't an empty seat or a dry eye in the house.

Of the three, the likeliest candidate for revival would seem to be *L'Amico Fritz*. Mascagni, like Leoncavallo, has gone down in history as a one-opera composer; *Cavalleria Rusticana*, while no favorite of the cognoscenti, still makes music at the box office, which is the only kind most impresarios have ears for. *L'Amico Fritz* was first produced in Italy in 1891, a year after *Cavalleria*. Bernard Shaw, who heard it in London in 1892 (contemporary opera really got around in those days), thought it "an opera which will pass the evening pleasantly enough for you, but which you need not regret missing if you happen to have business elsewhere."

It's an appraisal which still seems reasonably valid, for *L'Amico Fritz* in contrast with the blood-and-thunder *Cavalleria* is an almost idyllic kind of work, all about the romance between a rich Alsatian landowner (the "friendly Fritz" of the title) and a poor farm girl. One of the characters, curiously, is a middle-aged rabbi named David, who is a friend to everybody and a kind of village matchmaker. *L'Amico Fritz* has managed to hold the stage in



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by Sam Toperoff

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Italy, though when it was given there during the years of Mussolini's close collaboration with Hitler, it was found advisable to change the rabbi's part to that of a doctor.

L'Amico Fritz is rather a short opera; among other advantages, its melodies, sugary as some of them are, don't really have time to cloy. As a matter of fact, it gives an overall impression of rather wistful charm. One scene, in which the rabbi and the girl together gently recall the biblical tale of Rebecca at the well, is particularly fresh and striking: a duet set to a choralelike melody that one feels impelled to go back and play again. There also is a number called the "Cherry Duet," which has its attractions. If *L'Amico Fritz* had a little dramatic variety and tension, perhaps it too might aspire to thirteen performances a season at the Metropolitan Opera. In any event, it has been smoothly recorded by a cast headed by Mirella Freni and Luciano Pavarotti, with Gianandrea Gavazzeni conducting the Covent Garden Orchestra and Chorus (Angel SBL-3737: two records).

Leoncavallo's *La Bohème* was also written shortly after his most celebrated work, *Pagliacci*; even more important to its eventual fate, it came out just after Puccini's *La Bohème*. Although it never had much chance against its famous rival, it did manage to win its own performances and audiences for a time, before it eventually vanished from sight. Now Everest has given it a recording in a performance made in San Remo, Italy, by Antonietta Medici, Guido Mazzini, and Nedda Casei, with Alberto Zedda conducting (S-462/3: three records). With more humor than most record companies display about their wares, Everest has even labeled the album "The Other *La Bohème*."

Much of the interest in this recording stems from a comparison with the Puccini version. The story, the musical line, even the voices, all undergo significant changes. In Puccini, Rodolfo, the poet, is a tenor; here he's a baritone. In Puccini, Musetta is a subsidiary character, existing mainly to sing her famous waltz; in Leoncavallo, she is almost the dominant female character (aided no end in the recording by a strong performance by the American soprano Nedda Casei). Most

spectacular perhaps is the elevation of Schaunard to a position of prominence. In Puccini's opera, he's the low man among the quartet of Bohemians, but Leoncavallo turns him into a spokesman for the group with a couple of arias of his own. Many a Puccini Schaunard, locked in his second-baritone obscurity, must cast an envious eye on the Leoncavallo score.

There's no doubt that, as a piece of musical theater, Leoncavallo's *La Bohème* is vastly inferior to Puccini's. Its plot is sprawling and lacking in climaxes; and its music, for all its occasional strength, is an odd mixture of styles and influences. It's startling, for example, to hear a reminiscence of the Windsor forest scene of Verdi's *Falstaff* (written five years earlier) suddenly appear amidst the Bohemian revelry. At times the world of Viennese operetta suddenly takes over; at others (more welcome, on the whole) there is a throwback to *Pagliacci* itself.

In releasing Leoncavallo's *Bohème* on records, Everest obviously had its problems in assembling the requisite textual material to accompany it. There's an Italian libretto, but no English translation, and although an English synopsis is given, it turns out upon examination to be the story not of the Leoncavallo opera, but of the Puccini. The idea seems to be that this is an opera best listened to in complete confusion.

But how best to listen to Catalani's *La Wally* is even more of a puzzle. Of the many dreary works already enshrined in the Schwann LP catalogue this is assuredly among the most lugubrious. Catalani was that musical anomaly, an Italian Wagnerite, and his opera has a Germanic ponderousness both in plot and music that all but submerges it. For sheer preposterousness of libretto, *La Wally* can hold its own against any opera: Wally, a young Swiss heiress, beautiful but independent in mind, is humiliated by a young man named Hagenbach. Infuriated, she suggests to another lover that he kill Hagenbach, which he promptly attempts to do, only to botch the job. Injured but not dead, Hagenbach eventually finds his way back to Wally and they are joyously reunited. But at that moment an avalanche sweeps down on them (remember, it's Switzerland), and Hagenbach is crushed to death. Wally

promptly leaps off the nearest precipice, presumably sending everyone home happy.

With such a story, it's astonishing that Catalani found as many opportunities as he did for a touch of vocal lyricism, particularly for his bad-girl heroine. He also attempted to lighten the mood with bits of village revelry, Tyrolean dances, drinking songs, and the like. But for the most part there is a tedium and vapidness about the score which make one wonder how even those audiences of the 1890s, who apparently were more stoical about opera than their modern counterparts, managed to last through a whole evening of it.

Why, then, a recording? In a way, this is where we came in. For the reason becomes obvious when one consults the names of the participants in this London release (OSA-1392: three records). The title role is taken by none other than Renata Tebaldi, who apparently cherishes the part among her favorites, just as she does Adriana Lecouvreur. The rest of the cast is able enough (save for Mario del Monaco, whose tenor has become frayed and frazzled with the years), but there patently was no reason for recording *La Wally* nowadays except that La Tebaldi wanted to do it. And, having done it on records, why not—so someone may wonder—do it also on the stage of the Metropolitan? The prospect is enough to make even Mr. Bing head for the hills.

SHORT REVIEWS: BOOKS

by Phoebe Adams

THE MAIDEN VOYAGE by Geoffrey Marcus. Viking, \$8.95. On the very cold, calm, star-brilliant night of April 14, 1912, the *Titanic*, luxurious and unsinkable pride of the White Star Line, clipped a smallish iceberg and sank in less than three hours—with gallant gestures by doomed millionaires and the band playing "Nearer My God to Thee," as everyone knows—so why another book on the subject? Because it was not exactly like that, after all, and Mr. Marcus, an accomplished naval historian, has made some highly interesting additions to a tale that has

always had the fascination inherent in dramatically logical disaster.

VOYAGER by John Unterecker. Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$15.00. Hart Crane was a spectacular winner in the ghastly parent sweepstakes. It is a wonder that the unfortunate poet accomplished anything at all before escaping by suicide from his intolerable life, and not at all surprising that he was himself a generally intolerable nuisance, for he learned that trade at his mother's knee. Mr. Unterecker is a conscientious biographer and writes well, but nobody can avoid monotony when describing a life composed of neurotically repeated idiocies.

THE MEMOIRS OF AN EROTIC BOOKSELLER by Armand Coppens. Grove, \$6.50. Seller of erotic books is what Mr. Coppens really means, but the distinction is unimportant because his clients turn out to be just as monotonously peculiar as his merchandise.

THE CODE OF THE WOOSTERS by P. G. Wodehouse. Simon and Schuster, \$4.95. Bertie and Jeeves, originally published in 1938 and still demoralizingly funny. The suspicion arises that Mr. Wodehouse is a genius who will outlast any dozen Nobel Prize winners.

BLACK MISERY by Langston Hughes. Eriksson, \$2.50. The juvenile miseries described, in wry single sentences, by the late poet (and prettily illustrated by Arouni) prove to be, on the whole, variations of those affronts to self-esteem suffered by all children, and more amusing than tragic. Tragedy is implied by the necessity for the black child to attribute all difficulties to color while the white child, when insulted by an obtuse teacher, is free to dismiss the affair as just part of the way school-teachers are.

GARDENS OF WAR by Robert Gardner and Karl G. Heider. Random House, \$15.00. It was originally intended that the text accompanying the photographs of Stone Age tribesmen taken by the Harvard-Peabody expedition to New Guinea should be written by Michael Rockefeller, who was killed on his second trip to the region. Perhaps through some element of regret or reluctance, the

text Mr. Gardner has finally provided is low-keyed, severely practical, and not calculated to arouse enthusiasm in any reader not already interested in these particular savages. The pictures themselves range from splendid to incomprehensible.

LAST STOP CAMP 7 by Hans Hellmut Kirst. Coward-McCann, \$5.95. Mr. Kirst is a German novelist of some reputation, based with reason on his early Gunner Asch satires. What he has been writing lately crackles pure celluloid. One would expect to meet these dim internment camp Krauts and paper doll Americans on television next week if *Hogan's Heroes* were not there already.

THE FEMINIZED MALE by Patricia Cayo Sexton. Random House, \$6.95. Excessive female influence ruins the character and disposition of little boys, according to Mrs. Sexton, and women should therefore be lured away from schoolteaching into business, politics, and the professions. However one views the filigree of psycho-sociological findings that support this argument, the book is impressive as the most ingeniously backside-to feminist tract of this, or any other, season.

FRENCH WATERCOLORS OF THE 18TH CENTURY by Philippe Huisman. Viking, \$12.95. Twenty pages on the history and development of watercolor painting; forty-two fine color reproductions with remarks on subject and method; a brief description of watercolor technique, enlivened by old diagrams; biographical notes on the painters. All of it elegantly designed on delightful thick paper. This is the way an art book ought to be made, compact and beautiful. It was produced, naturally, in Switzerland.

TORMENTED LOYALTY by Christopher Sykes. Harper & Row, \$8.95. Mr. Sykes explores carefully, sympathetically, and at more length than is strictly required the beliefs and actions of Adam von Trott zu Solz, who was simultaneously a fiercely loyal German nobleman and a wily anti-Nazi conspirator. When von Trott's luck ran out, he was executed, like numerous other decent Germans. It is a sad story, but less surprising than Mr. Sykes keeps telling us.

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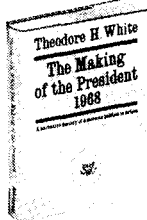


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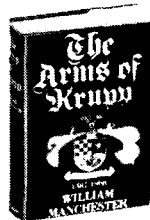
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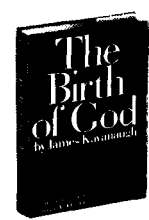
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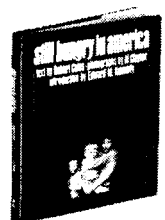
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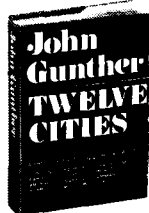
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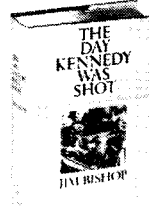
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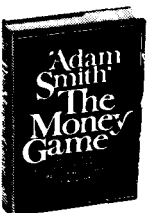
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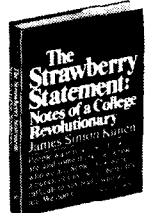
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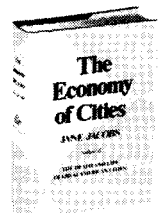
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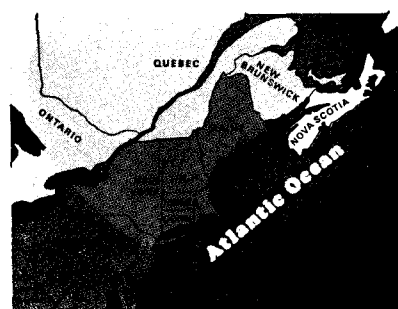
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